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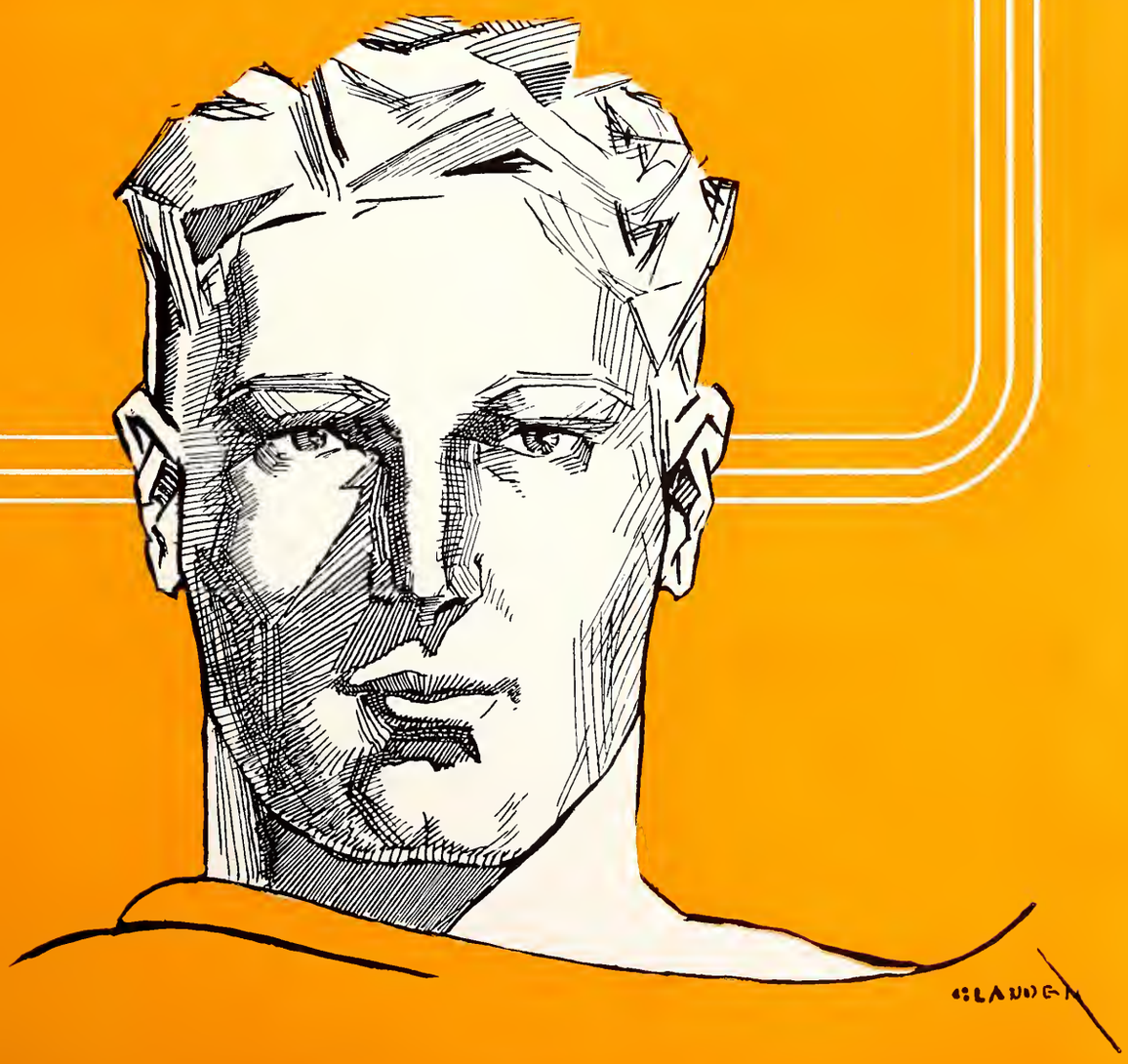

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NOVEMBER 1936

THE JOURNAL

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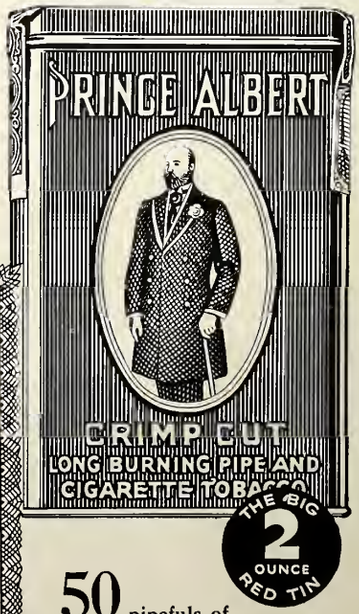

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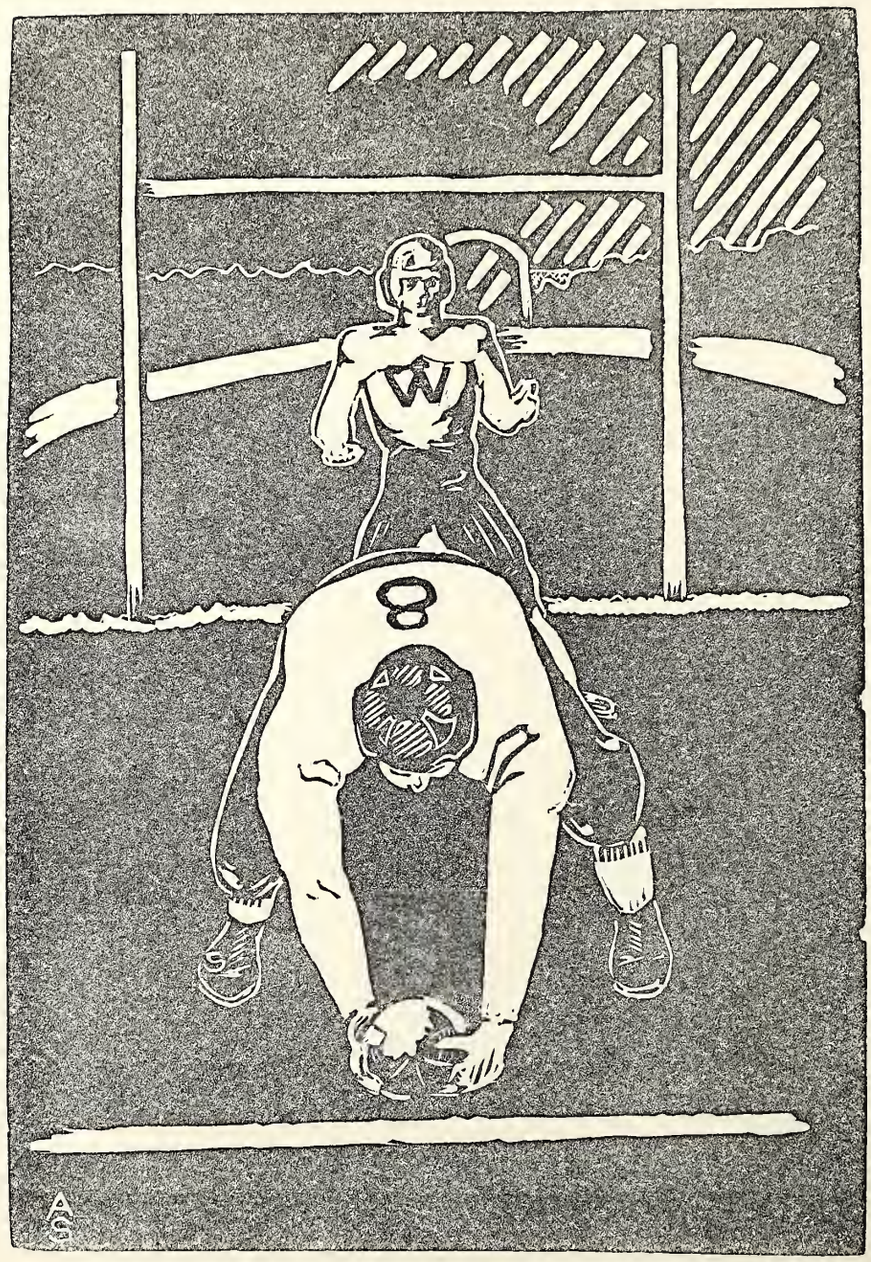

The Teacher

By V. S. Ward

THE educational system of the United States today is subjected to much deserving criticism. Our present discussion concerns one of the evils —probably the chiefest in the scheme. The quality and preparation of the men and women now in and now entering the teaching profession are serious grievances to society. Incompetence due to the absence of true intention and of insufficient conception on the part of the teachers themselves is widely prevalent. This, when coupled with the blameless inadequacy of other teachers who are helpless products of the same faulty function of which they are now a part, brings the level of competency of our educational system so low that its existence would be cut short were it suddenly cast, like business, as a unit in a freely competitive order where only the fit might survive.

This condition may be traced definitely to three or four causes. Probably the most glaring of these is the low standard of requirements for entry into the profession. How often we hear an individual who has just completed a bare four year college apprenticeship answer, upon being interrogated as to his intentions concerning work, that he doesn't know what he'll do—probably teach if he can't find anything else, although he doesn't like the idea much and has no intention of staying cooped in a classroom any longer than something else offers itself. He is absorbed into the educational world simply because he is qualified with four additional years, in all probability purposeless, of classroom attendance. His intelligence may be such that he is quickly forced from the exacting business world, yet his apprenticeship qualifies him still for a position in the school system. The same error which allows this man to teach is also responsible for incompetence of those who, even though well enough intentioned, have been drilled not nearly to the point of sufficiency in the technicalities of the profession.

It seems to us that the state would do well to increase the present requirements for teaching. A subsidy, if necessary, for two to four years additional work in realms bordering those which the prospective teacher is best adapted to teach, these years being interspersed with periods of directed practice teaching, would be a valuable outlet for some of the state's finances now being squandered.

The state has also introduced an abominable depression practice of forcing those women teachers who marry to quit the profession, thus creating a job for some other single person. Marriage ushers into the individual a new mental and moral stability, and should lend greater strength and purpose to any teacher's efforts. This quite naturally would produce better results, because the newly attained quality of the teacher's personality would be transmitted to her pupils in the form of better attitudes and a generally more wholesome concept. The state, by ridding the system of married women, is largely thwarting its educational purposes, for this practice, if continued, can but dangerously add to the present supply of mal-adjusted teachers. Our children are not to be guided and directed by persons who themselves have failed to make or have not been permitted to make proper adjustment in this social order. This to say nothing of the young lives the practice may already have halved—forcing a woman to choose between a career and a husband—is proving to be one of the major of the many stupidly crude movements on the part of the state.

But to quit the crass, the cruel, let us turn now to the good teacher. The vastness of this designation contains implications that are not satisfied, characteristics that are not acquired within a day, nor yet a year. The good teacher must be inspired, and that best at an early age. His work must develop for him into his life, his aim, the tie between himself and infinity! The innate urge to perfect must be trained and exercised on his personality from the earliest genesis of the inspiration. His every action, his every thought is to be flavored with the lone suggestion that he of necessity must be that which mankind strives to be. He must be worthy of his pupils' emulation.

The development of the teaching personality is a stringent business, and great consideration should be involved in accepting the call to the profession. Once established, once the understanding of the duties involved, and once a conception of the possibilities of influence, there may be no turning back. The coming teacher immediately strives for newer depths in his mental experiences. He makes it his purpose to acquire more of the good around him, to absorb this good into his own character, and to develop abilities that will be conducive to his transmitting the greater understanding to those whom he is to lead. The well trained teaching personality embodies morals and ideals attuned to the profession, habits and attitudes that lend strength to the individual and morale to the group.

Is there any among us who does not remember his good teacher? The one whose sympathy seemed to supersede the materials at hand, who possessed a genuine love for you and an appreciation for the learning

he was trying to impose? He never made one conscious of the grind. He introduced you to the will o' the wisp, void of which the mental experiences of your youth could have been but drab and wan. He created within you attitudes and appreciations, ideals which spur you onward even till today. There was a teacher who felt the depths of his enterprise. Need we inquire as to the more practical effects of his teaching? The value of question and experiment; the accommodation of self-interest to group aim; the ethical values, truthfulness, honesty, tolerance; and, greatest of all, a thoroughly disciplined individual will. Has he not accomplished the utmost, the essential in education, when he gives birth to a love for the good that man has done, and creates a yearning to carry on in kindred measure?

Young teachers—young men and women now entering the field—continue to perfect yourselves. Temper your zeal with intelligence, but never lose awareness of your goal. No greater service, no greater happiness is there than for you in broadening the young lives of today. Your possibilities are infinite in the complexities of a modern social order. Make inspiration your one forceful, abiding purpose; insure the immortality of goodness.

When Witches Play

A groaning wind of mournful sound
Did blow about our house that night,
While all the folk sat close around
A flick'ring fire of ebbing light.

And pa, he talked so soft and low,
Of joyful days when, as a youth,
He never missed the fleeting doe
And never failed to tell the truth.

And then he told in halting tone
Of ghosts and goblins in his day,
Of scary spooks that now seem gone,
Of midnight devils at their play.

And then the folk all went to bed
And left me by myself that night,
To sit up late and read, instead
Of sleeping very snug and tight.

Far in the wood the hooting owl
Did send out low his ghostly call;
The old hound dog began to howl,
The cow was restless in her stall.

And still the moaning wind did blow.
It nearly snuffed my candle light,
To warn me I must bedward go,
That witches play on such a night.

—*Wilbur D. Livingston.*

War and Reason

(A worthless story about a valley that never existed and concerning events that could never happen.)

By Peter Moody

THERE was once a certain apple-seller, Shortsite, who daily traveled the length of the narrow valley of Numbskullery, making of himself a public nuisance by his raucous advertising and incessant salestalk. Now it happened that late one evening, Shortsite, after a very talkative day, found himself with three remaining apples. Wishing to rid himself of this stock, he looked around for a buyer, but could find none, the crowd having dispersed from the market place several hours before. However, Shortsite was determined not to carry his wares home, and, upon spying his good friend, Knolittle, who was chief operative of a livery establishment in Ignorus, he greeted him heartily, wished him a pleasant journey home, and presented him with two apples,—one for himself and one for his horse. The other apple, Shortsite decided to munch himself. Knolittle profusely thanked his dear acquaintance, Shortsite, gave one apple to his weary horse, Biens, who immediately swallowed it, and began to chew on the other himself.

Knolittle was in great haste to reach his home at the other end of the valley, and rode at a very rapid pace, with the consequence that the good Biens burst a blood vessel, stumbled, fell down, and died by the side of the road. Knolittle, very much put out by this, cursed several times, and looked around for someone upon whom he could blame the catastrophe. Finding no one near, Knolittle was just beginning his walk to Ignorus when the idea entered his head that the apple which Biens had swallowed must have been the cause of his death. By the time he gained the city limits, Knolittle was convinced that Shortsite had poisoned the fruit and deliberately fed it to his horse. Such baseness as this he was determined to punish, and very early next morning Knolittle was in the streets proclaiming the wrong Shortsite, the apple-seller from the city of Stupidity, had done him. Accordingly, a short time later, when Shortsite came around crying his wares, no one would buy. Eager to find the reason for such unpopularity, Shortsite immediately went to the Soothsayer Tellall, who, for five cents, gladly related the entire story of Knolittle's accusation. Seeing his means of livelihood fast vanishing, Shortsite became very enraged, called upon Knolittle and accused him of falsehood. Knolittle retorted with a remark headed personally at Shortsite and generally at all the people of Stupidity. Very promptly, Shortsite mentioned the smell of the livery establishment and of those who work therein; and also berated the fair city of Ignorus as a place unfit for canine habitation. Whereon a fist fight ensued, Shortsite receiving a black eye in the course of the brawl.

Now Shortsite returned home, showed his friends his black eye, and shouted vengeance upon Knolittle to the housetops, attracting no little attention to himself,—and selling all his apples to sympathizers. Naturally the people showed great indignation at the mistreatment of their esteemed fellow by a citizen of the inferior Ignorus. Word of this outrage was carried to King Hothead, who, with no further ado, declared war on Ignorus. Before the royal messenger could leave the palace with his dire tidings came another messenger—this from Ignorus—saying that his city state, in order to defend her national honor, declared war on her neighbor city, Stupidity, and would begin fighting as soon as the rainy season was over.

Great preparations for the war were begun immediately, since it was only fifteen days until the rain would cease. Munitions plants and factories worked night and day, forging guns, mixing powder, and fashioning new brass buttons for the uniforms. Great balls and dances were held at both ends of the valley, feting the young men who were soon to give their lives for national honor, and a very gay time was had at these balls.

Now there was one fellow who looked upon all this hustle and bustle about the coming war with great amusement and yet with no little concern. This was a certain blacksmith, Reezun by name, who had come to the valley some years before and built his shop at a spot approximately half way between the two towns. Reezun was a rather peculiar sort of scout, always, in his idle minutes, reading books such as "Pas, Pacis" and "Bonusque Virtus," for which the valley generally accredited him as being a fool. However, his shoeing was satisfactory and since he was the only blacksmith in the valley he was allowed to stay,—despite his foolish fancy for literature.

When the time for war grew near, Reezun, realizing the earnestness of the two cities, became genuinely alarmed, for, in his block of a head, he could find no sane reason for slaying and slaughtering. So on the twelfth day, Reezun closed his shop, walked to Ignorus, and forced his way into a council room where representatives of the two cities were attempting to fix the

(Continued on Page 18)

As He Would Have It

By Glenn Martin

OLD Colonel Reed sank slowly into his only large porch chair and with dimmed eyes surveyed the gently sloping meadows and woods that had once belonged to the proud Reed family of Carolina. They still belonged to him—the old colonial house that had miraculously escaped the torches of the Northern army still belonged to him—all of the eight hundred acres surrounding the beautiful but run-down old plantation buildings still belonged to him, but this was his last day as master of this plantation that had been passed from father to son for several generations. The bank would take over the deed tomorrow just as it had taken over the deeds to his other lands and buildings—places that he had mortgaged to keep his old home until his death. And now it seemed that they had won.

As he thought of these things, tears helped to cut off his already weakened vision. He closed his eyes, and thus went gently to sleep. He saw his boy, Theodore, out playing with the little slaves and with the little white children who lived on the plantation. Theodore was only twelve, but he could handle any of the neighborhood boys who were three years his senior. Theodore could ride and play with the best of them; he was large for his age, but he was all boy, and as gentle as a lamb.

In three years Theodore seemed to be in the prime of life. He so readily learned things from books and life that he was envied by many an older man. He started helping with the overseeing and could get more work out of the negro slaves with kindness than the older men could get in twice the time with lashes.

Of course Teddy liked Marguerite, but that was natural—all the boys did. Three evenings a week he rode over to see her, and wanted to go more often, but remained home and studied, because he worked part of the time on the plantation.

Theodore was going to Harvard the fall after he and Marguerite became engaged, but rumors of war and the fact that his father would be called in the event of trouble kept him at home. His work went on as usual, but he and Marguerite agreed that if trouble came he would go with his father, to serve his country.

News did come that Colonel Reed was needed. The coach was ordered made ready at once, while the Colonel made a hasty half-hour packing job. His wife, Louise, could send his other things when she heard where he was to be stationed.

The Colonel and his wife had started toward the library to tell his son goodbye; instead, they saw him coming down the winding stairs, grip in hand. Father and mother stopped short, but their young son came steadily on. He gripped his father's hand, then took his proud but grieving mother into his arms. This was just what they had feared; this was the reason they had tried not to let him know; but neither of them was weak enough to ask him to remain at home; so Mrs. Reed would have to manage the plantation until one or both of them had returned home.

Mrs. Reed stood on the porch of that stately Southern mansion waving her hand to them until they were no longer in sight. She then dried her eyes and gave instructions to the sobbing negroes who stood on the spacious lawn before her.

That had happened fifty years ago. The Colonel had seen his son rise to the rank of captain at seventeen, and had had his son die in his arms one week after his latest promotion. Two weeks later, while fighting with Lee in Virginia, he had been borne down by news of his wife's death.

After leaving Lee in Virginia at the close of the war, he came home and devoted himself to helping his state and his fellow men during the dark days of reconstruction and during the years that followed. He had sold piece by piece of his property until this was all that was left—and it under mortgage which was due tomorrow.

The old Colonel awoke with a start and placed his hand over his heart. It pained him terribly; but suddenly, when he realized that his prayer had been answered, he smiled weakly. His Heavenly Father had granted his request, and he would be master of his plantation as long as he lived. Smiling thus, he peacefully began his eternal sleep.

Destiny

Upon the stage the lifeless figures dance
  Like puppets in some juggler's show,
Dream, wander, love by merest chance
  Knowing why and whither not they go.

Humor Devices

By Bill Houck

I. EXAGGERATION

TODAY the art of being funny is both an art and a science, and it is both through necessity. Intelligent human beings will no longer tolerate the platitudes that they accepted in days of yore; they demand something fresh and original.

An examination of contemporary literature reveals the wealth of humor now existant; yet we may go back to the old masters and pick up a great deal that amuses us and makes us laugh. We may well examine the devices used by real humorists and see just what it is that appeals to those who have a sense of humor.

Foremost is the use of exaggeration—especially emphasis upon a ridiculous situation. Broad use of this device is made by our greatest current humorist, P. G. Wodehouse. Indeed, though we may little realize it, his whole appeal to the reader is made on this basis.

In "The Small Bachelor," for example, Wodehouse pictures for us George Finch, who has gone away and left his apartment under the supervision of his valet, only to return suddenly and find his trusty employee using it for a rendezvous with his fiancé, and also by a friend who has escaped from policemen and has found refuge there. Or if this is not enough, his prospective mother-in-law, who looks upon him as somewhat of a blot on human nature, wanders in. Poor George casually observes that his apartment has suddenly "become a meeting place of the nations." Now, in that observation there is real humor. In reality there were only three parties in George's apartment, but this exaggerated way of expressing his disgust appeals to us in a singular way.

Again Wodehouse pictures for us a scene in a restaurant where Ronnie Fish enters to find his beloved with a viper in human form—Percy Pilbeam. Ronnie's impulse is to strangle Percy. The difficulty in furthering his ends seems to lie in the fact that he is attired in flannels and may not be permitted to enter the main floor of the restaurant. Waiters approach Ronnie to tell him this, but find Ronnie so engrossed in his mission of strangling Percy that he pays no attention to them—but let the author describe it:

"Ronnie advanced toward the table where Sue was sitting, fixing his eyes on the object of his passion. . . . When a waiter approached, saying, 'I'm sorry, sir, but the main floor is reserved for gentlemen in evening clothes; gentlemen in flannels, however, may be accommodated in the balcony.' . . . Another approached and in different words expressed his regret that gentlemen minus evening clothes could really not be accommodated on the ground floor, but to assure Ronnie that he would be cheerily received on the balcony. . . . Still another waiter approached and said, 'Allow me to reiterate. Gentlemen in evening clothes only may be admitted on the main floor, but there is a bright side—others may be taken care of on the balcony.' By this time Ronnie was vaguely aware that someone was nudging at his elbow, but was unaltered in his aim. A bevy of waiters approached him to prevent a row. Ronnie disposed of head waiter with a blow to the abdomen, and was taking care of waiter A and B when reinforcements arrived, to mention a few, waiters C, D, E, and F. It seemed to Ronnie that a waiter's convention was being held at Mayo's."

In an essay entitled "Sleeping Out of Doors," F. L. Allen makes us laugh by using this same device.

He says, "I shall withhold the tedious details of bedmaking. Suffice it to say that I followed the golden rule of the art; don't let the feet escape; sacrifice everything else. If a single toe projects, the blanket will be up and about your neck before you know it."

Again he says, "At dawn, which in summer occurs shortly after bed time, I was awakened by the birds, which were making a dreadful din about me in the trees. I found that four mosquitoes were perched on the netting about fourteen inches from my face—great, hungry fellows, regular eagles. They stared at me until I could have hidden myself from embarrassment."

Here we can see plainly that the truth is trifled with in magnifying the difficulties in amateurish camping, yet we laugh at it because of its very ridiculousness.

Going back a few years, we find none other than the old statesman and scientist, who was nevertheless an author, doing the same thing in the way of making one of his lady friends laugh. Ben Franklin in a letter to Madame Brillon describes his observations of the Ephemera, a minute animal whose total life lasted only twelve hours. An old sage Ephemera of seven hours is giving out some philosophy.

"It was the learned philosopher of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, who believed that this vast world, the Moulin July, could not subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion. . . . I have lived seven hours, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish, and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more;

for by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer."

Perhaps in this instance the writer is going a little further than exaggeration, but we certainly pardon Dr. Franklin even if he is a little indiscreet—he makes us laugh.

Mainly because he makes us laugh—by this same device—we give Artemus Ward (Charles Farrow Brown) a permanent place in American literary annals. In his homely phrasing, Artemus Ward describes his interview with President Lincoln.

" 'Good God!' cried old Abe, 'they cum upon me from the skies—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yerth!' He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss-seekers from Wisconsin, in endeverin' to crawl atween his legs for purposes of applyin' for the tollgateship of Milwauky, upsot the President-eleck and he would have gone sprawlin' into the fireplace if I hadn't caught him in these arms."

This emphasizes a ridiculous situation—the pressure put on a man in political life for jobs. Such a situation could be dull enough to read about, but humorous exaggeration again makes it entertaining.

The master of humor, Mark Twain, gives us an exaggerated idea of the difficulty or ease, as you may construe it, of expressing one's self in the German language.

"There are some exceedingly useful words in this language, *Schlag,* for example; and *Zug.* There are three-quarters of a column of *Schlags* in the dictionary, and a column and a half of *Zugs.* The word *Schlag* means Blow, Stroke, Dash, Hit, Shock, Clap, Slop, Time, Bar, Coin, Stamp, Kind, Sort, Manner, Way, Apoplexy, Wood-Cutting, Inclosure, Field, Forest-Clearing. This is its simple and *exact* meaning—that is to say its restricted and fettered meaning; but there are ways by which you can set it free so that it can soar away, as on the wings of the morning, and never be at rest. You can hang any word you please to its tail, and make it mean anything you want it to. You can begin with *Schlag-ader,* which means artery, and you can hang on the whole dictionary, word by word, clear through the alphabet to *Schlag-wasser,* which means bilge-water — and including *Schlag-mutter,* which means mother-in-law.

"Just the same with *Zug.* Strictly speaking, *Zug* means Pull, Tug, Draught, Procession, March, Progress, Flight, Direction, Expedition, Train, Caravan, Passage, Stroke, Touch, Line, Flourish, Trait of Character, Feature, Lineament, Chess-move, Organ-stop, Team, Whiff, Biar, Drawer, Propensity; but that thing which it does *not* mean—when all its legitimate pennants have been hung on, has not been discovered yet.

"One cannot overestimate the usefulness of *Schlag* and *Zug.* Armed with just these two words and the word *also,* what cannot the foreigner on foreign soil accomplish? The German word *also* is the equivalent of the English phrase "you know," and does not mean anything at all—in *talk,* though it sometimes does in print. Every time a German opens his mouth an *also* falls out, and every time he shuts it he bites one into that was trying to get out.

"Now, the foreigner equipped with these three noble words is master of the situation. Let him talk right along fearlessly; let him pour his indifferent German forth, and when he lacks for a word, let him heave a *Schlag* into the vacuum; all the chances are that it fits like a plug, but if it doesn't, let him promptly heave a *Zug* after it; the two together can hardly fail to bung the hole; but if, by a miracle, they should fail, let him simply say *Also!* And this will give him a moment's chance to think of the needful word. In Germany, when you load your conversational gun, it is always best to throw in a *Schlag* or two and a *Zug* or two, because it doesn't make any difference how much the rest of the charge may scatter, you are bound to bag something with *them.* Then you blandly say *Also,* and load up again. Nothing gives such an air of grace and elegance and unconstraint to a German or an English conversation as to scatter it full of 'Also's' or 'You knows.' "

Thus we see the first important element in humor developed by some of our leading humorists. Don't forget to use this device in relating your next humorous experience. It's a bet that you will use it without trying.

Delirium

You glide along
On balloon-soled shoes,
With stiff white sails
To guide you.

You whisper, then rustle
Your stiff white sails,
And no other sound
Is heard all around.

You stick me, and then
I see you're a devil,
But when the hot fire is cooled
I see I was fooled—
You're an angel!

—*G. E. King.*

The Puritan Mind

By F. I. Brownley

OLD JONAS SOWELL was somewhat of an enigma, even to his closest friends and business associates; the latter, however, did not all fall in the first category. Of second generation Puritan stock, he was hard, mercenary, and possessor of a moral code second to none. He was a very prosperous man for his time and section of the country. Owner of the largest mercantile establishment—it was more than a mere store—in the New England town, and part owner of a fleet of three ships, he had a very comfortable income. However, he was never adverse to adding the smallest amount to the credit side of his large ledger. Men of his calibre usually have some weak spot, and with Jonas it was his only daughter, Susan, of whom we shall hear more later.

His ships, which he owned jointly with a cousin in England, brought him goods from the mother country, merchandise which sometimes taxed his ingenuity to the limit to dispose of. However, Jonas was very seldom saddled with any "white elephants"; he hated to give his cousin an opportunity to write one of those taunting letters ridiculing his management of his share of the business. Sowell was in the custom of sending written orders for what he required and allowing his captains to fill the remainder of their vessels with anything that suited their fancy. Jonas did this because his cousin had so little judgment as to the needs of the settlers—witness the time he had sent Jonas some candle snuffers. Poor Jonas had a time selling them, but finally sold them to some neighboring Indians. They took the shiny things for tableware, and the towns people laughed to see the savages eating with them and quarreling over them.

Susan Sowell, Jonas' only child, was a buxom girl of eighteen, who seemed to be the only person for whom Sowell had any affection. She could, by crying, melt the old man faster than one of his own candles. She was never above using this method of getting her own way, and only once did it fail. That was when she wanted to marry John Clapes, and her father refused to give his permission immediately.

John Clapes was a young man of good family, who had been educated in England. His family had, about a year and a half previously, lost everything in the sinking of a ship. John, owner of an expensive education and practically nothing else, would have had to do manual labor but for the enthusiasm for dancing which swept the town. He taught a few of the young boys whom he was tutoring to dance, and soon the young people from the coastal towns were paying heavily to indulge in the new fad. This, of course, was reckoned the direct intervention of the devil by the older people, among them Jonas Sowell.

Jonas was in a peculiar position, for he was unable to stop Susan's keeping company with the young man. He had tried once, but the instant flood of tears had caused him to flee the house in a rage. Furthermore, before the young man had taken up his insidious occupation, Jonas had promised him Susan's hand, provided he secured a certain amount to invest in the business. John was, with the aid of the dancing classes, upon the point of reaching the required sum. He would never have earned the money tutoring the children of the community—a fact taken into consideration by Jonas when making the bargain. Sowell, however, did not foresee the rise of the dancing classes, or he would have made a provision forbidding them. He, however, had it in his power to forbid dancing when the town assembly met. The members were divided upon the question, two older men against it, two younger members for it. Jonas, being the fifth member, had the deciding vote.

The morning of Saturday, October 30, 16—, was a momentous one in the life of Susan Sowell. First, the assembly met at eleven, and she was positive they would forbid dancing, thus automatically canceling her marriage. Then her father had had a ship to arrive that morning, and he was in an irritable mood, having to go over the accounts upon meeting day. He had returned to the house to make himself ready for the assembly meeting, and Susan heard him muttering over a portion of the cargo that displeased him. He departed, gloomier than usual, and Susan lost all hope. If he had been in a good humor, she would have had one last try at him. She saw, however, that with business worrying him, it would be worse than useless.

Therefore, she almost fainted for joy when her father returned that afternoon and calmly announced that he had sided with the youth of the community, and dancing was to be allowed. He further startled her by telling her to make the arrangements for her wedding, because John would soon have the money.

The good people of Jonas Sowell's community never understood his vote or his actions that day. A glance at the cargo manifests of his ship would have made it clear to the more intelligent of them, for in the forward hold there was listed: item, forty-two pairs of dancing slippers.

No. 9

By Owens Wood

A BEAUTIFUL full moon rose with the fading of the brilliant hues of the western sky. Each pale star that appeared was only another jewel in the crown of that glorious summer evening. A soft breeze, made to carry the fragrance of roses and wisteria, came eastward from the sea. As the moon rose higher, the outline of the old castle became more distinct. The pale light played a faint smile on the gaunt, crumbling towers: a smile that grimly mocked and defied the passing of time. All seemed peace and quiet. But was it?

A flare illuminated with blinding brilliance the landscape, harshly eclipsing the soft light of the moon. Only for a second it lasted, but during that time the sharp sound of a shot split the air. As the flare died and the echo of the shot lingered among the crumbling walls, a low groan, followed by a dry rattle, told that another mother was without a son. The unmailed letter in his pocket would never reach its destination. The closing phrase, "I'll see you soon," would but be mocked by the mud and slime into which the boy fell.

Our expert marksman grinned to himself. That was nine for today, and he cut another notch in his gunstock. He looked cautiously about. Perhaps there was a watch or a ring, or maybe some extra change about the person of No. 9. Slowly he drew himself from behind his rock barrier. Curse that moon! He cursed the breeze, too. Out of the summer night it brought, not the scent of roses and wisteria, but the stench of rotting flesh; of blood that has drained into pools of stagnant water; of horses, lying in the harness of their wrecked gun carriages, their bloody vitals decaying for a week under a semi-tropical sun; of decomposed arms and legs lying about, each bone ready to slip from the hot, rotting, crawling flesh.

But the moon shone on, and the breeze blew on as our marksman crawled toward No. 9. Methodically he went through each pocket. A smile of satisfaction lit his face as his hand drew forth a leather purse. Inside he found a few coins, a picture, and an unsealed envelope. The coins he pocketed. The picture he saw to be that of an elderly lady, with a kind, smiling face. He thoughtlessly dropped it in the mud. Then, impelled by curiosity, he drew the single sheet from the envelope. By the clear light of the moon, the bold characters of the page were easily distinguishable.

A thought that he was reading mail not intended for him crossed his mind, but he hard-heartedly pushed it aside. "Dear Mother," it began. As he read the humble message from the homesick lad to his mother, his heart melted. Memories of his own mother came back from his childhood. By the time he reached the phrase, "I'll see you soon," tears of sorrowful remorse were rolling down his grimy cheeks, dripping into the bloody mud in which the youth lay dead.

A vision formed in his mind, a vision of an elderly lady watching anxiously for that letter. Yes, he could seal it and mail it; but then—he could see her eagerly listening for the footstep she knew so well, patiently watching, confident of his safe return. What could he do? Yes, what? He arose to his feet, forgetful of the danger. He wanted to tear his hair, beat himself. He shook as if in a chill—he of the iron nerves, he who had thrice been decorated for superior marksmanship; he who was known as the best sniper in the whole division! What could he do? He *had* to do something!

Completely forgetting himself, with shaking hands he lit a cigarette. The moon cast pale, uncertain shadows about. The stars twinkled as brightly as ever. The breeze was steady. Somewhere in the distance, crouched behind a rock barrier, a sniper saw a match flicker. He smiled coldly as he steadily aimed his gun. Again the sharp crack of a rifle broke the silence of the summer night. Our friend the letter-reader quietly crumpled forward, sprawling in the mud by No. 9. He still gripped the letter in his hand.

White, fleecy clouds surrounded the moon. They moved lazily with the soft, warm breeze. Here and there the stars blinked dreamily. The crumbling walls smiled grimly.

Viva la España!

Love Song

I love my life, but not too well
  To give it to thee like a flower,
So it may pleasure thee to dwell
  Deep in its perfume but an hour;
I love my life, but not too well.

I love my life, but not too well
  To cast it like a cloak on thine,
Against the storms that sound and swell
  Between thy lonely heart and mine,
I love my heart, but not too well.

—*Anonymous.*

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Poetry

A Rose to Remember

'Twas dusk when we met in the garden.
The breeze whispered soft through the air.
A rose with its sweet golden petals
Was twined in her soft, dusky hair.

Her face, a white blur in the darkness,
So sweet in the dim, fading light,
Her voice like a lute's magic whisper,
Wove charm in the soft, purple night.

She left with a sigh through the shadows,
And I, all alone standing there,
Could still in the soft, pulsing darkness,
Still feel the soft touch of her hair.

The rose with its soft, golden petals,
I hold in my hand, and I weep.
I have only this to remember,
'Tis this, only this, I can keep.

—*C. R. Spell.*

To _____

My Love, I know not how we two shall meet
The menace of the years that lie within
The scroll of slow unfolding time. Akin,
Our souls and minds grope out and strive to meet
In dim and mystic realms of thought that veil
The shrouded future from the prying mind.
I know not when or where we two shall find
A peaceful life that's free from all travail.
I only know that life can never fail
If we unto ourselves be true. It may
Be that the future years will soon unveil
The plan that we must follow day by day.
That plan for me, I know can never fail
If you, my Dear, are with me all the way.

—*C. R. Spell.*

I Wandered Lonely

Amid the sordid jealousies of mind
I wandered lonely, pitying myself
For sinful deeds so often done to me.
For all, thought I, worked havoc to my hopes
And aims, that in my vain and subtle self
I held above the common needs of man.
With hate supreme within my heart, I loathed
My fellow men; for why should they deny
My greedy whims and work against my will?

But then methought I saw a ray of light
To shine within my soul and melt this hate
That clutched its roots. I felt much nobler thoughts
Arise within my mind so filled with grief.
I saw with gladdened spirit all the deeds
That God had done for me, and then I knew
How futile I had been to laud myself.

So be not like the haughty, selfish man,
Who in his mind holds all rights under his,
To serve his ev'ry wish. But e'er be good
And know that you are man and God is God,
To reign and bless and love. Waste not your time
In lust for others' blessings, like the dog
Who wants another's bone; but labor hard
And you shall ever reap your blessings too.

—*Wilbur D. Livingston.*

Revelation

To reach the tower just too late
To view the fading loveliness of day
On trees so gay;
To hesitate—
Just when the full-blown rose lets fall
Her silken gown, wet with a dewey tear—
Last of the year;
To miss the call
Of Robin's song before he flies away,
To leave that walk through golden aisles untrod—
Is Missing God!
Oh, Autumn, stay,
And give me one chance more to gaze
Upon my Lord revealed; to fill my heart
With matchless art
'Fore wintry days!

—*G. E. King.*

The Play of the King

By W. R. Padgett

SHATRANJ, or "The Play of the King," as the word is literally translated, is the name of a game which was popular in India over a thousand year ago, and which closely resembles our present-day game of chess.

The dimness which shrouds the origin of chess naturally obscures its early history, and makes it impossible for us to attribute its invention to any one race. Some would-be authorities, however, have tried to credit it not only to a definite race and period, but to one person. Though we find this impossible, we can at least give evidence to show when the game actually existed in its earlier stages.

The weight of authority leans in favor of India as being the birthplace of the game, and from India it is supposed to have crossed into Persia during the sixth century. The Persian poet, Findresi, in his historical poem, the Shahnama, gives an account of the introduction of shatranj into Persia during the reign of Chacrals I, to whom came ambassadors from India with a chessboard and men, asking him to solve the secrets of the game, if he could, or pay tribute. The king asked for seven days of grace, but during this time he and all his wise men were unable to solve the riddle. Finally, Chacrals' ministry took the pieces home and discovered the secret in a day and a night.

The game was confined to India and Persia until the seventh century. At that time the Arabians captured Persia and acquired it. It then spread rapidly from the Arabians to various parts of Europe, but during what years and to which parts first it is impossible to say. It is very clear that the source of the European game is Arabic because of the words "check" and "mate," which were derived from the Arabic expression "shah mot" or "the king is dead."

As to how chess was introduced into western and central Europe, nothing is known. The Spaniards very likely received it from their Moslem conquerors; the Italians not improbably from the Byzantines, and in either case it would pass northward to France, going on to England and Scandinavia. So much for the history of chess.

Now, a few words about the game itself and its popularity. The word "chess" probably means nothing more, to most of you, than a very complicated affair over which very old men with pipes waste hours and hours of time and a great amount of needless mental effort. "What important persons," you may ask, "have ever indulged in this foolish game?" This is my answer: Chess is probably fraught with more historical significance than any other one pastime of its kind. Murders have been committed over single games, and the results of contests have decided the fate of kingdoms. Chess was a favorite game among the Vikings, and the ability to play it well was considered one of the necessary accomplishments of the finished warrior. An emperor of the Moslems was so fond of the game that he wrote a love letter to the object of his matrimonial affections, using the figurative language of chess throughout. One line from this epistle reads as follows: "And I look upon you as a rukh and myself as a mere pawn." These are only a few examples of the popularity which chess has enjoyed among the intelligentsia of every civilized country.

Now, a few words in conclusion concerning chess in America. Probably the greatest chess player who ever lived was Paul Murphy, of New Orleans. At the age of twenty-one, he won the New York tournament of 1858. Thereafter he visited Europe, where he defeated the strongest players. Murphy was outstanding also in blind-fold chess, in which the players are not allowed to look at either board or men. Murphy once played twenty games of blind-fold chess simultaneously. The leading chess clubs in America are the "Manhattan," of New York City; the "Franklin," of Philadephia, and the "Chicago," of Chicago. There are also two intercollegiate leagues, one made up of Princeton, Yale, Harvard, and Columbia; the other composed of Cornell, Penn. State, and Brown, each of which has annual championship tournaments.

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
  Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree
  Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
  That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
  Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dias of silk and dawn,
  Hang it with vair and purple dyes,
Carve it in doors and pomegranates,
  And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
  In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys,
Because the birthday of my life
  Is come, my love is come to me.

—*Anonymous.*

Youth and War

WHY should youth always be desirous of change? Why should it wish to tear down old edifices and construct new ones in their places? Why do college students throughout the nation have an annual strike against war each Armistice Day? Conservatives and traditionalists would answer that youth has always been rebellious, that it revolts merely to flaunt its bravado.

We would rather say that youth often sees some existing evil and sincerely desires to correct it. But, alas, too frequently how absurd and fruitless are the plans employed. Last year college students striking against war were ridiculed in almost every editorial column in the country. Doubtless a very ineffective method of promoting the doctrines of peace, but nevertheless a sincere one. These students at least had the courage to do something about their convictions. How unlike the attitude of our professional patriots, such as Mr. Hearst, the D. A. R., and the American Legion, who talk longingly of peace, yet lobby for bigger armies and seek to spread a feeling of isolated nationalism. Surely they must realize that preparedness only promotes preparedness, a vicious cycle based on fear and ill-will.

Now certainly we must have a national defense. The order of existing things cannot be changed at once. We cannot lay ourselves entirely open to assault. A large and well-equipped army is a good instrument for fighting, but not one to prevent fighting. The point that we are trying to make is that most people lament war, but offer no solution but a strong national defense. Many times it has been suggested that youth, now so fervent in its hate of war and love of peace, will be stampeded to fight when the time arrives by mob psychology, the beat of drums, and the blare of martial music. But since the last war a new spirit has come over youth. It is hard and skeptical, and yet, at the same time, idealistic. We recognize the uselessness, the horrors, and the insanity of war. We see the incompleteness and inadequacy of national defense as an entire solution to the problem, and we earnestly wish to do something about it.

The opposition to the R. O. T. C. in our larger universities and the annual demonstrations against war are the impetuous manifestations of youth's determination to show its desire to abolish war. Now, we grant that these demonstrations are often pointless and foolish, but let us not ridicule the ardent and serious spirit behind them, for out of this spirit may come something of permanent and lasting value to the cause of peace.

EXCHANGE

The Fall issue of the Converse *Concept* is one of the best numbers of that magazine that we have examined. The make-up has been done excellently and gives the *Concept* a distinctive style of its own. We liked especially Miss Beacham's slangy story, "Lackey —The Dependable," and Miss Ball's sketch, "The Ring." The poetry is, as usual, of a high lyric quality, and poems of Kathryn Worth, a distinguished poet and alumna of Converse, add a great deal to the high quality of the magazine. The chief criticism that we make is that the cover be done a little more artistically the next issue.

The Winthrop *Journal* October issue falls short of its high standard of last year. "Cameo," a poem by Heber Rhea Thomas, is the outstanding feature of the issue. It is exceptionally fine blank verse, done with art and feeling. "Night Mist," also by Hiss Heber, is an excellent poetic image expressed tersely in three

(Continued on Page 17)

"GONE WITH THE WIND," *by Margaret Mitchell*

"Gone With the Wind" is a novel of the Civil War and the Reconstruction—but not just another one. It is not a saccharine story with magnolias, mint juleps, and colored "mammies." It is a narrative work of rich texture, lusty vigor and abundance. Miss Mitchell has peopled her story with dashing, dramatic characters, and although many of them are the stock figures of old-fashioned Southern romances, they are somehow convincing.

But Scarlett O'Hara, Miss Mitchell's heroine, is no familiar Southern belle. Vain, jealous, stubborn and ruthless she was, but also courageous, passionate, shrewd, and intolerant of sham or convention. There amid the red clay hills of northern Georgia she lived until the war on the family plantation of Tara with her hard-drinking but rough and kindly Irish father, her mother, a great lady, and her sisters, weak and spoiled. When the war came, Scarlett's world crashed about her head. "War is a man's business, not a woman's," she said bitterly. But she found that she was wrong when her friends were killed, when her husband and Ashley Wilkes, whom she loved, marched off to war. Uprooted by this war, the whole fabric of her ante-bellum civilization smashed irretrievably, Scarlett struggled on in the new world.

She moved to Atlanta, bustling with adventurers, profiteers, and people without standards or values. Life here was a struggle for existence; the fittest survived—and Scarlett was certainly fit. She married poor old Frank Kennedy, her sister's beau, merely to get his money to keep her ancestral home, Tara-Tara—which she still clung to as a symbol of the old, peaceful and lovely life.

After Frank's death, she married Rhett Butler, a wastrel and opportunist, cynical, but charming and wise, and deeply in love with her. They were two of a kind, but Scarlett did not know it, as Rhett did. Though she married him, she still continued to adore her own mental picture of the dreamer, Ashley Wilkes. With Rhett's money, Scarlett went into business, ran mills with convict labor, associated with scalawags, forfeited her social standing and the respect of the old aristocrats, but she made money.

Finally she came to realize that Ashley was only a figure whom she had constructed out of her mind—too late, however, to hold Rhett, who left her. Thus, when she had given up everything, nothing remained but Tara, the symbol of what she had known and lost—the symbol of a way of life that was "gone with the wind," a civilization which had perished, but which had somehow left something imperishable behind.

"She thought of Tara and it was as if a gentle, cool hand were stealing over her heart. She could see the white house gleaming welcome to her through the reddening autumn leaves, feel the quiet hush of the country twilight coming down over her like a benediction, feel the dews falling on the acres of green bushes starred with fleecy white, see the raw color of the red earth and the dismal dark beauty of the pines on the rolling hills."

A. L.

EXCHANGE

(Continued from Page 16)

lines. Worthy of note also are "Broken Melody," by Emmie Weedon, and a short story, "The Ribaut Label." The art work and make-up are attractively done, but it strikes us that with a student body of the size of Winthrop's, *The Journal* could expend its scant fourteen pages of literary material to thirty or more.

The October issue of *The Criterion* contains only a few features of literary worth. The format and make-up of the magazine is poor, as is the inclusion of much non-literary material. The poems "Windswept," by Susan Lumpkin, and "Confession" and "I Believe in Miracles," by Hedwig Morrall, are outstanding because of their excellent diction and lyricism. "Reminiscences,' by Sara Kennedy, although excessively sentimental, is the best prose contribution to the magazine.

WAR AND REASON

(Continued from Page 7)

exact hour for the beginning of hostilities. Demanding to be heard, Reezun asked the assembly to restore the valley to its previous tranquility by the cessation of warlike preparations. Instead of heeding him, the leaders of the two cities charged Reezun with double treason, conspiracy against the valley, disrupting public peace, and, to top it all, accused him of being a spy from Savoir, the nation which lay outside the mountains surrounding Numbskullery.

Because of the nearness of wartime, Reezun was tried by an Ignorant court martial the next morning. General Laysy, the superior officer, overslept and was not present at the trial. Two other judges were sick, having suffered such severe stomach trouble at the ball the night before that it had become necessary that they be packed into carriages and deposited at their doorsteps in the early hours of the day. In fact, all the jurors were absent except General Greed and Major Moron, who, in very grave and no uncertain tones, explained to Reezun that, undoubtedly, he was the dumbest person living in the valley and that, aside from his treasonable plots, was enough to warrant his death.

Very unique was the way in which Reezun, the smithy, was executed. It seems that some old inventor of Stupidity had concocted a new powder, the effectiveness of which had not yet been proven. It was decided that the new explosive be tested upon Reezun. So the learned surgeous of the valley drilled a clean neat hole in Reezun's head, right between and above his blue eyes. Then they filled and packed this hole with the new powder, inserted the fuse, and struck a match. Such was the potency of the new explosive that the inventor was immediately proclaimed a national hero, and Reezun's shop was burned and there erected a monument to the inventor who was truly a leader of civilization.

The war, as most wars do, got under way in big fashion: three thousand boys were killed the first four days. It was not until nearly a week was over and half the horses limping that the valley realized it had no blacksmith. So the people of Ignorus and Stupidity forgot their war and sent into the land of Savoir for another smithy.

. . . . . .

Not many years afterward, the two towns were united under one king, a venerable old chap called Peace-Loving John, and, strange to say, a smithy was made prime minister. It wasn't long before a few books were written and teachers from Savoir came over to help start a school. At the first meeting of a congress from the two cities, they chose a national flower,—a little blue blossom that had first been noticed several years previous and that seemed to grow anywhere, in spite of soil or weather. Not many of the people remembered Reezun's blue eyes that were blasted into little bits over the entire valley.

Fat

It's now a grand, heroic, 'n' holy feat
To bend over and see his feet,
For the middle is larger than the ends,
And to bend too far is pants to mend.

That equitorial part of the anatomy,
The bulging emphasis of abnormality,
The lumbering joggle up the campus path,
The heaving sigh in his seat at Math.

I really mean no harm at all,
But I only see you as a ball
'N wonder why you don't start rollin'
Instead of that bunglesome strollin'.

Don't worry, Fat, ole boy, today,
For all have some big price t' pay,
Pay no 'tention when I tease,
For I only need a few mo' peas.

—*J. E. Stallings.*

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO HENRY N. SNYDER, LL.D., LITT. D., PRESIDENT

Sum Frosh Kid

by rod

1st Limestone Lassie: "So you've stopped datin' that Wofford math hound?"

2nd Pushover: "Yes, he was always putting his digits where they didn't belong!"

Judge: "When you found your wife in another man's arms, why did you shoot her instead of shooting him?"

Worser Half: "Well, Judge, I thought it better to kill a woman once than some man every week or so."

"Stop the presses!" cried the constable as he drew up beside a parked car.

And then there's the one about the tattooed man who used to invite the girls to come up and look at his etchings.

Ed: "Why is marriage like a game of chess?"

Co-Ed: "I dunno. Why?"

Ed: "Because a man's wife is never his true mate. She's just his check-mate."

"There's a weddin' at chapel this morning. You goin'?"

"I dunno. Is it compulsory?"

Gary: "Were you ever in Carlsbad?"

Lib: "No, but I've been in his apartment."

Irate Freshman at dance: "Come on. Come on. That's an old story about your sprained ankle."

Converse victim: "Yes, but I've given it a new twist."

Blessed are the poor, for they shall inhibit the earth.

Soph: "What do *you* know about poker?"

Frosh: "Well, I know that you can always draw the queens,—if you have the jack."

Co-Ed: "Don't worry about your love letters now, Money Hog. I wouldn't tell a soul about them,—not for ten thousand dollars."

Crooner: "I want something for my voice."

Clerk: "But this is a hardware store, not a drug store."

Crooner: "I know it. I want a megaphone."

"Get behind your lover," said the Scotchman to his unfaithful wife. "I'm going to shoot you both."

"You're the nicest boy I've ever kissed."

"Tell that to the Marines."

"I have. Dozens of 'em."

A recent survey shows that 70,000 gals have returned to cotton-top hose. When at its height, this investigation must have been interesting.

A girl on a couch is sometimes prone to make a mistake.

"Why should girls wear cellophane slacks?"

"I can't imagine."

"Because then they would have visible means of support."

"Boy, you've got to handle that gal with kid gloves!"

"Why?"

"Her husband's a fingerprint expert."

THE JOURNAL

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DEEP INTO THE WOODS. No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch — famous Maine Guide—makes noon camp. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "I've lived on dried meat and I've dined on the best—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."

WHEREVER...
WHATEVER...
WHENEVER
YOU EAT—

For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels!

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

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Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids... increases alkalinity... brings a sense of well-being

YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Tension eases. Alkalinity increases. You enjoy your food—and have a feeling of ease and contentment after eating. Mealtime or *any* time—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.

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GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."

JOURNAL

ORD COLLEGE—DECEMBER 1936

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Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. {right, above}

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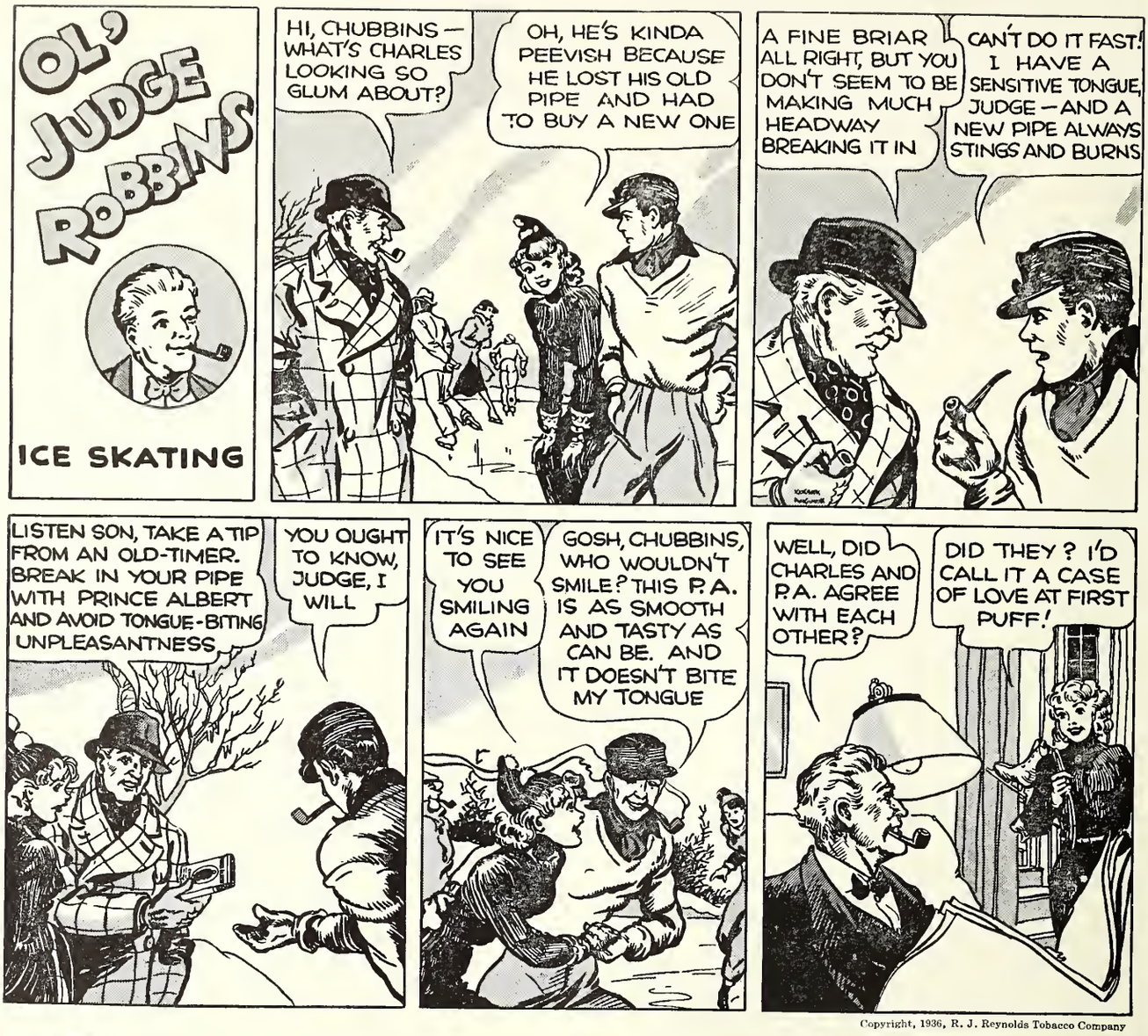
THE JOURNAL



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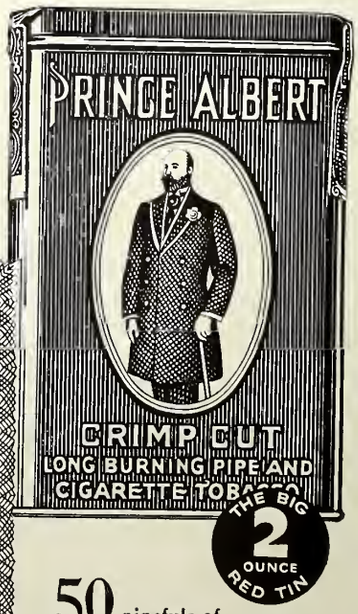
PRINCE ALBERT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF—

Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed to take out "bite." Then, cut the scientific way—"crimp cut." It's bound to be mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. Prince Albert is great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.



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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

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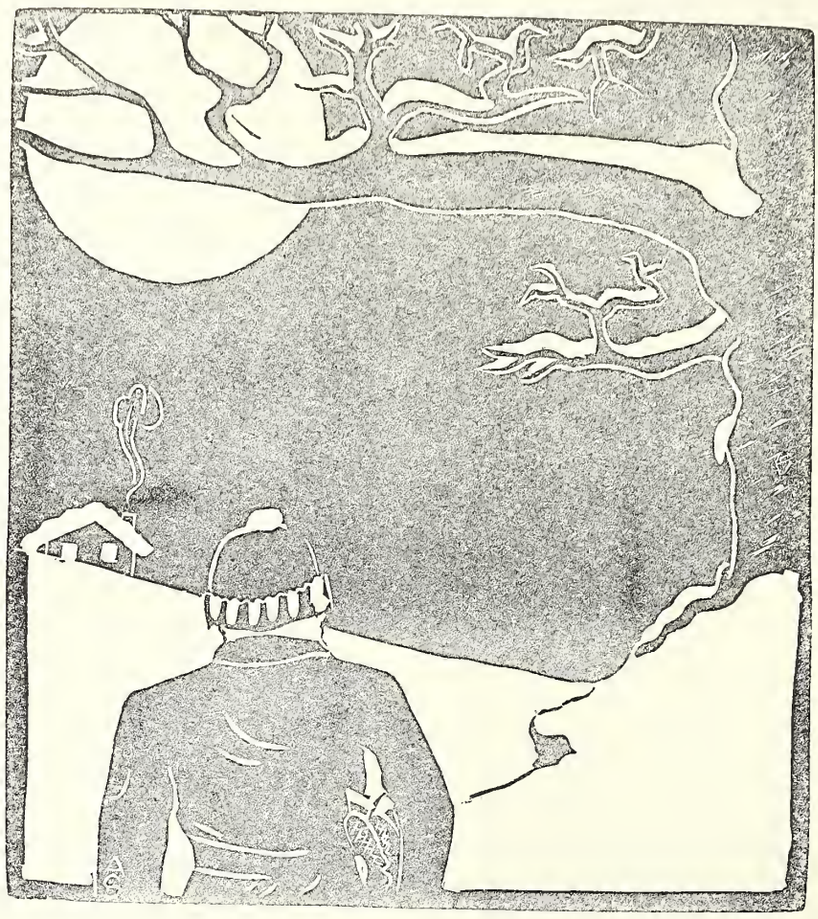

I Like Winter

I like winter:
I like to feel small flakes of snow
falling on my face
Like a fairy touch—
I like to see the sun behind a naked tree
Cast lacy shadows in the snow—
I like to see the moon play hide and seek
among black clouds
On winter nights—
Now all is dark—
But now each twig encased in ice
sparkles
And glimmers in the moonlight
Like a crystal tree—
I like to walk and feel cold winds
Swish me in the face
And blow my hair—
I like winter—

—*G. E. King.*

Humor Devices

By Bill Houck

II. EMPHASIS UPON HUMAN FRAILTIES

THERE is a difference in being subjected to ridicule by the petty caviler and in receiving charitable laughter from your friend who appreciates that element in your character, bred of frailties. It is indeed a good thing for us that the person with a sense of humor recognizes the sublime among the ridiculous, and lets the failure pass with a genial laugh.

Writers have often emphasized the weaker element of character in their fellows to develop humorous situations. This device serves its purpose well, principally because the reader is usually able immediately to relate the incidents to his own experience.

We laugh at Rip Van Winkle and love him at the same time because Irving pictures him as a chronic loafer who could not change his status in life if he wished to.

Irving says: "The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamp, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics, for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

"In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood."

The complete inability of some people to acquire sufficient income for themselves, pathetic as it may become at times, may also be very humorous. For even out of pity there arises a tendency to laugh at the human animal in his vain strivings. Pathos and humor are intermingled in the description that Dickens gives us of the Micawbers.

"Poor Mrs. Micawber! She said she had tried to exert herself, and so, I have no doubt, she had. The center of the street door was perfectly covered with a great brass-plate on which was engraved 'Mrs. Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies'; but I never found that any young lady had been there. . . . The only visitors I ever saw or heard were creditors. They used to come at all hours, and some of them were quite ferocious. . . . At these times, Mr. Micawber would be transported with grief and mortification, even to the length (as I was once made aware by a scream from his wife) of making motions at himself with a razor; but within half an hour afterwards he would polish up his shoes and go out humming a tune with a greater gentility than ever. Mrs. Micawber was quite as elastic. I have known her to be thrown into fainting fits by the king's taxes at three o'clock, and to eat lamb chops, breaded, and drink warm ale (paid for with two teaspoons that had gone to the pawn brokers) at four."

The recurring crisis and lingering hopes of this family provide humorous interludes throughout this famous novel.

In the same way, though certainly not with as kindly treatment of the objects of compassion, Charles Lamb gives us an estimate of the poor relation.

"A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrance,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your 'scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet."

Thomas Nelson Page tells us in "Polly" of an old colonel who was so fat and so dependent on "Drink-water Torm," his slave, that he would not sell him, although he threatened to do it many times.

" 'No, I tell you, I'll sell him.'—'Misery in his back'! The mischief! he's a drunken, trifling, good-for-nothing nigger! And I have sworn to sell him a thousand times; and now I'll have to do it to keep my word."

"This was true. The colonel swore this a dozen times a day — every time Torm got drunk, and as that had occurred very frequently for many years before Polly was born, he was not outside of the limit. Polly, however, was the only one this threat ever troubled. The colonel knew he could no more have gotten on without Torm than his old open-faced watch, which looked for all the world like a model of himself, could have run without the mainspring. From tying his shoes and getting his shaving water to making his julips and lighting his candles, which was all he had to do, Drink-water Torm was necessary to him. (I think he used to make the threat just to prove to himself that Torm did not own him; if so, he failed in his purpose—Torm did own him.)"

A more recent writer, Sinclair Lewis, shows us how the average American business man is just as faulty and as dependent as his ancestors who had none of our modern efficiency.

Babbitt, a middle-aged married man, is the object of the description: "He hunted through the medicine-cabinet for a packet of new razor blades (reflecting, as invariably, 'Be cheaper to buy one of these dinguses and strop your own blades,') and when he discovered the packet, behind the round box of bicarbonate of soda, he thought ill of his wife for putting it there and very well of himself for not saying 'damn.' . . . Then there was the problem, oft pondered, never solved, of what to do with the old blade, which might imperil the fingers of his young. As usual, he tossed it on top of the medicine-cabinet, with a mental note that some day he must remove the fifty or sixty other blades that were, also temporarily, piled up there."

Again, with Babbitt speaking: "I hope they don't invite us to meet the Lord Doak guy. Darn sight just rather have the missus."

"It beats all get out," said Howard Littlefield, "how hard it is for some people to get things straight. Here they call this fellow 'Lord Doak' when it ought to be 'Sir Gerald.' "

Babbitt marveled, "Is that a fact! Well, well! 'Sir Gerald,' eh? That's what you call um, eh? Well, sir, I'm glad to know that."

In this device, we readily make a connection between the struggles and failures of man and the things that lift him up and divert him. It is far better that we laugh at our fellows and ourselves than that we become discouraged and disgusted with our weaknesses. Really, the quality of doing this is what gives us the morale for living.

Ballad

While still the undulating waters roll
O'er time-worn rocks and crags of Ocean's shore,
While clearly still the lighthouse bells do toll,
She waits her love who went and came no more.

She kissed him dearly when he went away
Long years ago, and bade him soon return.
"I'll wait for you," he heard her softly say;
"The bells shall sound; the tower lights shall burn."

And burn they did, and burning still they warn
Stray ships the unseen, deadly rocks to shun.
But yet in vain she waits, and at the dawn,
With ceaseless hope, she greets the morning sun.

"Dear one, whose ardent love has lived so long,
Cease not watchful wait and e'er be true.
For you I pray that fate repent his wrong—
Sweet rest from grief I pray he give to you.

—*Wilbur Livingston,*

Bird of Fate

By Owens Wood

I KNOW not what prompted me to seek for an opening in the heavy iron fence that surrounded this strange-looking house. Perhaps it was the wild profusion of flowering shrubs or the cool, soothing rippling of the rocky pool that tempted me to enter. Most likely, however, it was the vacant, gloomy stare of the windows that appealed to my morbid curiosity and my love for delving into strange, forsaken dwellings.

It was with a sense of guilt that I slipped under the railing. I realized that I was trespassing, and also that I might miss my train if I tarried too long. I had only two hours between trains, and I had thought to spend them looking about the town. But if I missed the 7:20 to Benport I would break my promise to Eleanor.

Pushing these thoughts aside as I forced my way through the tangled mass, I surveyed the scene before me. The two-story stone structure was almost completely overgrown with moss and vines. The evening breeze brought an odor of decaying timber, and the whole atmosphere was one of dilapidation.

The formidable oak door was securely locked. "It is foolish," thought I, "to knock at the door of a deserted house." And yet I lifted the heavy, iron knocker and let it fall — once. To my utter amazement, the door slowly and softly opened! For a moment I paused, trying to account for this singular happening. I concluded that the heavy knocker, in falling, had jarred the lock and allowed the bolt to slip.

Thus assured, I entered. A glance at my watch satisfied me that I had ample time to go through the house. In answer to my protesting conscience, I could see nothing wrong in a stranger's looking about an old deserted place.

The room wherein I found myself was a kind of vestibule, with three doors entering it and a stairway ascending from it. I decided to enter the door on the right, but as I turned I unconsciously looked back at the entrance door. *It had closed.* An uneasy feeling struck me when I tried it and found it again locked. But perhaps a draft had closed it, the bolt catching from the jar. Yet in the process I had heard no sound of the door's closing. My persistent efforts failing to reopen it, I decided to continue my excursion and make my exit by some other means: another door or a window.

I tried to force aside the uneasy doubt that pervaded my mind, and I turned my thoughts to the interior of the house. It had evidently been the dwelling place of some wealthy, eccentric person. The walls were lavishly decorated in blood-red and purple, a strange combination which added weight to the peculiar atmosphere of the surroundings. Above the fireplace in the parlor hung an elaborate coat-of-arms. The design and engraving were exquisite, and, judging by the type of the lettering, I concluded that the bearer was of Spanish origin. The shield was of a purple hue, and engraved across the center was the one word, *Alcazor.*

I turned toward the stairs musing on the word *Alcazor.* "An old Spanish title," thought I. Memories of old Spanish castles and thoughts of the Inquisition floated through my mind.

Quite a different spectacle greeted me on the second floor. It seemed as if I had risen from the parlors of an ancient castle into a modern scientific laboratory. Apparatus of a variety of types was arranged about the spacious rooms of the floor. Upon examination, I found some of it to be modern and the rest very old indeed,—some was as old in form and principle as that of the ancient alchemists.

While examining the curious leverage principle of a geared pulley, I was startled by a queer croaking sound, evidently coming from the next room. I paused, listening. Suddenly there came such a profusion of yells and shrieks that I involuntarily recoiled. Then again all was in silence, a silence that made my eardrums throb with the beating of my heart. I looked about me, as if to quit the place. To my astonishment, the stairs I had just ascended were *no longer there.* It was incredible. Surely I had come up from the other end of the hall. But, no, from one end of the hall to the other there was no trace of the stairs. *They had completely disappeared.* For a few moments I rushed about madly, looking wildly everywhere for some means of escape. Then I gained control of myself and began to reason. I could reach no plausible conclusion, and the whole situation seemed so fantastical,—the door's opening and locking itself and then the stairs disappearing,—that I burst into an hysterical laugh. I was suddenly interrupted by a long groan. For nine years I had been intimately associated with a large hospital, yet from no dying man's mouth had I ever heard such a soul-rending sound. For a moment I stood as if paralyzed.

Presently I forced myself into action. Someone was evidently in agonizing pain, and however precarious my own situation, I felt it my own urgent duty to render any aid in my power. I accordingly directed

my attention toward the door of the room from which the sound issued. It was locked; and as it seemed the only entrance, I knew I must break it in. I made a rapid search for some heavy object with which to accomplish this end. I found a heavy oaken timber which had evidently been the base for some piece of apparatus.

During this short time the groans had continued at intervals, accompanied by a variety of shrieks and scratches for which I could not account.

My repeated cries bringing no answer from within, I set about to effect an entrance. I used the timber as a ram. The first blow informed me that I had a difficult task. The door was of stout material, and seemed impregnable. The echo of the next stroke had not ceased resounding before there came from within a volley of oaths which I shun repeating. Each successive blow brought forth new ejaculations. I presently paused to listen. The noise continued in a subdued tone. I struck again. "André, for God's sake hurry. Hurry, André, hurry, they're killing me." A series of oaths followed. I called loudly. The walls alone answered.

I vigorously renewed my attack on the door, knowing not what might be happening on the other side. My attention was again attracted by the voice. "André," it called, "for God's sake, hurry. The knife, the knife, André, grab the knife. Help, help, help!"

"Whoever you are," I yelled, "let me in and I'll help you."

"Hurry, André, hurry!" came the reply. "Oh, Pedro! Don't, Pedro! Don't, Pedro! You've killed me! — You've stabbed me, but I'll kill you, I'll kill you, I'll kill you!" This was followed by a long groan.

Fearing lest I should be too late to prevent this deed from being completed, I made one last desperate effort to gain entrance. My shoulders ached from wielding the heavy timber, yet I saw that a few more blows would effect an opening.

With one last mighty heave, I crushed the portal. Breathless, I rushed in, still carrying my ram to use as a weapon should I have use for one. Once inside, I looked about the room. To my astonishment, the room was *empty*. A chair and a table in the corner were the only objects therein. There was certainly no murderer or his victim!

A careful survey of the walls of the room revealed no door or other exit by which escape could have been made. The tension momentarily relieved, the pure comedy of the predicament drew forth a convulsion of laughter. I had no sooner ceased and gasped for breath than laughter, *identical with mine*, filled the air about me. Then the same cry, "Hurry, André, hurry, they're killing me, they're killing me!"

I was at a complete loss. As the cry seemed to come from all around me, I knew not whither to turn. While wondering what course to follow, my eye was attracted by a small object lying on the floor.

It proved to be a small feather. Upon closer examination, I found that it was of a peculiar shade of green, marked by an odd yellow streak across the center. I immediately recognized it as characteristic of a species of Malay or Maltese parrot. I had no sooner reached this conclusion than directly over my head I heard a faint scratching sound. I looked up, and there, perched on the edge of a broken pane of glass, sat a small parrot of gay plumage. So this little creature had been the source of that variety of noises which had issued from the chamber! Through the broken window he could come and go at his will. He glared saucily at me.

Nothing was left for me to do except seek some way out of my mysterious captivity. I turned my eyes to the small table in the corner. A folded sheet of paper attracted my attention. On the outside was faded lettering. Carefully dusting it off, I read the following:

"Pull aside the curtain at the bay window and climb upon the window ledge. Turn the lever on the latch twice to the left and once to the right. As for the door, press the lower right-hand panel, push in the knob and lift it upward."

Thinking for a moment on this communication, I concluded that here were directions for getting outside the house. This conclusion (though it proved correct) even now seems fantastical, yet events had happened in such an extraordinary fashion that the supernatural would have seemed commonplace.

I followed the directions carefully. Standing on the window ledge, I turned the lever. For a moment nothing happened, though a faint squeaking noise came from the floor. Suddenly a portion of the floor, carpet and all, slowly moved downward for perhaps a foot or more, and then slid away to the left, revealing the stairs I had ascended.

Without stopping to marvel at this seemingly impossible feat, I rapidly descended and went to the front door. Here I again followed the directions, the door opening with ease and closing softly after me.

I rapidly made my way out of the grounds, having only a few minutes to catch the 7:20 to Benport and thus keep my promise, so nearly broken by my imprisonment, to my beloved Eleanor.

I gave little thought to the events of the afternoon until seated on the train, bound safely for my destination. It was then that I had time to dwell on my strange excursion. I absently ran my hand in my coat pocket, in which I had placed the folded paper after leaving the house. I unfolded it and closely examined both sides. One side I found to be covered with faded

(Continued on Page 19)

An Interview With Carl Von Stromberg

By L. H. Hall, Jr.

(An Authentic Interview With a Retired German Naval Officer Who Was Aboard the U-Boat Which Sank the Lusitania.)

I CORNERED Carl Von Stromberg one beautiful moonlight night on the poop-deck of the S. S. Onondaga, and after several attempts I succeeded in accomplishing my purpose — a yarn of his submarine days during the World War. Carl was a junior officer aboard the U-boat which sank the Lusitania. This bronzed and weathered sea-dog settled his bulky body comfortably on a bitt, crossed his legs, lighted his blackened and much-used pipe, and, upon getting the proper results from this form of satisfaction, asked me what I wanted to know concerning the U-boat.

Of course I wanted more information than just the story of the sinking of Lusitania: I wanted this blond giant to tell me why he chose the submarine service, and why he was over in this country shipping as an able-bodied seaman aboard a freighter. So my reply was in the way of a parry. "Carl, how did you happen to be in the submarine service?" I inquired.

"Well, Boats, (at this time I was Boatswain), it is a long story. When I was just a kid, I had a longing for the sea, which pleased my father greatly,—my older brother was already in His Majesty's Army, and my father wanted to see one of his sons in the Navy. I have not mentioned the fact before, but I am from an aristocratic family in Germany. My father is a baron, and for years my family name has been connected with naval and military circles."

"So that accounts for your excellent English and bearing," I interrupted at this point.

"Yes, as I previously said, at an early age I had this desire for the sea, and my father made arrangements for me to enter His Majesty's Service, and, in this capacity, I received a rather sound and thorough schooling, even wider in scope, I believe, than that from your Naval Academy at Annapolis.

"The day I received my commission in the service as under-lieutenant, I don't know who was the happier, my father or I. Little did I know that it would be just a little over two years before my own father, whom I worshipped, would disown me."

At this statement, I really sat up and took notice; I felt that I was getting somewhere; at last this silent man was opening up.

"But, Carl, what on earth could have caused this change?" I eagerly asked.

"A woman," he replied simply.

"An indiscreet affair?" I cautiously inquired.

"No, a marriage." This rather sternly.

"I apologize, Carl," I hastened to add.

"Apology accepted, I assure you, 'Boats'! It was this way: I met this very attractive daughter of a wealthy industrialist who did not have a family background equal to my own. To make a long story short, I married her much against my father's wishes, and, in return, he disowned me."

"I was always under the impression that in Germany the children always adhered to their parents' wishes; what induced you to deliberately disregard your parent's wish?" I asked.

"We were devoted to each other,—and we were happy for three years until the war broke out and tore me away from her. For a year I was stationed aboard a cruiser, but with the submarine fleet being increased, new men were naturally needed. I was transferred to the U-boat service."

"Which branch of the service did you like the best?" I inquired.

"The submarine service was by far the most intriguing; there was always action. Our fleet was bottled up during most of the war, as you no doubt knew. Ach! those were the days; comradeship was close on the submarines because of the cramped living conditions. When we left the Kiel Basin, no one knew whether we would return or not; sometimes our cruises lasted six months or more. Upon our return to Germany, we always received a roaring welcome and maybe an Iron Cross up one of the grades."

"Is there any particular significance to the U-boat sinking the Lusitania?" I inquired.

"None that I know of," was the laconic reply. "We were detailed to patrol a certain section of the North Atlantic and inflict as much damage as possible upon the enemy. The office of our High Seas Command knew that this vessel was sailing from New York, loaded not only with passengers but principally with munitions of war and food supplies. Every submarine of our flotilla had orders to keep a weather eye open.

"It was on my watch that I sighted a vessel; we were running submerged, and through the periscope I could not distinguish her full characteristics. However, as we drew closer I called the commander and we decided that from descriptions this vessel answered those fitting the Lusitania. Anyway, it was clearly an English vessel, and our duty to sink it if possible. We maneuvered into short range and fired two torpedoes

into the hull of this great ship, both striking about midships — one, I believe, just abaft the fire room."

"Carl, tell me this: Did your submarine fire upon the lifeboats with your deck guns?"

"We most assuredly did not; that yarn was nothing but a deliberate lie put out by an English war propagandist. No man's heart was more deeply moved than my commander's when he saw so many helpless men and women in the water. We could offer no assistance in rescuing these people, and here was typefied what your General Sherman meant when he said, 'War is hell.' Six months before the war ended, my wife died, and, upon the closing of the war, I left Germany, went to Holland, and sailed in Dutch ships for some time. I felt that I had no ties in Germany: my wife was dead, my brother had been killed, and my poor old broken yet proud father still disowned me. In time I came to this country, and I have been sailing in American ships ever since. Incidentally, I have been saving money, and some day I shall go ashore and write of the sea."

He abruptly settled back, relighted his pipe, which had gone out, gazed seaward, and talked of the peculiarities of porpoises.

Pastorale

By Glenn Martin

THE silvery beams of the moon were caressingly playing on the shadowy gray moss that was hanging in low sweeping garlands from the stately oaks that bordered the quiet lowland stream in Carolina. Myriads of stars were twinkling and shining in the distant and serene heaven. Calm, warm breezes kept the treetops and the moss in a slow sighing movement; and the little fireflies were lighting up this nest of nature as if it were their last chance to glow. The lichen-covered rocks formed low, smooth hills that are nature's masterpieces as places of half repose.

Into this perfect setting of nature stalked a gallant stag, closely followed by two sleek does and a frisking fawn. The majestically antlered buck held his head high and sniffed the breezes for the least sign of danger, while the does and fawn fed quietly on the tender moss and small green shoots before approaching the stream. All nature seemed to be peaceful, so the small group of deer cautiously drew near the stream and began to drink slowly, interrupting their drinking only by raising their heads to scent for signs of danger. Their nightly drink was undisturbed, and at its finish they moved off in a compact group and disappeared in the shadowy foliage.

A slight scratching sound among the branches of one of the largest trees announced the presence of a pair of raccoons. As they leisurely descended the tree, the flickering moonbeams were reflected from their glossy, silvery-striped fur. On reaching the ground, they moved indifferently toward the stream and soundlessly drank for a few moments. Then with apparently lazy but quick movements they began playing together, all the while moving toward the far edge of the secluded clearing, where they disappeared among a cluster of blossoming dogwood trees.

All remained perfectly quiet except for the slight rustling of the leaves and the low, musical hum of a few insects, until the sharp cracking of a dry stick and the sound of bushes being parted announced the approach of some larger denizen of that section of the lowlands. A rather small but remarkably well-proportioned pony entered the clearing with little precaution and went directly to the stream. As it dropped its head and drank, reflected moonbeams danced from its shining neck, which showed clearly the swelling movements caused by the drinking. After a long, audible drink, the pony raised its head gently, but was suddenly electrified into action by a crashing in the underbrush.

At the pony's disappearance on one side of the clearing, a wild boar entered on the other side. A faint baying of dogs was heard far in the distance, and with jerky movements the boar moved toward the stream, leaving a trail of crimson that marked its path of flight. The wounded animal hurriedly crossed the stream and fled through the thick underbrush on the other side. The barking grew louder and louder, and a band of three dogs rushed into the clearing with sounds very discordant to the erstwhile peaceful scene. Rushing up to the stream and through it, they disappeared into the underbrush in pursuit of their expected prey. Their barking grew very faint and died away in the distance.

The scene seemed deathly still after that commotion, but gradually everything became as it should be. The barely audible hum of the insects, the slight rustling of the leaves, and the low sighing sound that seemed to be omnipresent filled the clearing and was only infrequently interrupted by the splashing of a fish in the placid stream. The moonbeams seemed almost to make a soft, tinkling melody as they danced and flickered about this pristine retreat of nature. Thus, we leave it now—while all is peaceful and beautiful.

The Preston Society

By C. R. Spell

INTRODUCTION

THE PURPOSE of this essay is to bring to the attention of the student body something of the history of one of the college's oldest institutions. The essay is divided into three parts—a brief historical sketch, the Preston Library, and Treasures.

THE PRESTON

The Preston Literary Society was founded in 1858, when Wofford was just two years old. It was named for Colonel William C. Preston, who for years was a prominent figure in our State government and who possessed unusual powers as an orator.

The society has continued to function until the present day, except for two years during the civil war. The members dwindled down to two, and realizing the impossibility of carrying on the work by themselves, these two men closed the hall and joined the Calhoun Society. The society was reorganized again in 1867 and grew steadily in importance and usefulness.

The two societies carried on all plans and arrangements for the commencement exercises. They secured the speakers, picked their own debaters and commencement speakers, and took complete charge of the arrangements for the graduation exercises. There are letters from most of the prominent men of the South in the archives. Space does not permit quoting them, but some of the names are worth mentioning. There is a letter from Jefferson Davis, one from James Buchanon, Wade Hampton, B. T. G. Beauregard, Bishop Duncan, and letters from all of the faculty members since the school was founded.

The debates were hotly argued, and records show that they lasted until twelve and one o'clock at night. Some of the subjects seem rather trite to cause a meeting to last that long. For example: "Does the United States Owe England Anything For Colonizing It?", "Were the English Justified in Executing the Maid of Orleans?", "Did the Crusades Have a Beneficial Effect on Europe?" It would seem that the question of major political interest of the time would have been argued, the question of the secession of the South; but the records do not show a single debate on the subject.

Not only did the society have a prominent part in the life of the college but it played an important part in the literary activities of the colleges of the South. Old invitations to debates and special meetings of literary importance from Converse, Furman, Clemson, The College of Charleston, the University of South Carolina, Randolph-Macon, and many of the other Southern schools show the wide connection that the society had and the position that it held in the school.

The Preston, from 1880 to 1890, grew to such size that the members were divided and two meeting nights held. One group met on Friday nights and one on Saturday nights. It might be added that the literary societies were practically the only extra-curricular activities which the college offered to the students, and membership for the four years of one's college course was compulsory. Only once in the records of the society can any account be found of the dismissal of a member. In the one case on record, the student was also dismissed from college. A survey of the records shows the society growing in importance until other activities were added and compulsory membership was discontinued.

THE PRESTON LIBRARY

In the records of 1858 and 1861 are found notations of the plans for the library. The library was to have a keeper, and each book taken out was to be checked, along with the name of the student getting the book. A fine was imposed on those keeping books out over time. The general plan was similar to the plan used by our present library, with the society controlling it completely, however. Books were to be bought by the society at large when possible; but the main sources were the individual members of the society and members of the faculty. Many books were contributed by public-minded citizens of the State. This by-law is found in the records of 1858: "Every member, at the beginning of each session, shall present to the society a book or books, as he may choose." In this manner the members built their own library.

Dr. Carlisle was perhaps the most generous contributor to the library. Notes are found showing that he gave as many as eight and ten volumes on several occasions. Professor Shipp also was a generous giver, as well as other members of the faculty. A great number of books were given by preachers from all over the South. Bishop Coke Smith was very generous with his books as well as his time in the aid of the society. One receipt shows that the society bought from T. W. Reeve, New York, one hundred and sixty-one volumes for sixty-eight dollars.

Infrequent reports from the library committee gives us an idea of the growth of the library. The ear-

liest report found (1872) states that there were approximately one thousand books in the library. From 1872 to 1885 the number had grown from one thousand to thirteen hundred and thirty-four. From 1885 until 1894, no reports could be found. The last report found at the above mentioned date showed sixteen hundred and forty-three volumes.

The society continued its library until the Whitefoord Smith Library was opened in 1907, then turned its books over to the larger institution. Among the books there now are many with "property of the Preston Literary Society" written in the back.

TREASURES

In the dusty pile of old letters and manuscripts in the Preston hall are a few papers and letters of interest and value. One letter from Dr. Carlisle, valuable for this reason alone and doubly valuable because it tells how one of the society's most treasured possessions was obtained. The bust of W. C. Preston, which now sits on the cabinet, was procured for the society by Dr. Carlisle himself. Let's let him tell how.

"*To the Members of the Preston Literary Society:*

"GENTLEMEN:—When I was in Columbia the past summer I met with a bust of the Hon. W. C. Preston, belonging to I. B. Glass, postmaster. I stated to him my desire to obtain it, and the purpose for which I wanted it. He immediately stated that if the young gentlemen of the society could accept it, it was at their service. I gladly took charge of it to bring it to Spartanburg. When a few miles from the place, a sudden jolt of the hack broke it. I was glad to find that the head and neck were unhurt. It may be valuable even in its present condition, to your society, as a perfect one can be taken from it hereafter. It is an excellent and life-like representation of the distinguished orator. It is my earnest wish and hope that through a long and successful career your society may continue to prove worthy of the name. May *Peace* and *Brotherly Love* ever rule in all your deliberations, so that through life your members may look with unmingled pleasure upon your weekly meetings, as not the least among the varied influences and advantages of a *College Life.*

"I am, young gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"JAS. H. CARLISLE."

The society has four priceless oil paintings of important men connected with the school and society—one of Bishop Duncan, son of David Duncan, who was one of the first professors at Wofford; one of Professor Warren DuPre; one of Professor Wightman; and one of W. C. Preston.

Another priceless possession is the gavel given to the society by the treasurer of Randolph-Macon College. The treasurer, with the gavel, sent its history.

"Made from timber gotten from the old Hanover Court House, built in 1763, when recently repaired. In this house Patrick Henry struck the first effective blow for religious and civil liberty in his great speech in the cause of 'Parsons vs. The People' in 1763. This makes the relic interesting to dissenters(?) and the colleges." The gavel was sent in 1895.

One more important possession merits special mention. W. C. Preston, just before his death, gave the society a small bust of his great uncle, Patrick Henry. Mr. Preston was planning to come and present the bust personally, but fell ill and was never able to leave his home again, so the bust was presented by a former graduate of the college. There is a little marble plaque hanging in the society hall bearing the last words that Preston spoke concerning the society just before he died: "God bless those dear boys at Spartanburg."

Christmas

(Written on the back of a Freshman's calendar sheet for the month of December, 1933.)

"Now, *'ecoutez à moi,'* December, you've been thrown around long enough. Had you been any other month I'd have thrown you away a long time ago. But, shucks, I love ya, Dec'y. You're the happiest month of the year to me. Christmas! I'm still just a *little* kid about Christmas. There is always something about the Christmas pictures that gives me just a little pang at the heart. A kind of not exactly lonely, but a funny little kind of sad feeling. I'm peculiar that way. Everybody is together then. Oh, I enjoy that so much. Everybody forgets everything that day but each other. No old animosities held or grudges kept. 'Merry Christmas to_____from_____.' Could anybody get a little packet wrapped in red with brilliant stickers on it and remember any bad feelings? Christmas. One day when all is only love and good will. God, as long as this is Christmas to me, let me be just a 'little kid' about it. Grant that every day is Christ's day."

Two Views On the Art of Kicking

Pro

THE ball is flipped. The full-back grasps it, holds it for a moment, and drops it, meeting it at just the right instant with his right foot and lifting it in a long spiral down the field. He has acquired the technique of kicking. Through careful study and practice, he has mastered the art. Just as the opposing players leap to block the punt, he sends it just out of their reach, down the football field to the waiting back, deep into enemy territory.

Just as the football kicker saves his team from defeat by "booting" out of danger, so does the college student aid his alma mater by "kicking." He must, however, know the art or technique of kicking before he can be of any valuable service. A poor kicker is a drawback to the team, and a college without some good kickers is unable to function at its best.

Effective kicking is learned only by persistent practice. The kicker must not become wrought-up or he might not drive his point home. A cool head is a great necessity at all times. He must study the methods by which he can wield the most influence,—study the things that get across and omit those which do not. He must not kick too often, but must be consistent. To wield the most influence, he must be dependable—not delivering a short or ineffective kick once and a long or achieving one next. A good kicker must kick only when necessary; not "boot" just for the fun. The more a kicker looks after these and the smallest details, the more effective his kicks will become; and just as a good punter saves the team and helps them out of tough spots, you can be of great help to your alma mater by kicking effectively when and *only* when it becomes necessary. —S. M. Dannelly.

Summer Evening

As shadows fade in evening's falling dusk,
And cooling breezes stir to wake the trees
That all day long have drowsed beneath the sun,
And in the elm beneath my window sings
The mother mocking bird, who loves to sing,
And other sounds seem faint and far away,
As evening softly folds itself about,
Its music steals and creeps into my heart,
And with it comes an all-pervading — peace.
A peace that takes control of all my soul
And leaves no place for fretful thoughts or care.
My eyelids slowly close unknown to me,—
The Night has chased away the fleeing Day.

—*Ralph S. Bryant.*

Con

THE ability to kick is an art which everyone has not acquired. There are some people who even appear content with conditions just as they are. Others, not content with present conditions, have actually tried, by making more helpful conditions possible, to improve them. Their number has not been sufficient to cause any serious disturbance in the ranks of the kickers.

Those things which are requisite for acquiring the art of kicking are not numerous. Narrow-mindedness, first of all, is needed. One is not to take into consideration the welfare of a whole group or of the nation, but whenever something is done which deprives the individual of some of his former rights, he is to take that to mean that it was done in order that some one else might profit thereby.

A small degree of success should be attained if best results in learning this art are desired. Then the person may do his kicking with the feeling that having successfully done something, he is free to kick those who, in his mind, are not doing the things which please him. On the other hand, he may feel that his efforts have been thwarted and that he might be occupying the place held by some one above himself had the other person not been helped more than he was. Thoughts of one's rising by hard work are not supposed to enter one's mind, or one would not feel that he had such a self-satisfied reason for kicking.

One can't afford to be a very busy person, else there will be no time to think of the evils against which he can launch a verbal crusade. He does not have a capacity for change and progress, but is ready to fight against them continually. And if he is in the habit of disregarding the rights of others, it is more with the air of a reformer that he can kick when his rights are slightly disregarded.

One must be careful about whom he talks with. He must be sure that it is with some one who will agree with you. Some people may go even so far as to question your reasons for kicking. One shouldn't take up time with a person who has differing opinions; he might know something about the thing being discussed.

Last of all, it is all right for one who desires to learn the art of kicking to have some suggestions for improvement, but be sure that they are not consistent with plans which may be put into use.

When you have done all this, you are well on the way to learning the art of kicking.

—W. B. Carmichael.

Compensation

By F. I. Brownley

SLAD was one of those hangers-on of beer-parlors, pool-rooms, etc., who never had any visible means of support, but he never went without the necessities of life. He sometimes permitted himself a few luxuries, but not many, for in Main Street parlance—"he's tighter than his father, and his old man starved himself to death saving up his relief checks." Slad just didn't like to spend money, but he enjoyed the fruits of other people's labors to the fullest extent.

Playing pool seemed to be his only pastime. He played with the college boys for quite a while, but they soon learned to leave Slad alone—he never lost when it really amounted to anything. Then, too, a few of the eager young searchers for education placed some bets with him, and he didn't function as a book-maker to their entire satisfaction. He always got mixed up in placing the money, so no one ever won. That was the cause of the brawl at Sloan's Tavern—the one in which Bill Alroyd was kicked out of school for playing such a leading role. Although Bill's ticket plainly said "Army," Slad swore he'd put Bill's money on "Navy." Bill needed the money, so we were all kind of sore about it. Then Slad made some crack, and Bill "hung one" on him. It was a pretty nice fight, but it didn't stay private long enough, so the cops grabbed a whole bunch of the leading participants. Slad had made his way out before the cops arrived, but after the police court's hearing the faculty committee made poor Alroyd's exit from school pretty easy.

Slad stayed pretty well out of sight after that, but some of the fellows knew he was about. Everyone identified Slad's work when Hughie Britten got drunk and lost a tuition payment his old man had sent him. He was so "pie-eyed" he didn't even remember what he was playing. One of the negroes at Craver's said that he was "bucking the horse" in the back room. Hughie's brother swore he'd get even—Hughie had to leave school on account of finances—but no one thought much of it, because Jack Britten was just a soph, and all sophs are pretty idealistic.

Things rocked along pretty well for a while—no scandal, no trouble, and our small circle of friends was not reduced by further faculty expulsions. Then that Slad burst out again, having spent a little time in the mountains—at the State's expense. He only had a six months' sentence, and he got out in three, so we hardly got the bad taste out of our mouths. Some of us recalled that it was Slad's third trip, but no one attached any significance to it.

Then Jack Britten surprised us one night by asking us to go down to the tavern and push a few cards back and forth. We were all surprised, because he never had seemed to go in for that sort of thing. A few of the more adventurous went, and the next day the story was all over our end of the corridor.

It seems they were selling dime chips and Jack bought over four dollars worth to start with. He had a couple of dollars left that he folded up and put under his chips. After an hour or so, all of the boys were out except Jack, Slad, and a couple of his cronies. Jack had a pretty sizeable stack, and he was doing pretty well. Twice, it was recalled, he made some crack about Slad having three convictions behind him; some of us remembered that later.

Jerry ran in suddenly and started to stammer out something, but the copper on his heels changed his mind for him. Everyone thought it was just a trick, but it turned out to be a real raid. Of course, no money was on the table, so all present would swear it was just an innocent pastime—no gambling at all. You know that there has to be some pretty good evidence—chips are "just to keep score." Well, the game was being satisfactorily explained to the officers when the funniest thing happened. A corner of the table, the one nearest Jack Britten, sort of wobbled and all his chips fell down. There, in plain view of everyone, lay two of the greenest bills I ever saw in my life.

At police court we were all fined fifteen dollars apiece, and they let us out to raise the money. It was our first offense, and they were pretty lenient with us. We all noticed they marched Slad off to a cell first thing, and no one could understand it. Jack Britten explained it to us outside—"You see, in this State, all fourth offenders automatically get life."

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Poetry

Tonight

The day is over—
The play is over—
The property man has let the curtain fall
And cast o'er all
A starry light.

How restful it is—
How soothing it is —
The starry night
After the bright spotlight
Of day—
I'll wash off the grease paint—
Forget all restraint—
Be free!
I'll be me
Tonight.

—*G. E. King.*

Christmas Eve

The children sang with sweet, sonorous tones
On Christmas eve, when all was gay, so gay
That greetings filled the busy, snowy street
With smiles of cheer on every face. For then
Was time for joy. And should not we rejoice
On Christmas eve, when all is gay? But one,
Poor soul, shared not this Christmas joy. How sad
He looked 'midst all the merry ones! I stopped
To gaze at him, just a beggar was he,
But, oh! so sad! Too sad, I thought. I walked
With pensivie mind on through the falling snow,
And for a while my heart was sad with him.
Poor man, his life had been so hard, I sighed,
And then forgot myself amid the crowd.
I smiled again and, void of care, I laughed
Again on Christmas eve, when all was gay.

—*Wilbur Livingston.*

Creation

"Let there be light," said God, and there was light;
Then separated He the lands and seas,
And made the fragrant flowers and the trees—
Created winds to kiss them with a breeze—
Made sun to light the day, and moon the night.
Then came the beasts, the fish and birds that fly
Through fleecy clouds that float across the sky.
Yet, though it was good, all this would satisfy
Not Him; so from the dust, and with His might,
He moulded man, this mighty world to own,
But, looking from His everlasting throne,
He thought it best that man not live alone,
And while man slept the Lord took from his right
A rib—then God surpassed all else in state
Divine, and made a woman for man's mate.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

Sunset

When I face the glowing west
And see the sun sink down to rest,
I seem to lose all lusts and loves
And think of One, my God.

When the sky is shot with rays
Of colour, and the evening haze
Begins to rise and dim the world,
I think of One, my God.

When the world is cold and bleak,
My thoughts return—I see I lack
So much. I long and hope and pray
And think of Me, my God.

—*R. E. Kirtley.*

The Futile Search for Ultimate Reality

By James Henry Carlisle, Jr.

(One of Our Intellectuals Takes a Nose Dive Off the Deep End Into the Murky Sea of Philosophy)

THE PURPOSE of the following will be to show that the ultimate essence of things is inherently unknowable to the human mind, and to attempt to find some perception of human consciousness which may be considered as a property of things non-mental.

The starting point of modern philosophy is our realization of our self-existence. In the words of the great philosopher Descartes, "Cogito ergo sum" ("I think, therefore, I am.") From this idea of self-existence we frame a corresponding idea of "existence" as a quality of "things not ourselves." In fact, we feel that our conception of "existence," such as it is, *must* be a determining factor of whatever is not in our own mental selves. In common words: I exist; I have an idea of existence; what is not I must be either existent or non-existent. The idea of negation, such as that of the difference between the terms "existent" and "non-existent," is also an idea firmly grounded in ourselves and incapable of explanation.

After reflecting upon our states of existence or being, and of sentience or awareness, commonly known as "consciousness," the next thing that we observe is the constant change or difference in our sensations. We are aware of a difference because of the likeness or unlikeness of object and concept. That is, *e. g.*, when a man sees a red light and then a blue one, he says or knows there is "change," because he is aware that the sensation "red" is distinct and different from the sensation "blue." The sensations are realities, hence the mind is as certain of a difference as it is of the individual existence of the colors as realities. Now, the distinction between sensations holds true even when there is no time difference. The man will still be aware of the difference in colors although they are side by side and perceived at once. The changes or differences in sensations I will call phenomena.

So far the following axioms have been formed:

1. *I exist.*
2. *All not I exists or not.*

Whatever is apart from myself must possess either the quality of existence or non-existence, not both.

3. *All truths that I perceive may be modified or else thought of as modified by the term "not" or an equivalent idea of negation.*

4. *There are differences in my sensations (phenomena.)*

It should be noted that by "self" I mean that single identity whose mental life is made up of phenomena and their consequences. However, someone may ask, "If different phenomena are realities in themselves, how do you connect them with one enduring reality called 'self'?" My answer is that although a sensation is one reality, the consciousness of it is another. For example, when I have several sensations at once, I do not have a separate consciousness of each sensation, but a single consciousness of all sensations. This consciousness is as near as we can get to the Ego.

Now, we come to the point where so many philosophies conflict. The question is, "Is the mind and its sensations all the reality there is?" The obvious answer is, "No, besides the mind there are energy, matter, space, and time."

The first purpose of this essay is to show that our minds cannot comprehend ultimate reality. Because we are aware of our sensations and thoughts, and of ourselves as having these sensations and thoughts, all our knowledge begins with our sensations.

But are our sensations all the existing reality there is besides the mind of which they are a part? Examine axiom two again. Now, applying axiom three, if we imagine that all were *non-existence*, that is, that nothing was but non-existence, what does our intuition tell us? It says reality or existence would be utterly impossible. (Remember that space and time would be non-existent also.) We know that this supposition is not true because it conflicts with axiom one, that I exist, and axiom four, that there are phenomena. Equally true do we realize that existence completely bars the possibility of all-embracing non-existence. In plain words, something cannot come from nothing.

At first sight mental phenomena seem to contradict this. First, I am aware of a sensation's existence, then of its non-existence. (The time idea.) We have either the possibility that sensations are realities independent of all others and yet both existent and non-existent, or that they are not realities wholly independent, but parts of two other realities not possessing the property of non-existence. They cannot be the former, for that would conflict with axiom two. They can be then a part of two existing realities. Their apparent non-existence may then be due to a change in the relations of the parts so that the relations which gave rise to the sensations no longer exist. Nothing is created or destroyed and axiom two is not violated.

We know by axiom three that sensations form a

part of our consciousness, that they are part of our mental selves. The thought then arises, are they part of the different components of consciousness? The components of consciousness are sensations and the mental actions such as will, thought, memory, and the like. Sensation, while it may cause will and thought to act, is not essential to mental action in our consciousness. By this it appears that sensation must be a part of our consciousness and of something else not in our minds, i. e., *something non-mental.*

In the first part of this essay I have shown that the existence of things non-mental can be proved from the axioms based on the knowledge of self-consciousness. It has been in this work proved without the principle of causation. True, I have adopted the principle that something cannot come from nothing, but I mean by this only causation of existence, not of action. Instead of regarding sensations as the result of mere physical changes, I have regarded them as fundamental parts of different and non-identical realities, the consciousness and the brain cells. Being only a part of both, and as that portion which we can perceive is only part of the mind, sensations cannot tell us by their perceived nature, the nature of the unperceived non-mental part. *However, as each sensation co-exists with and is a part of a non-mental object, the laws governing and arising from its existence, not from its nature or construction, must be the same as those of the non-mental part. That is the common property of mental and non-mental reality.*

We are now ready for the second purpose of this essay: to find the laws of the foregoing common bond between our sensations and the ultimate nature of non-mental objects, so that we can have a safe basis for conjecture on the properties of what the mind cannot know directly without the means of material sense organs. To find these laws we must investigate and classify the properties of mental phenomena axiomatically from the direct evidence of our intuition.

The first property of consciousness is expressed by axiom one, obtained previously. Axiom four chiefly, but also two and three, bring the idea of reality not ourselves. Now the fact that other reality than our minds exists is compared with our knowledge of our ego-existence. That comparison *is the first idea of number.* That idea of the duality between the existence of consciousness and of a sensation is the source of mathematics. Our consciousness by axiom one, is the source of the idea of unity, and that of phenomena by axiom four, of the idea of more than one. Axiom two in relation to the others brings the idea of nothing or zero. The number idea is derived from considering the fact of existence of sensations, and not from their intimate nature or qualities. Therefore the number idea, depending as it does on the mere existence of sensations, is a common property of all sensations and the non-mental sensory-exciters or brain cells. As axiom two states that all things must be either existent or non-existent, then all existent non-mental objects must have the same mathematical relations as our sensations and their excitants. The laws of mathematics then can be assumed as true for all existing things.

If our sensations in their own natures do not tell of the nature of the non-mental universe, how can we tell anything about material objects besides their numbers? If the redness and smell of a rose are not really in the rose but only engendered by it, how can we tell anything other than that there is one rose The answer is, any change or quality of sensations which can be represented *numerically* represent corresponding numerical changes in the outside world. For instance, if the color of one rose is twice as bright as that of another, then it means that twice as much light comes from the brighter rose. Again, although different colors themselves are not actual properties of light waves, they represent different lengths of the waves, as there are more or less waves per second.

When we consider the nature of space, we find the following: By axiom four we are aware of different realities or different sensations. We cannot see absolutely the same sensation and a totally different sensation in the same space together and distinguish them as different. (Of course we can see one sensation super-imposed on another, but the result may be regarded as mentally one image or sensation.) As we distinguish different realities by the fourth axiom, then there must be some relation by which realities cannot co-exist. In other words, we know there are different realities, and as they are not one individual reality, but several, there is necessarily a distinction between them, which distinction we call *space.* As space is due to the nature of existence of objects, it is capable of being expressed by number relations, as stated in the last paragraph. The notion of space between our sensations, as it rises from the nature of existence of sensations, which are part of non-mental objects, must be a close counterpart or the same as the real space of the non-mental world. Hence a sensation of space is not merely mental in nature like color or sound. If all non-mental things were abolished, then, I believe, space, a mere distinction of existence, would cease to be.

Time, like space, arises from the distinctive existence of objects. Axiom four shows that time is perceived by the mind. As I showed before, space in the mind must be like that of the world outside, hence outside objects change their space positions which are their existence relations to each other. Time, then, is the distinctive relation between the different existences (events) of the same object, just as space is the distinctive relation between different existences of several bodies. To abolish material objects would annihilate time too. The number relations hold for time also.

As time is the relation of the different existences of an object, and each of those different existences have a relation (space) to other objects, then time and space are interconnected physically and mathematically, as demonstrated by Einstein, and which is incomprehensible when time and space are thought of as realities independent of matter instead of, as they really are, a subordinate manifestation of the nature of matter's existence.

Thus I have proved that the nature of ultimate reality is unknowable, that by our knowledge of our own existence, we frame an idea of the existence of other things non-mental, and that our sensations are part of our mental selves, making too, by being part of the unknown non-mental, a link which connects ourselves with the great creation of God. Number is the magic method by which we gain a tool to unlock those mysteries of the inanimate, senseless, material order.

Bird of Fate

(Continued from Page 8)

writing. With the aid of a reading glass, I was able to read the following:

Dear André:

I am the last of the Alcazors. Perhaps, had you known this, I would not now be facing death under these circumstances. It has been seventeen long years since we last met in Seville. It was the same day that I bid my darling Rosita farewell forever. My promise to my dying father never to reveal my parentage has never been broken. It was to keep this promise that I left Spain and Rosita. Had I revealed my birthright, I could have married the dearest daughter of all the Spanish nobility; but my honor prevented it.

I have been happy here in my solitude. I was fortunate in inheriting this home from my uncle; and I have lived here alone, alone with my Maltese parrot. I have devoted all my time and most of my inheritance to the study of physics. It is the application of some of my discoveries that has enabled me to so arrange the entrances and exits, even the stairs of this house, as to throw the hated Pedro entirely at my mercy, should he try to attack me unawares.

Yesterday morning I received your letter, and I was overjoyed at the thought of seeing you again. In the evening, however, my joy was eclipsed by the arrival of a communication from Pedro, announcing our meeting at sunset today on the field of honor to settle the differences between us which arose from our quarrel in Spain. I have felt depressed in spirit all day, and my knowledge of Pedro's skill with a knife convinces me that this writing will be my last. On the back you will find instructions which will prove helpful to you in getting out of here. If you were here, I should feel safer in fighting him, and I shall hope to the last that you will arrive in time to prevent his taking my life.

Dearest friend, when you return to Spain, tell Rosita that I love her as always, and that I die thinking of her. And may God bless you.

Don Alcazor.

P. S.: Please get my parrot when he returns from me to the house and take care of him. He has been my last companion. D. A.

And so it was this parrot's chattering the words of his dying master which had given me so many fearful moments that late afternoon. The train sped onward, and I, weary to the point of exhaustion, fell asleep.

EXCHANGE

THE October *Collegian*, of P. C., gives promise that it will again continue to occupy its high position of last year. "Distant Peaks," a story by Sadler Love, is by far the best thing in the magazine. It is excellently written, and strikes a true note of reality. "Love Repays," by Cliff McLeod, and "Twelve O'clock," by A. K. Darby, however, deal rather unoriginally with trite themes. "Shades of Chan," by Louis Gray Heckle, a short one-act play with a clever Chinese servant as its hero, is noteworthy, as are Polly Roberts' whimsically lyric poems. However, we see no reason why the poetry should be printed in smaller type than the prose. May we commend W. P. Jacobs for his excellent linoleum cut entitled "Harvest Moon."

Lander's November *Erothesian* lacks genuine literary merit, and the contributors seem to labor under the idea that stories must point morals. "Magna Cum Laude," by Ruth Stewart, tells us that honesty is the best policy. Elizabeth McKeown's playlet, "Poor Polly," lacks point and dramatic interest. Although it contains too much quoted material, Mary Allen's essay on "Whimsy" in contemporary poetry is interesting, and to our mind the best feature of the *Erothesian*. The five-line poetic images of Florence Bolding, "Midsummer Twilight" and "Artist Moon," surpass in lyric beauty the other poetry of the issue.

Student Organizations

SEVERAL weeks ago, a rather virulent attack on student organizations was published in *The Old Gold and Black* under the College Campus column. The article has produced a great deal of comment and controversy, and scattered replies have since been made. It certainly drew our keen interest, as we have pondered over the problem of student organizations for some time.

To begin, let us enumerate some of the most familiar, excluding all athletic activities. There are now eight social fraternities, ten honorary societies, and such diverse activities as the Gamewell Latin Club, the Stratford Players, the North Carolina Club, the Glee Club, the Debating Team, the Student Council, the Y. M. C. A., three literary societies, besides Wofford's three publications. It is possible for a student to become an active member of practically all of these organizations. In fact, some years ago, one student belonged to twenty-three organizations and was an officer in twelve of these. Several have recently been members of twelve clubs. Thumb through *The Bohemian* and their familiar features confront you on almost every other page. "My!" you exclaim, "how brilliant he must be! What a world of work he must have done!" But you are sadly mistaken. Often entrance requirements are insufficiently selective, and many clubs meet only twice a year, once to elect new men, once to initiate them.

Now, no one denies that honorary societies have a definite place on our campus, but when such organizations hold out mottoes of serving, of inculcating specific ideals and knowledge and then miserably fail in achieving them, what reason have they to offer for existing? Last year the state of the majority of our organizations was deplorable. This year, however, there seems to be a renascence of interest and enthusiasm. The Blue Key at last banned fraternity politics in the election of pledges and made efforts to charter a bus to Clinton for the P. C.-Wofford football game. Sigma Upsilon and Scabbard and Blade have plans for regular meetings. The I. R. C. has shown excellent program planning, and the Stratford Players are working on a forthcoming minstrel. And we are deeply gratified by all this revival of spirit and activity.

However, we are still confronted by the question of whether a student can belong to a number of clubs and actively contribute and derive benefit from each. We think not; therefore, we suggest that the number of clubs to which a student may belong be strictly limited. Either this or make the organizations purely honorary, on the type of the Senior Order of Gnomes. Let a prospective member be forced to measure up to very highly selective standards and give evidence of his past achievements in the field before admission. Outlaw all politics and then let the society meet only twice yearly.

Finally we come to the conclusion. Do we have too many organizations? Are many of them poor because of a lack of a real student need? Do they by their multiplicity work at cross-purposes and defeat the accomplishments of each other? Surely, now that they are not compulsory, there is no need of three separate literary societies. Why not combine them and make one worth-while organization? In a college of about five hundred students which has over sixty student organizations, why not winnow the grain and separate the wheat from the chaff? Better one small job successfully completed than much attempted and half done.

Sentinels

Shrouded in robes of white—
Taut silhouettes with icy tentacles drooping,
The fir trees stand
And watch upon the lonely hill.

—*A. L.*

"TOM JONES," *by Henry Fielding*

WE MAKE no apologies for reviewing in this issue a novel written almost three hundred years ago and regarded by some as the greatest English novel. Written largely as a protest against the sentimentality, artificiality and priggishness of Samuel Richardson's novels of eighteenth century life, it remains modern in spirit and temper, and we feel that it should be read and known even more widely than it is.

Tom Jones, a foundling, is left on the door-step of Squire Allworthy, a rich and benevolent landowner, who adopts Tom and decides to rear him as his own son. Soon afterward, his old-maid sister marries a rascally fortune-hunter, Blifil, and in due time presents the Squire with a Blifil, Jr. Blifil, Sr., dies, and the duty of rearing Tom and Blifil devolves upon the Squire. As tutors for his charges, Squire Allworthy selects Thwackum, a clergyman and squire, a philosopher. Through the persons of these two worthies, Fielding satirizes the failings of preachers and philosophers. Thwackum contends that man was born corrupted with the taint of sin, and Squire holds that human nature was the perfection of virtue and that vice was a deviation from this nature. Over this point, the two wrangle interminably. However, Tom and Blifil grow up under their tutelage, Blifil, of course, being their favorite because of hypocritical flattery and seemingly perfect behavior. Tom, rash and hot-headed, but with a naturally good-natured heart, gets into many scrapes, such as fathering a bastard by the disreputable Molly Seguin and shooting a neighbor's game.

At length, Squire Allworthy falls seriously ill, and on learning that his foster father will recover, Tom in his joy indulges in a little too much wine. Blifil reports to the Squire that Tom has rejoiced over his illness, and Tom is disinherited and banished from home. Tom, loath to part from his beloved Sophia Western, sorrowfully embarks for London.

Squire Western, father of the beautiful Sophia, and a lover of his bottle, dogs, and daughter, resolves to marry Sophia to Blifil. Sophia, however, flees from home to an aunt in London, and Squire Western follows in hot pursuit. Thus all the chief characters of the book are on the road to London and most of the action takes place on the highway. This action is unusually rich in picturesque incidents and happenings of all kinds. Tom, after many adventures and falls from virtue, arrives in London, followed by Sophia and her father. There, after numerous complications, the plot is cleared. Blifil's villainy is discovered, Squire Western relents, and permits the marriage of Tom and Sophia, and Tom and Allworthy are reconciled, when it is revealed that Tom is the secret and illegitimate son of Allworthy's sister.

It is impossible to convey in a short review the wealth of adventure, all of the sprightly good humor and satire, all of the details of a complicated plot, which Thackeray called the most marvelous in all literature.

Fielding, tired of the foolish, faultless heroes of Richardson, endeavored to write a novel with a human being as its hero—a hero with many follies and imperfections, who followed the dictates of his own generous heart and not arbitrary and petty rules. And he succeeded so admirably in imbuing his book with genial good humor and naturalness that it has survived victoriously onslaughts by many literary lions. Fielding is one of the great literary lineage of Rabelais, Cervantes, Chaucer, and Shakespeare — one who could look dispassionately on the follies of man and love him just the same.

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. —MILTON.

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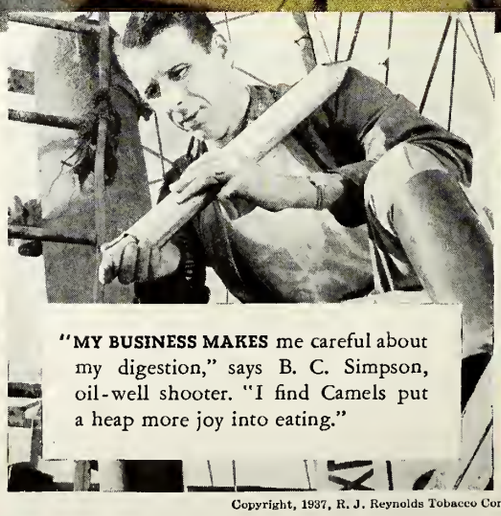

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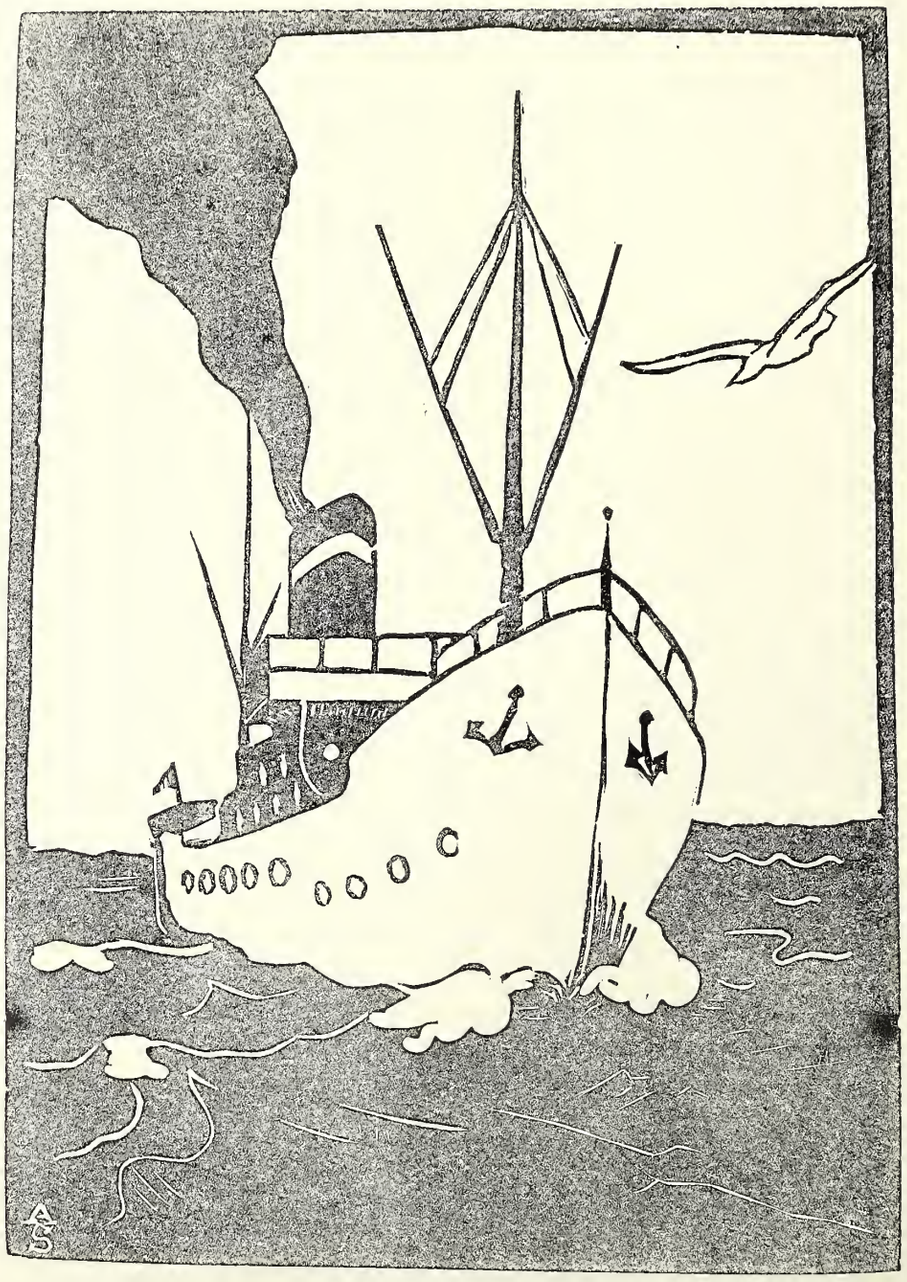

My First Trip to South America

By L. H. Hall, Jr.

HAVING been born and reared on the banks of the York River, I have all my life been familiar with water and men who have followed the sea. In addition, my father had been a sea captain in sailing ships, and naturally I had vivid pictures from him of the sea. Perhaps, too, I was born with a love for the sea and adventure. For, very early I decided that I must go down to the sea in a ship, and one day communicated this consuming desire to my father, who at this time held a position with a shipbuilding concern. Sailor-like, he had no comment except that he would make the necessary arrangements as soon as possible. In about two weeks, he informed me that he had arranged for me to ship as deck boy on a trip to South America, if I cared to. *The Delmundo,* a vessel of the Mississippi Shipping Company, was in the Newport News shipyard undergoing repairs and renovation; in fact, it was being converted into a combination cargo and passenger ship, with accommodations for fifty passengers. She was a Hog Island type ship, which had been built during the World War for cargo purposes entirely; however, it was a simple task to make passenger accommodations: the number three hatch was done away with and the forward and after 'midship houses were combined.

I eagerly grasped the opportunity, and it was with a light heart and my mother's assistance that I packed my "gear" for my first sea voyage. What mistakes I made in my wardrobe! My father in his brusque manner told me that I would not need much gear, but went into no detail to explain, probably realizing that I had better learn my own lessons from the sea; so, inexperienced as I was, I carried with me four suits, several pairs of shoes, a dozen shirts, and, to top things off, a linen suit. Imagine all of this in a sailor's seabag! So at seven o'clock one morning in August, 19—, I struggled up the gangway with two suit-cases and my father's old sea bag. I was just about the greenest hand who ever went to sea. I staggered to the forecastle and was deeply disappointed when I observed my home for the next four months. In a room not more than twelve by eighteen were quarters for eight seamen. Each had a sheet-metal locker about fifteen inches wide and two and one-half feet tall in which to keep all of his earthly belongings. The bunks were small and double tiered, and did not look at all comfortable. For ventilation, besides the door we had two very small portholes and a mushroom ventilator. I could not unpack, because there was no place; so I took my work clothes out of my sea bag and put my suit-cases on top of the lockers, still unpacked. I was sitting on my bunk meditating, when a heavy-set individual with a red face, wearing a "high pressure" hat, entered, informed me in an Irish brogue he was bo'sun, and asked me if I were the new deck boy, to which I meekly replied, "Yes, sir."

"Come with me, lad," he said quietly. I followed the bo'sun along the aft well-deck on through shelter deck up the fo'rd well-deck and into the paint locker. Here he mixed a small quantity of paint with a larger proportion of cured lubricating oil, with which I was instructed to paint the forecastle-head and to "make a good job." I set to my task with gusto. In about an hour a tough looking individual approached me. He had a ruddy face, thick neck, and heavy shoulders, and was wearing a high-pressure hat, and three gold stripes on his coat sleeve. I knew enough of ship's officers' insignia to recognize this man as chief mate, and my boss.

"Watch now with the brush when you get to the angle bars," was his admonition.

"Yes, sir," was my rejoinder.

"Aye, aye, sir," he corrected, and in a quiet, calm, easy tone he told me something of ships' etiquette.

I painted until I thought my hand would drop from my wrist, and my back muscles were tired from squatting down and leaning over. After what seemed like days, though in reality only four hours, the bo'sun came around and "knocked me off" with this remark: "Chow time, lad; knock off and wash your hands; chow in five minutes." That sounded like music to my ears. I hustled aft to wash my hands, but to my dismay found no accommodations. I observed that other members of the crew were using buckets, but I could not see any buckets left, and my hands went unwashed. The dinner bell rang, and I followed the rest into the mess room, which was divided into two tables, one for the "black gang" (engine room workers) and one for the sailors. I squeezed into a seat on the bench, and was disappointed to find that I had to eat out of a tin plate and drink out of a tin cup. The cooking was not to my taste, as it was highly seasoned. (I later found out that the cooks were Spanish.)

At one o'clock, when I "turned to" again, I was put on a new job, that of helping an A. B. (able-bodied seaman) put an eye in a hawser. Here I got my first experience with use of fids and marlin spikes. About three o'clock the word was passed to stand by fore and aft, as we were shoving off. The watches had been set, and I was on the four to eight. After we cleared the pier, and as I stood on the forecastle-head scanning the Newport News waterfront, knowing full well that at least four months would pass before I again saw those familiar landmarks, I could not help feeling sad. What if my mother or father should die before I returned, I

could not even attend their funeral—all I would get would be a radiogram. Would I be greatly changed by my trip? And then a trivial matter, would that little school teacher be true to me?

That night after we had cleared Cape Henry sea buoy and stood out to sea, I turned in. But the rise and fall of the ship disturbed me, and I did not sleep soundly. I awoke with a start to find a figure hovering over me, announcing in a soft tone that it was one bell, which meant that it was twenty minutes to four in the morning, and time for me to get up and go on watch. Thus began my second day as a sailor.

Our first port of call was New Orleans, where we were going to take a cargo of lumber, mail, and passengers. We stayed here ten days, and I had an interesting time going to such places as Tulane and Loyola Universities, Lake Ponchetrain, Audubon Park, and the renowned French quarter. Canal street is generally regarded as the widest street in the world, and when it is brilliantly lighted its beauty is indescribable. On the corner of Canal and Tschatoulos streets is the world-famous "monkey-wrench" corner, known throughout sea-faring circles as a place to meet a long-lost shipmate, especially if he is out of finances. For this corner is noted for its seafaring pan-handlers.

When sailing day came I was glad; I was anxious to be on my way to South America, it sounded so inviting and romantic; and I was glad as we sailed down the ugly, muddy Mississippi, with its overhanging willows and gall bushes—with its numerous bayous and inlets to reach South Pass lightship and head into the open Gulf of Mexico. As I later found out, the seas and swells are different from those of the Atlantic; inasmuch as they are shorter and more choppy. On our second night in the Gulf all hands were turned to by the watch on deck (which was the twelve to four watch) to secure ship as we were in the tail end of a hurricane which was sweeping Galveston. The ship was pitching badly, and I could scarcely keep my footing, but I noticed that the old-timers did not seem to be greatly disturbed. I asked one of them how he kept his equilibrium. He replied that I would gradually get my sea-legs, and that I would find it much easier if I would keep my legs spread apart and give with the roll of the ship. I tried this method and met with some success; however, I was still awkward and of little use in helping with the work, which consisted in the main of securing the lifeboats and all objects which would be likely to break from their moorings and be washed overboard; and of the partial shifting of the deck load of lumber, which of course had been secured with chains and turnbuckles, and had worked loose in some places. About three hours were required to secure ship, and it was about time for my watch, being nearly eight bells (four o'clock.) By noon the storm had abated and we settled back to regular routine.

I was the youngest sailor aboard the ship and had to take considerable "riding" from the crew, and especially the bo'sun, who seemed to take great delight in giving me dirty jobs and extra work; however, I kept my temper except on one occasion about three days' run from Rio de Janiero. Every morning at four bells (six o'clock) I had to call all hands to wash down promenade deck and clean up 'midships for the passengers. At this point of the watch I was supposed to get "coffee-time" with the rest of the sailors who were getting up. This "coffee-time" consisted of fifteen minutes relaxation, during which one could smoke, drink coffee, or relax generally. This particular morning the bo'sun must have gotten up backwards, because he told me I could not have coffee-time. The devil flew into me and I "cussed" him. He immediately flew into a rage, as he had no idea the worm would turn. He told me that he would take a poke at me, and with that statement we went together in the mess room. Tables and benches were overturned in our meleé. We clinched, and I got his head under my arm, and to my surprise he remained quiet and motionless. No one attempted to separate us until the steward came along and suggested that we go out on deck and finish the fight, as we were tearing his mess room up. Upon turning the bo'sun loose, I discovered the reason he had been so quiet—he had been getting a knife out of his pocket, and when we were separated he was opening the blade. The sailors who saw this intervened and said that he must fight the "kid" fair. Upon seeing that knife, I became so infuriated I could scarcely restrain myself. This was my first sea scrap, and I did not know the "ethics" of sea-fights.

"Come out on deck, you lousy ———," I shouted to him, and escorted by the sailors, we went up on boat deck, where there was plenty of room. Several of the male passengers were up stirring around, and they with the sailors formed a circle around us. The mate up on the wing of the bridge also observed us as we went together, tooth and toenail. It seemed to me that the fight lasted for hours. He caught me with a lusty right which closed my eye, and I managed to connect with a solid punch which broke his nose, and blood flew on me as well as on him. I could not knock him down, but neither could he get me off my feet. Finally, when both of us were so exhausted that neither could hit with any force, and the scrap was no longer amusing to watch, the mate shouted from the bridge to stop the fight and get on with our work.

My knees were so wobbly I could scarcely stand, and I sat down on the deck, completely exhausted. Little did I know that I was to observe many fights before the cruise was over, and that many of them would be much worse. I feared treachery on the part of the bo'sun, and I thereafter slept with a marlin spike under my pillow; and I was glad when he jumped the ship in

Buenos Aires with the statement that he was going over the Andes on a goat's back.

I shall never forget the morning that we sighted Cape Frió, just above the entrance to Rio de Janiero harbor. It was a beautiful, clear morning, and as I gazed shoreward I could not but marvel at the beauty of this tropical land. Upon entering, I was even more amazed at its romantic charm. The harbor has a narrow entrance, which widens out bowl-fashion to form the Bay of Rio de Janiero. On the port side I could see the snowy white beach, the mountains covered with tropical foliage, and above all in beauty and splendor the famous Sugar Loaf Mountain. On the starboard side is a Crucifix of Our Saviour, which is located on Mt. Theresa, and is the largest in the world. The next view was the beautiful city itself, with its arresting white limestone buildings contrasting vividly with the surrounding green mountains. The harbor is rightly called the most beautiful in the world, and it is worth a year of any man's life to gaze upon the splendor of this city. Of course natural conditions such as a bountiful supply of limestone (with which to erect its unique buildings), tropical foliage, transparent water offering a favorable comparison to the white buildings and finely sanded white beaches are the chief explanations for its reputation as the most beautiful harbor in the world. The city is built in a crescent along the shore line.

We dropped the "hook," lowered the accommodation ladder, and waited for the health authorities and custom house officers to come aboard. Upon the completion of these formal details, anchor was weighed and we docked at Pier No. 10, just two blocks away from Avenida de Rio Bronca, the main street and one of the world's most beautiful thoroughfares.

I could hardly wait to get ashore, there were ever so many places I wanted to see. The mate knocked all hands off at noon, and there was a mad scramble to get washed up and ashore. After all, we had been at sea for seventeen days, and the same old routine gets extremely tiresome. As I was going down the gangway, "Dutch," a big, friendly German, said, "Come on, kid, and go with me; I know this burg like I do the compass. I can speak this 'spic lingo.'" I have always been grateful to this Dutchman ever since. I went up on Sugar Loaf Mountain via the cable car, and from the top one could gaze inshore and for miles the green, rolling mountains, with a village here and there, were combined in a maze of beauty. Then, turning my gaze towards the bay and the city, I could get the significant grandeur of Rio's crescent shore-line. Offshore one could see nothing but the broad expanses of the South Atlantic, dotted here and there by ships.

Later that night we went down into the quarter or red-light district, which was a good-sized town in itself. Dutch remarked that no one's trip to Rio was complete without visiting this section—just block upon block of houses with girls who offered themselves for a nominal fee to satisfy man's lust. A virtual league of nations was represented—pure Portuguese, Spanish, French, English, Belgian, Austrian, Hungarian, American, pure Sao Paulo Indian, Chinese, Japanese, and half-breeds and castes too numerous to mention. I was appalled upon coming face to face with the grim realities of life, and seeing how the other half lives. Many of these girls had been kidnapped and sold "down the road to South America."

While in this district, I saw a Brazilian soldier come running out of a house, with a native civilian pursuing him. The soldier was overtaken in the middle of the street, and I saw an example of plain and fancy carving á la Brazilian style. The soldier was literally cut to shreds before a Caballero (native police) came to his rescue. I suggested to my German friend that we seek less exciting places. He smiled, and as we left said that such things happened frequently in this hot-blooded country.

In Buenos Aires, our next important port of call, we had a very sad mishap. Coming down the coast, two A. B's. (able-bodied seamen) had a fight, and one had soundly thrashed the other; however, the one who got whipped swore revenge against the other. One night while in port he got "charged up" on "kassash" (a cheap native drink) and came in the forecastle while we were asleep and carved his opponent up to such an extent, before we could stop him, that the "quack" (ship's doctor) had to take one hundred and eighteen stitches in him. Of course the sailor was arrested by the Argentine officials, and we sailed without him.

An amusing incident also occurred while we were there. My watchmate and I were painting the hull by means of a staging over the side, and one of the marineros (naval police who do guard duty at the docks) was under the staging asking for a cigarette (they are habitual chiselers). This fellow was especially bothersome, so I told my watchmate I was going to "accidentally" tip my pot of black paint on him. I tipped the pot, and if I had carefully measured the distance with a surveyor's instrument I could not have been any more accurate. The pot lit exactly on his head, and his white uniform turned black. He set up a howl that had the whole ship and police department in an uproar. I told the mate that it was purely "accidental," and he said the damn thieving, chiseling "spic" deserved it.

From Buenos Aires we headed back up the coast to Rio, where we loaded coffee before laying our course for New Orleans and home.

At New Orleans, as I walked down the gangplank with my discharge and the remnants of my four months' pay in my pocket, my chief thought was how soon I could get a train for Newport News. I thought, too, of my shipmates and the good times and bad we

had had together, of the storms and calms, of the fascinating and exotic places I had seen, of the people, so different and yet so like us. It had been only four months since I had left Newport News. Yet into those kaleidoscopic months were packed the experience and lessons of years. For the sea had given me discipline, self-assurance and courage to face the difficulties of life.

The Charm of Asafetida

By Floyd M. Ashley

THE WAR had just ended. The winter that followed was bitter and cold. Influenza was sweeping across the country like prairie fire. People were dying everywhere. There seemed to be no cure or remedy for this terrible and dreadful disease. Medical science failed to offer any cause for or solution to the disastrous epidemic. People under the great strain became superstitious and resorted to do anything that promised relief.

I was a child of eight in a country school when the great epidemic was at its worst. Some parents were keeping their precious little darlings home for fear that they would contract the dreadful disease at school. Many of the school children were sick, or in a home where the disease had already entered. They were forbidden to attend school, thereby leaving only a handful to cluster around the big heater in one corner of the classroom and listen to the teacher as she read stories of Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, and Aunt Minerva and her children. Among the small number that still attended school daily was John Simpson, his little sister Sarah, and Flossie Broom. Their parents, who were somewhat superstitious and manifested a faith in the magical charm of asafetida, had sent John, Sarah, and Flossie to school with a little bag of asafetida dangling to a string around each one's neck. John, in his short knee trousers and oversize coat, sat on one end of a bench near the stove, and Sarah and Flossie, with big bows of ribbon in their long and stringy hair, and their fat, chubby little hands tucked into their coat pockets, sat in silence on the other end of the bench, with their mouths hanging open, and stared the teacher directly in the face as she read. I, a red-headed and freckle-faced, mischievous little devil, sat in the middle, with my feet dangling from the bench. I soon became aware of the unpleasant odor and began to look on my shoes to see if I had crushed or smeared anything on my last trip out. Finding nothing there, I began to seek elsewhere. Eventually my eyes discovered the little sack around John's neck. I sat tentively and patiently and listened to the remarkable adventures of Tom Sawyer in school, until I could endure no longer the stinking and violent odor. I slid over near John, and while the teacher was not looking reached out and plucked the little bag of asafetida from his neck and dropped it into a can of boiling water on top of the stove. Popularly speaking, we had a stinking good time. The violent odor soon filled the room. Like one of Tom's own tricks, it smelled as if someone had upset a basket of twice rotten eggs. The door was flung open and the windows were raised to allow the fresh cold air to rush in. Tom Sawyer's adventures were ended for the day.

The sad experience we had with John's asafetida bag did not induce him to leave it off. The next day he came back to school with another around his neck. He clung religiously to his belief in its magical charm and its powers to ward off the dreadful disease. All the criticism from the other boys could not persuade John to dispose of it. Thereupon, he became known as "Stink Ball" Simpson.

The winter passed and spring came and burst forth with all its glory. From the apple orchard nearby the fragrant odor of apple blossoms came floating through the windows on the morning breezes. My books were forgotten. I sat in my seat and dreamed of the open fields and wild flowers, the woodlands bedecked with new foliage and filled with singing birds, the trickling waters of meandering brooks. I longed for the fresh pools, the fish pond, and the old swimming hole. Intermingled with all this beauty was the ever consciousness of John's "stink ball."

John succeeded in warding off the influenza, not because the asafetida destroyed the disease germs, but because the violent odor of the asafetida kept everybody away from John, leaving him unexposed to any of the susceptibles from whom the disease was contracted.

Charity Ward

By E. M. Lander, Jr.

THERE HE LAY upon a neat hospital cot in the large room surrounded by white. His bed was one among many stretched out in two long, even rows, with a wide aisle between. In this aisle many white-clothed nurses silently went about their tasks of attending to the ill of the charity ward. It was bleak December weather. The snow noiselessly blew against the window-panes and fell upon the sills. He was not able to see the laughing children playing in the snow outside, nor the grown-ups scurrying along the cleared walks. He tried to content himself with what he saw in the large room. His vision took in little but suffering. Directly in front of him was a man with both legs broken and internal injuries. He was trussed up, and could not even turn over. He lay there day after day in agony—a victim of a hit-and-run driver. Back again to his side of the room and he saw beside his own bed a withered old man at death's very door because of cancer. The doctors could not operate —too dangerous. At least he could have quiet. That was certainly a relief from the deafening noise of shuttles and whirling motors of the weave room, where the person standing by you cannot hear you except when you shout into his ear. Another thing, the nurses were always so gentle and understanding.

He closed his eyes again. Jumbled and tortured visions of his past life floated through his mind. He very distinctly remembered the day his father died, when his hopes were blasted and his ambitions were cruelly frustrated. Hard work—sweeping, doffing, filling batteries, slubbing—had been his lot. But upon looking at the less fortunate, he had always thanked God for His kindness and mercy.

Providing for the family since a youth had been his task—his wages had gone for milk, clothes, rent, and food—no money for ball games and shows. But little Billy, Dorothy, James, and Mother must be taken care of. How willingly he had helped them! A blurred picture of Little Billy sitting on his knee asking him to work his arithmetic mingled with that of Dorothy crying because she had lost her kitty and coming to him to comfort her—James getting in a fight at school and standing before him with lowered head—James carrying Daddy's lunch to him every day—Mother always at the same old household drudgery, never complaining nor asking for sympathy—the worry on Mother's face about James, who wanted to quit school and go to work were some of the things that were whirring through his head.

A nearby agonizing groan momentarily awoke him from his day-dreaming. What had he been thinking about before the interruption?—Oh, yes—James. He supposed Mother and he had done right in giving James permission to quit school next month and go to work. Machinery had always fascinated James. It was all that he was interested in—his classroom work had never been very satisfactory—frequent thrashings at school. Perhaps some day he'd be a master mechanic—or a great engineer.

Visions of James faded and Mary loomed into mind. The thought of Mary was as refreshing as a dip in a cool lake on a hot summer's afternoon after a hard day's work. She would come over just as soon as the operation was over. Mary bringing him flowers when he was ill last summer—always that same sweet smile —girlish laughter—her job clerking to help her family too—her soft voice cheering him when he was blue or worried about some financial trouble—their outdoor picnics in the summer evenings—his jealousy when another boy came to see her—all these memories returned only to fade and give way to others. He swept from the past on into the future. He saw himself as a division overseer at the mill—maybe weave room overseer later —then Mary beside him before an altar, facing a white-robed minister, with a few friends gathered around—Dorothy, Mother, James, and Little Billy there also—his picture was complete. Today was truly a climax to his hard luck and misfortune. He could see nothing but blue skies ahead, as soon as he could get well from this operation—if he could only secure that coveted position of overseer.

So deeply was he sunk in his reverie that he did not hear the nurse come to his bedside. He was startled, as if someone had said "boo!", when she spoke. They were ready for him. He was wheeled away to the operating room. The smell of ether nauseated him. A shaded light stood directly over the operating table in the center of the room. His gaze shifted from the table to several nurses and doctors gathered in the room. All wore rubber gloves, white aprons, white masks, and white caps. Each had a serious look as they were about to go about their grim task. Two orderlies slipped him from the rolling table and placed him on the operating table. The nurses were busy placing everything in readiness. He saw several curious looking knives that would soon be carving on him, but his sight was cut short by an ether mask placed directly over his face. The man administering the anaesthetic was talking to him. Gradually his words faded into the distance, and the patient passed into unconsciousness.

The operation was no more difficult than usual, and the interne, quite skilled in surgery by this time, performed his task neatly and faultlessly, cutting away the tissues with his sharp knife. An older and experienced doctor was ever ready to assure him or to take over the task in case of unforeseen emergency. Noiselessly the operating crew worked until somewhat later the appendix was reached. A frown passed over the older man's visage. The interne looked to him for direction. There had been a poor diagnosis on someone's part. The patient's appendix showed only slight inflammation. The elder doctor suspected kidney trouble. The appendix was removed, and then the older doctor saw his suspicions confirmed. This man did have a badly inflamed kidney. The interne also understood. He knew what to do in such a case. The operation was performed and the incisions were sewed back up. The unconscious man was wheeled out again. As the doctor watched the young man being carried out, a single thought entered his mind—another charity patient.

Mother, Billy, Dorothy, and Mary were silently seated in the waiting room. A nurse informed them that he had not yet awakened. Anxiety was written upon Mother's face as she watched the steady stream of people entering and leaving the building. The floor in front of the entrance was wet where snow had been tracked in. All types of people from dried-up little old women to tall, stalwart young men were among those passing in and out. Some were poor, others well-to-do; some were grief-stricken and dumb, like hurt animals; others were smiling, with heads high; many carried flowers or small packages; all spoke in low tones. The girl at the desk was busy calling rooms and answering questions, while the other nurses hurried to and fro.

At last he regained consciousness. Slowly his eyes opened. He was in the large room again, neatly tucked under the sheets of his bed. His eyes fell on the small vase of flowers sitting on the little table at the head of his bed. Only one person would send him flowers. There was a card, but he could not read it from the position in which he lay. He turned his head away from the flowers, gazing only at the blank ceiling, and a gleam of contentment and joy shone upon his face that made him forget his pain. Suddenly he looked at his side and saw that the little withered old man suffering from cancer was being rolled out. He heard one of the nurses say something about an emergency operation. A doctor was slowly shaking his head. A moment later his nurse told him his folks were waiting to see him. The doctor would see him a little later.

There they were—coming down the aisle. All except Mary seemed a little shy. The hospital was strange to them. Mother's eyes were red, but she was now smiling. Mother sat down in the small straight chair beside the table. Mary stood behind her. All were speechless for a moment—Little Billy just stared. Finally Mary spoke.

"Mother promised to let me tell you first," her voice trembled. "I'm so happy about it. The superintendent says you have been promoted to a division overseer." She knelt beside the bed and whispered some words that only a lover would say. Then they smiled at each other.

They could remain only a few minutes, but tomorrow they would return. He watched them until they disappeared through the large door at the other end of the room. He closed his eyes to go back to sleep, but the doctor came up to his bed to speak to him.

"Young man," he said, "we opened your side and saw that your appendix showed only a slight inflammation. We discovered that your worst trouble was a bad kidney. It was infected. It is possible that it could have been cured, but the risk was too great. Rather than take the chance of infecting your other kidney or other organs of the body, we removed it."

The pale young man closed his tired eyes and slowly mumbled in a half-whisper, "Doctor, I'm sorry you did that. I had only one kidney."

Weather

The trees like silent giants stand,
With fingers pointing to the skies,
A sodden turf about their roots,
About their limbs a gray mist lies.

No sun, no moon for days and days,
Just cloudy skies and brick-red mud.
Red, muddy streams begin to flow
Like some poor soldier's long-spilt blood.

God still has love for some near day;
The clouds will break, the light shine through,
Clear skies will take the place of gray,
And sun and moon reign in the blue.

—*F. N. Rhoad.*

Humor Devices

By Bill Houck

III. UNDERSTATEMENT

JUST as exaggeration may be employed in humor, so may understatement, if presented in a particular light, be used to develop a humorous situation. The inadequacy of things, the abbreviation of ideas, in many instances are causes of laughter.

Many of our best cartoonists use this device in very effective ways. For example, we have a scene where a tennis match has just been finished and one of the contestants is clubbing the other over the head with a racket. A bystander remarks, "Henry is a rather poor loser, isn't he?"

Or again, there are a pair of trapeze artists in the process of doing their act. The cartoonist pictures one of them falling. His partner, who is still hanging by his feet on the trapeze, calmly remarks, "Oop, sorry." Both of these statements are so mild in commenting upon the situation that they are ridiculous, and for this reason produces laughter.

Bill Nye gives us the exact opposite of exaggeration when he describes his advance to the barn in front of his dog Kosciusko.

"The second year that little Kosciusko was with us, I shaved off a full beard one day while downtown, put on a clean collar and otherwise disguised myself, intending to surprise my wife.

"Kosciusko sat on the front porch when I returned. He looked at me as a cashier of a bank does when a newspaper man goes in to get a suspiciously large check cashed. He did not know me. I said, 'Kosciusko, have you forgotten your master's voice?'

"He smiled sarcastically, showing his glorious wealth of mouth, but still sat there as though he had stuck his tail into the door steps and couldn't get it out.

"So I waived the formality of going in at the front door, and went around to the portcullis, on the off side of the house, but Kosciusko was there when I arrived. The cook, seeing a stranger lurking around the manor house, encouraged Kosciusko to come and gorge himself with a part of my leg, which he did. Acting on this hint, I went to the barn.

"I do not know why I went to the barn, but somehow there was nothing in the house that I wanted. When a man wants to be by himself, there is no place like a good quiet barn for thought. So I went to the barn, about three feet prior to Kosciusko.

"Noticing the stairway, I ascended it in an aimless kind of way, about four steps at a time. What happened when we got in the haymow I do not now recall, only that Kosciusko and I frolicked around there in the hay for some time. Occasionally I would be on top; and then he would have all the delegates, until finally I got hold of the pitchfork, and freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell."

There is probably no author in whose work the vein of understatement is so pronounced as P. G. Wodehouse. As Max Eastman says, "Wodehouse can make anything in the world laughable by merely withholding the precisely necessary amount of warm language. And when a thing is laughable, his instinct to enhance the laugh by pinning some meticulously inadequate expression on it is unfaltering."

"To find oneself locked out of a country house at half-past two in the morning, in a pair of lemon-colored pajamas, can never be an unmixedly agreeable experience."

"Except for that slight bias toward dishonesty which led her to steal everything she could lay hands on which was not nailed down, Aileen Peavey's was an admirable character."

"Naturally, when baronets are threatening to pour vitriol down her neck, a refined and sensitive young girl cannot pick her words; this sort of thing must of necessity interfere with the selection of the *mot juste*."

These excerpts are characteristic of Wodehouse's subtle appeal to our appreciation of the humor of this type. But aside from his style, his books are filled with characters who are continually surprising us by the careless abandon with which they comment on perplexing situations. The characters are largely drawn from the British squirearchy and are pictured by Wodehouse as totally helpless and inert individuals.

Bertie Wooster in his interview with Sir Roderick Glossop will illustrate this humorous type which Wodehouse has developed. Bertie is recalling a situation in which he was compelled to defend his rights to play the banjolete.

"Well, if that was the attitude he was proposing to adopt, well, I mean to say, my geniality waned. I drew myself up coldly, at the same time raising a stiff eyebrow. And I was just about to work off the old to-what-am-I-indebted-for-this-visit gag, when he chipped in ahead of me.

"'You ought to be certified!'

"'I beg your pardon.'

"'You're a public menace. For weeks, it appears, you have been making life a hell for all your neighbors with some hideous musical instrument. I see you have it with you now. How dare you play that thing in a respectable block of flats? Infernal din!'

"I remained cool and dignified.

" 'Did you say infernal din?'

" 'I did.'

" 'Oh! Well, let me tell you that the man who has not music in his soul—' I stepped to the door. 'Jeeves,' I called down the passage, 'what was it Shakespeare said the man who hasn't music in his soul was fit for?'

" 'Treasons, stratagems, and spoils, sir.'

" 'Thank you, Jeeves. 'Is fit for stratagems, treasons, and spoils,' I said, returning.

"He daneed a step or two.

" 'Are you aware that the oeeupant of the flat below, Mrs. Tinkler-Moulke, is one of my patients, a woman in a highly nervous eondition? I had to give her a sedative.'

"I raised a hand.

" 'Spare me the gossip from the loony-bin,' I said distantly. 'Might I enquire, on my side, if you are aware that Mrs. Tinkler-Moulke owns a Pomeranian?'

" 'Don't drivel.'

" 'I am not driveling. This animal yaps all day, and not infrequently far into the night. So Mrs. Tinkler-Moulke has had the nerve to complain of my banjolete, has she? Ha! Let her first pluek out the Pom whieh is in her own eye,' I said, becoming a bit Seriptural.

"He chafed visibly.

" 'I am not here to talk about dogs. I wish your assuranee that you will immediately eease annoying this unfortunate woman.'

"I shook my head.

" 'I am sorry she is a cold audience, but my art must come first.'

" 'That is your final word, is it?'

" 'It is."

" 'Very good; you will hear more of this.'

" 'And Mrs. Tinkler-Moulke will hear more of this,' I replied, brandishing the banjolete.

"I touched the buzzer.

" 'Jeeves,' I said, 'show Sir R. Glossop out!'

"I confess that I was well pleased with the manner in which I had eomported myself during this elash of wills."

In the modern day humor is probably given more attention than ever before. Speakers, business men, and writers are making use of it, humorists are making a living from it, and the ordinary eitizen seeks popularity in his use of it. Not to have a sense of humor is a curse; the inability to be funny is an even greater eurse. It is for this reason that we should make a careful analysis of ourselves to see if we are measuring up to standards.

The above articles are an attempt to treat very briefly this broad subject. There are countless other deviees developed by humorists than those here diseussed. Our intelligent use of them will greatly improve our personalities.

These I Like and Enjoy - -

A strong, fine dog or a lively horse,
Whose kind eyes display intelligenee.
A morning walk in a dew-wet wood,
And a good pipe's fragrant ineense.
The lulling sound of the raindrops
When I lie awake in the night,
And the fresh smell of turned-up sod,
Or the beauty I see in a fight.
The feel of white sand beneath bare feet,
Or the thrill of running fast.
And the sharp, quick eurve of a diver
As he enters without a splash.
A red-leather volume of Diekens,
Or a hilarious bit of Mark Twain.
And the joyful musie of ehureh bells,
Or the far-off sound of a train.
A mild eigar and a game of ehess
With a good friend, tried and true,
Or a glass of wine with blackeyed Bess
And sweet Evelyn, whose eyes are blue.

—*Peter Moody.*

Paradise Garden

By Ralph S. Bryant

MANY years ago when America was somewhat younger than it is now, on the western shores of the new land there was a place of extraordinary charm and beauty. Indeed, I suppose the nook is still there, but one may doubt if it still has that simple and pristine grace and enchanted air that it had at the time of my story. For then it was new and fresh and untrod by any but the forest creatures which were its inhabitants, and visited only by the itinerant birds of the air. Here the mountains of the lofty Sierras came down almost to the sea, and it was between two of these that this portion of Eden nestled like a child between the protective feet of an immense watch dog. The grasses grew lush over the carpet-like floor, and the young bushes seemed to spring upward in sheer ecstasy of growing, while farther on back and on the sides of the mountains that enclosed the place on two sides, the tall, majestic trees rose to towering heights. Within its silent and peaceful recesses the animal life had their abodes. The mountain to the rear of the spot was somewhat rock-strewn, and while the Sierras overlooked the rear and sides of the miniature valley, the big and gentle Pacific seemed to extend a hand of welcome from the front. For its waters were extended in a little bay that reached far inland and beckoned to the land-dwellers to come and play upon its rocking bosom. The waves lapped upon the golden sand of the shore with a lulling monotony. In the morning the sun changed its crests to jewels that sparkled in its light, and in the late evening its gently heaving motion changed to a moving panorama, the slowly fading, brilliant colors of the sunset reflected on its surface.

The seasons there were not extreme, for after the first balmy months of spring when the sun was inclined to be too zealous in its task of warming the earth, sprightly breezes came blowing down from the snow-capped heights of the Sierras, bringing with them a refreshing tang and hint of the ice that they had left; while in the winter months when the sun was gaining a partial rest and the snow upon the mountains could be seen creeping farther down their sides, the friendly Pacific gave up a part of its unlimited store of heat to its friend the valley. Yes, it was a very entrancing part of the world, and it seemed as if it were made for some person or something, for it possessed an inviting aspect and seemed to be waiting. . . .

Finally the beings for whom this secluded corner was reserved came, and so perfectly did they fit into their surroundings and so harmoniously did the tenor of their lives blend with the life about them that they served to accentuate the melody of the whole and the whole continued in one perfect symphony. One might have thought they had been born there and grown like the trees and were as much a part of the setting as the birds or the bay.

These two were Michael Serrezo and his beautiful, gentle wife, Angelita. Within the year had they been married, and the ardor and strength of youth was at its fullest in them. Michael was twenty-four, and she scarcely twenty. It was with many misgivings of the untried that they had left their beloved Spain for the New World, but long before the boat was half across the ocean the two of them had looked with leaping hearts for the shores of America. In searching for a place to settle, Michael and Angelita found the little valley with its guardian mountains. At the very first sight they knew it was theirs and for them alone. They had responded to the spirit of the invitation of the sparkling bay, verdant foliage, the father mountains; knew that they were looking upon their future home, and were happy and thankful.

At first it had been hard. Beginnings are ever hard. The eager Michael constructed with the greatest pride and care a comfortable cabin, set about to put the fields under cultivation. He sang as he worked, for his heart was full and happy. His was the joy of creating and moulding. The songs he sang were of old Spain, but he was not homesick. Spain was but a memory. His life was here. Angelita took a joy and pride in the little home. Inside, with its crude yet comfortable furniture, everything was kept as neat as could be, and then there was time left for work on the outside. She made little excursions into the woods nearby and brought home basketsful of the wild flowers that grew in abundance. Michael went up on the mountain side and dug up little fir trees and wild vines to transplant. The home took on a look of picturesque beauty. It was the pride of the young pair. The inside was well stocked with provisions at all times — most of which were from Michael's own labor. He traded at the little village miles away for the things he could not raise.

They would sit at the doorstep after the work was done and watch the prodigal extravagance of colors in the western sky as the sun bade a glorious farewell to the world. The bay would seem to ripple more softly as the sun set and the trilling notes of the mocking birds and the chirring of the squirrels were heard in the nearby forest. Sometimes Michael and Angelita

would talk, sometimes they would just sit with their arms about each other and look and listen. And both were thrilled, intensely so. Their poetic souls were filled with strong emotion and their breasts it sometimes seemed would burst from the sheer strength of it.

"Michael, *querido,*" she would say softly, "how good, how lovely it is." And he would reply, smiling tenderly, "*Si,* it is like you, *chiquita mia,* it is like Dios." Their life was simple, their thoughts were simple; but how beautiful and how profound were both.

The second spring after the two were established in their haven, when perfume of new buds was in the air, Death came one night and stalked about the cabin and tried to enter. But the Angel of the Lord came and beat him back and stood guard. The next morning a third Life made known its presence with plantitive wailing inside the home. And if it were possible, from then on the happiness of Michael and Angelita was doubled, and it centered in the treasure of their lives, their *nino.*

The next three years passed swiftly by. The boy grew fast and was as fine a child as an invigorating climate and pure air and sunshine could make. Watching him grow and develop gave unlimited joy and pride to his young father and his girl-mother. It seemed that he was all over the premises all the time. He investigated everything that came to his attention. Once he fled in terror when two geese which Michael had brought from the village stuck out their long necks and waddled hissing after him. Sometimes when Angelita was busy at work in the mornings, his ceaseless prattle would vex her and she would lift him bodily, pretending to scold him, and put him out of the house. This pleased the boy quite as well though. For hours at a time he would amuse himself, either chasing butterflies or lying flat on his stomach watching ants come and go, in and out of their hill. Sometimes he would just stand and watch the waves come rolling in at the bay at the foot of the gently sloping hill. Thus the lives of these three children of God and Nature ran smoothly until one night.

One night in the autumn of the year, Michael and Angelita were awakened by a most terrible noise. It was loud and rumbling, and seemed to be drawing nearer to their cabin. The ground shook. Suddenly, with a great crash the thundering sound and the trembling of the earth stopped, and all was quiet again. The two inside the cabin lay still and listened to hear what might follow. They were both very frightened. This unknown noise in the night might be some evil spirit or great beast, though Michael had never seen an animal large enough to cause what he had just heard. He decided that it may very well have been a spirit. The superstitions of these two simple people had not been left in Spain. They crossed themselves and lay back down and tried, but without success, to go back to sleep again. In the morning with the first rays of sunshine Michael was up and outside to see what the matter was. Angelita was soon with him. Not far upon the steep mountainside which rose only a short distance from the back of the cabin a mighty boulder had come to rest, leaning heavily on two trees which had checked it in its mad plunging down the side of the mountain. The extraordinarily heavy rains of the summer had washed away the supporting ground from under it and had sent it on its destructive way.

"Oh," said Angelita in awe, and Michael stood silent as he realized the import of what he saw. The boulder was almost as large as their home, and if it had not been stopped. . . . The little cabin stood directly in the path of the rock, and now as Michael turned to look at it, it appeared pitifully flimsy and frail. He pictured in his mind what would have taken place had the great boulder not been checked but had come hurtling on down to the foot of the mountain, gaining in momentum as it came. He shuddered. Angelita's thoughts must have been following his, for she said in a low voice, "*El nino; Dios es buen.*" And she lifted her eyes to heaven.

As they walked slowly back to the cabin, the child came toddling out to meet them. The sun, now just above the mountain top, made the stone cast a long shadow which lay partly over the log cabin but which was now retreating as the sun rose higher. That shadow in the days to come was to have a most depressing effect upon the sensitive Angelita. Each morning when she arose and went out to feed the geese and other fowls, she found the shadow lying across the roof to her abode. Then slowly it would retreat, going farther back up the side of the mountain, driven back by the sun, like some beast that might hang about the house at night and slink away with the coming of the day. It made Angelita feel uneasy and afraid to see this part of the thing that had come so near taking the lives of all of them reaching out as if to harm them still. At night she would go to sleep with the uneasy feeling that during the night that shadow would come and place itself over their roof to curse them until it should be driven away. It reminded her of the impending doom up on the steep hillside that was held between two trees. Finally the shadow became a very real and almost tangible thing that laid itself over all her life. She conveyed her feelings to Michael; she urged and plead with him to move, to build another cabin a few hundred yards distant from the present spot, anywhere that would be out of the path and out of the shadow of that awful boulder. Michael tried to calm her fears.

"See," he said, "the rock in held firmly between the two trees. There is no danger that it will come down upon us. And, too, I could not build another

house before the cold of the winter comes." Angelita did not say more, but she was not reassured and became sadder. The stone, held back there on the hillside, with its awful shadow, seemed to forecast some impending danger. Angelita could not escape the feeling.

The girl's fear was well founded, and had Michael known what was slowly happening at the big rock he would have hastened to construct another home. For the trees, although they were large and well grown — they had to be to have stopped the boulder in its roll down the mountain — were gradually bending out from each side of the great stone that was acting like a wedge between them and exerting terrific pressure. Also they had been partially uprooted by the impact that night and this gave the rains opportunity to further wash away soil from about their roots. Very slowly but steadily, every day, the trees leaned a bit farther apart and the potential destroyer slipped forward a small part of an inch. Thus a month passed away.

One day Michael came home from a visit to the village with the news that the priest there had urged him to bring their little son there and have him christened, a thing that they had failed to do until this time. He also told of an experience he had had while doing his trading. He had stopped a man from beating his wife. And, in doing so, he had given the man a rough beating, had humiliated him in front of the crowd that gathered to laugh at him and applaud Michael. The hissed words of the man as he got up from out of the mud of the street and the look in the black eyes were still vivid in the mind of Michael as he told Angelita, and he could not make the incident seem light, although he tried.

"Oh, Michael, *querido mio*," she burst into tears as she threw her arms about his neck. "What would happen if he were to carry his threat to the end? I feel that something terrible is sure to happen. I know; it is the shadow that tells me. All the time I feel it, and it is like a cold hand over my soul. When we sleep it is over our heads. Let us leave and find another spot. I am no longer happy here. I feel that a heavy weight is upon my heart." Her body shook with her sobs. Again Michael tried to comfort her, but in his own heart now he felt some of the doubt and uneasiness that was hers. Not for his own safety; but what would become of his wife and *niño* if something should happen. He found himself asking the same question that Angelita had asked a few moments ago.

A month later came the day that had been set aside for the trip to the little mission church in the village to have the boy christened. Michael had been there once since his experience and had seen nothing of the man who had threatened to have his life in revenge. Angelita's fears had abated somewhat, and they appeared almost happy once more as they set out on their journey. They walked, for they had not been able yet to purchase a donkey and cart. If all went well, those luxuries would some next spring. As they neared the village, black clouds began to gather over the mountains, and they heard the low rumble of thunder behind them. They hastened their steps. The saintly old priest greeted them at his door, and asked them in for a few minutes to rest before they went into the chapel to perform the ceremony. The sky was becoming more overcast every moment, and the muttering of the thunder more threatening. Although it was early afternoon, the priest had to light a candle that they might see inside the house.

Now, as the little family of three had walked up the road that led into the village, a pair of black, beady eyes, the same that had glittered at Michael from the mud of the road, peered out at them from behind closed shutters. Once again they took on the same glitter. A few minutes later a form stole out of the lower end of the street and down toward the valley. As it bent into the gathering storm, it could be seen that a box was carried under the arm, a box that somehow had a sinister look.

While the small group was in the chapel, which adjoined the hut of the priest, the storm broke. The rain came down in great, sweeping torrents that roared on the roof. The wind rose and howled about. When the short service was over, Angelita and Michael sat and talked with the old man while they waited for the rain to cease. And as the afternoon wore on and the storm did not let up, they became worried; Angelita was especially anxious, and her anxiety was clearly shown on her face.

"You must remain with me tonight," the priest kindly invited them. It seemed that they must accept his hospitality whether they would or no, for it was clear by now that the rain had set in for the night.

It was at about this time that the man who had left the village shortly after seeing the family enter it reached the little cabin by the bay. He was drenched, but scarcely noticed the discomfort. The hatred in his heart made him oblivious to all else. He opened the front door which had never had a lock and went inside. There he set down the box that he carried. From inside there came a faint sound as of bodies slithering over each other, and a dry, rattling sound. By the faint light that came over his shoulder through the slightly opened door, the man cautiously lifted the lid to the box and looked in. In a moment a dark shadow slid over the edge. Quick as lightning a hand shot out and caught the snake just back of its diamond-shaped head. The man took a long strip of rawhide from about his waist with a noose in one end. This he slipped over the head of the reptile and tied the other end to a chair that stood in the center of the room. Then he went over and picked up the box

again. An evil smile crossed his lips as another of the ominous rattling sounds came from within. The second snake he tied to the post of the rude bed that was in the next room. The storm had increased in fury. The wind made the trees bend almost to the ground, and the rain was coming down in sheets that quickly formed rivulets which ran off to the bay. All this the man inside the cabin heard but dimly. He was absorbed in his task. He did not notice an extremely hard gale of wind that shook even the heavily-built cabin, nor the low rumbling that immediately followed it. He did not notice that the ground began to shake, very little at first, but more and more, that the rumbling sound grew louder and louder. He did not know that hundreds of tons of stone all in one irresistible mass was coming straight for the place where he was with the speed of wild horses that raced about the valley sometimes.

The little cabin scarcely deflected the boulder from its path as it hurtled down the mountain and far out into the bay.

The next morning the clouds had cleared away and the sun came up in all its splendor as it looked upon a washed and clean world. In a very short time after this, Angelita and Michael with the boy on his back could be seen coming up the trail. When they made the last turn around a shoulder of the mountain, the view of what had once been their home burst upon them. At first they were both astonished, and then Angelita burst forth in the most joyous tone she had used in months, since the stone had first begun its descent. She said what might have been a strange thing.

"I am so happy. Don't you see, Michael? The big stone menaces us no more. It is gone. The shadow is gone. All else is gone, too, but I am happy. We are still alive. We can begin again. *Dios es buen.*"

Later, when Michael, in working among the wreckage of the house, read the story that was plainly written there, he added, "*Si, Dios es buen.*"

Tulips

Gaudy tulips—
Rows of purple, red, and gold—
Bordering walks where tiny feet
In buckled shoes stop by you
And a lace-capped head
Bends over you—
To admire you—
As you march up the cobblestone walk.
You peep o'er window sills
Through polished panes and crisp white curtains,
Asking neighbors in
To drink a cup o' tea.

On great estates
You form batallion beds
Of purple, red, and gold,
And dance around the faun
Splashing in the fountain.
Here, you boast of Dutch ancestry,
And tell how flaxen-plaited maidens
Copied your dress
And wear full scalloped skirts—
How they carry you along canals
In wooden tubs hung 'cross their backs,
And how you dance to the clickety-clack
Of wooden shoes—

Gay immigrant—
We've made you a part of us,
For we like your laughing, care-free ways.
Why, you're as much at home
In the shops along the avenue
As in the little garden down the lane,
Playing ring around the rosies,
While more timid posies watch you
Bowing and splashing your color everywhere—
We're awfully glad to see you out this year!

—*G. E. King.*

Reading Habits of Wofford Students

By W. B. Carmichael

WOULD you believe that the average freshman entering Wofford this year had read only about one novel and a half in the last twelve months outside of required reading? And, still more shocking, perhaps, would you believe that the average upperclassman has averaged reading only a fraction more than one novel? However, these are the revelations of a questionnaire given at the beginning of the year to the freshman English classes (those who were excused from taking English I this year are not included) and to the English VII class, a course in advanced composition, composed of a fairly representative group of upperclassmen. It is interesting to compare the reading done by the latter group with that done by the freshmen.

Figures reveal that one hundred and twenty-six freshmen have read one hundred and eighty-four novels in the last twelve months outside required reading. The twenty-three boys who are in the advanced section have read forty-seven novels, averaging slightly more than two each; the eighty-one boys in the four classes composing the intermediate section have read one hundred and nineteen novels, averaging approximately one and a half each; the twenty-two in the so-called slow section have read eighteen novels, averaging less than one each; and last of all, the twelve upperclassmen have read only fourteen novels, averaging only a fraction more than one each. Thus we see that the average upperclassman reads no more novels than the freshman who is entering college. Can this be due to the large number of extra-curricular activities which engage one's attention, to the trend in favor of short stories, or to a lack of interest in reading altogether?

There is still less interest in non-fiction books than there was in novels, only fifty-three books of this type being read by all the freshmen, thus averaging less than one-half book each. The advanced section averaged two-thirds of a book each; the intermediate section averaged one-half each; the slow section had only one book between them; and the English VII class averaged three-fourths of a book each.

In the two cases already given we see that the advanced class reads most, the intermediate section next, and the slow section least. From this it seems that one might be safe in saying that one's reading habits may be a fair rating of his ability in English, or at least of his interest in it.

Will Rogers' death was of world-wide interest, and it seems that an interest in his life was revived along with it. The freshman class rated his biography as the most popular book, eight boys having read it. *On the Bottom* proved next most popular, with a following of four readers. The motion picture industry seems to wield a powerful influence over those books which are read a good deal, as *Captain Blood, Three Musketeers, Anthony Adverse, Mutiny On the Bounty, David Copperfield,* and *Magnificent Obsession* came next in popularity with the freshmen, each having been read by three men. Members of the English VII class showed no preference for any one book. In the non-fiction group Will Rogers' biography had been read by two men, with the remainder of the books equally distributed. From these figures one is inclined to wonder if there isn't a distaste for reading of this kind.

There is always a question as to the merits of some of the old writers and the moderns, and advocates for both types can be found easily. The questionnaire revealed that in the minds of the freshmen Dickens still reigns as a favorite, tying with Jack London for first place with six readers each. Next was Hawthorne, followed by Shakespeare, Cooper, Dumas, and Sabatini, with three readers each. The members of the English VII class professed no favorite, no author having more than one of his works read.

The freshmen of this year have read exactly the same number of different magazines as were read by those in last year's freshman class—eighty-one—and, as last year, they ranged from "Western Stories" and "Love Stories" to the purely literary type, such as "Harper's." The twelve magazines which were read most often regularly or occasionally and their order of preference is as follows: Collier's, 60; American, 53; Saturday Evening Post, 53; Reader's Digest, 50; Liberty, 47; Literary Digest, 36; Time, 32; Cosmopolitan, 17; Popular Mechanics, 16; Popular Science, 14; Red Book, 14; Pictorial Review, 12; McCall's, 12; Country Gentleman, 10; and Good Housekeeping, 10. It may be noted that the Reader's Digest is the nearest approach to a truly literary magazine.

This is the order in which the advanced section selected the magazines and the number who read each: American, 15; Liberty, 13; Saturday Evening Post, 13; and Collier's, 12. The intermediate section rated them in this order: Reader's Digest, 40; Collier's, 39; American, 33; and Saturday Evening Post, 33. The slow section put them in this order: Collier's, 9; Saturday Evening Post, 7; Liberty, 7; and Reader's Digest, 6.

The English VII class has read twenty-three different kinds of magazines, and while not so many of the upperclassmen had read the literary magazines, it was

encouraging to see that the lower class fiction type of magazine was almost entirely eliminated. If this is due to appreciation gained through training in college, it should certainly be commended and encouraged. The magazines and the number of readers of each is as follows: Reader's Digest, 10; Collier's, 10; American, 9; Time, 9; Literary Digest, 8; Saturday Evening Post, 6; Cosmopolitan, 4; Liberty, 4; Harper's, 3; Red Book, 3; and Holland's, 2. But why are not more literary magazines read by both freshmen and upperclassmen? Are we afraid to tackle articles of literary worth for fear we shall not be able to understand their meaning? It seems to be a reflection on us when so few magazines of this type are read.

In the matter of newspapers, if the public can be judged with any fair degree of accuracy by the freshman class, it must be slightly discouraging to newspaper editors to learn by how few their editorials are read. In the freshman class there are sixty-six who read the editorials, fifty-five who don't; one hundred and eighteen who read the news section, three who don't; one hundred and twelve read the sports page, but strange as it may seem, nine don't. And how discouraging it must be to the advertisers to learn that while sixty-five read the advertising, fifty-six do not. The English VII section has ten who read editorials, two do not. Eleven read the sports page, one doesn't; eleven read news articles, one does not; and eight read the advertising, while four do not.

There isn't a great deal of poetry read. Only forty-one, that is, thirty-five per cent. of the freshman class, read poetry more or less regularly, while seventy-seven, sixty-five per cent. of the class, do not read poetry at all. Whether it means anything or not, it is still interesting to notice that there is a larger percentage in the advanced section of freshman English and also in the English VII class who profess to read poetry than in the other two sections. Forty-five per cent. of the advanced section read some poetry, forty-two per cent. of the English VII class, thirty-six per cent. of the intermediates, and only twenty per cent. of the slow section. As was pointed out before, it seems that the advanced section takes the lead when something is brought up which reveals one's understanding and appreciation of the English language. It is lamentable that more interest in poetry has not been stirred in the upperclassmen.

Poe was discovered to be the favorite poet among the freshmen, as fifteen expressed a liking for him. Next in line were Guest with twelve followers, Tennyson with nine, Burns with six, and Kipling with five. Poe, Guest, and Kipling were favorite poets of the English VII class.

Ours is said to be a scientific age, and if this freshman class is a fair standard of measurement, there is a great interest in science. When asked to check the field of knowledge in which they were most interested, forty-four per cent. of them admitted a preference for science. Seven per cent. were most interested in art, twenty per cent. in literature, and twenty-nine per cent. in history.

In the advanced section, forty-seven per cent. liked science, three per cent. liked art, twenty-five per cent. liked literature, and twenty-five per cent. history. The intermediate section's rating was this: Forty-one per cent. for science; nine per cent. for art; nineteen per cent. for literature; and thirty-one per cent. for history. In the slow section fifty-five per cent. favored science, none liked art, twenty per cent. favored literature, and twenty-five per cent. liked history. The English VII rating was as follows: Science, twenty-five per cent.; art, seven per cent.; literature, fifty per cent.; and history, eighteen per cent. We are shown that a greater percentage of the slow section favored science than in any other section. It would be rather interesting to compare the progress that this group makes in science with that made by members of the other sections. Fifty per cent. of the English VII class are interested in literature, but that might have been expected, because, being an elective course, only those who are in some way interested in literature would be taking it.

After seeing the results, when the freshmen were asked to check the two types of literature which they liked best, one can better understand the popularity of the magazines which they selected, because thirty-one per cent. of them checked short stories as their best liked type of literature and twenty-nine per cent. checked novels. The magazines, as was noticed perhaps, were chiefly those containing novels and short stories. Seven per cent. liked poems, three per cent. liked essays, six per cent. favored biography, fifteen per cent. checked history, and the remaining nine per cent. chose autobiography. The English VII class checked them as follows: Thirty-one per cent. for novels, thirty-five per cent. for short stories, eighteen per cent. for poems, four per cent. for essays, and four per cent. for biography, history, and autobiography each.

What general conclusions may be drawn from all this? First of all, there is too little voluntary reading done by freshmen and upperclassmen. True, the required reading may take up a considerable portion of one's time, but one's enthusiasm to know more about what he is studying should lead him into broader fields of research.

Secondly, it is possible to distinguish between those who have had a good high school education and those who were not so fortunate, and between those who are widely read and those who are not, merely by the manner in which they answer the questions given on the questionnaire.

The Cigarette Bummer

By Sheldon M. Dannelly

OPEN the door! Do you think I'm gonna stand here all day?" bellowed a voice. I did, and in walked five feet eight inches of a junior. "Slick" was dressed in brown pleated pants, with socks and shoes to match, to say nothing of the harmonized brown shirt and tie. From his pocket he drew a comb, and walking to the mirror, began placing every hair of his head in its exact place. After this painstaking process, he seated himself in the armchair, crossing his legs carefully in order not to wrinkle his sharply creased trousers.

"Got a cigarette?" he asked. "Hell no, you don't smoke!" He arose quickly from the chair and strode out into the hall, slamming the door behind him. A minute later he returned smoking a "Wing" cigarette and grumbling, "Such cigarettes as some fools will buy! How's your English Seven coming? I hear you're studying to become a creator of literary masterpieces. I'm for you, kid! Aw hell! There goes that dinner bell!"

A guy like that makes you disgusted, and yet there's something in him that makes you like him. He seems to get in your way, and then one day he doesn't show up. Right then you start wondering what's happened to him, and your day isn't complete until you see "Slick" again. He is a nuisance, and at the same time the old dormitory wouldn't be quite right without him.

Walking downtown with "Slick" one afternoon, we fell into conversation about the various types of students. "That dog-goned Percival gets me with his trying to be the most erudite person on the campus. He gripes me with his incessant endeavoring to attain a degree of infinite profundity. Such assiduous studying as that guy does should be rewarded with a good sock on the jaw," spieled forth my companion. "Hey, Jack," he called to the driver of a passing car, which immediately stopped. "Be back in a minute," he said, running toward the car. He returned a minute later smoking a cigarette!

"Slick" suggested that we go to a movie. Just as I was buying my ticket he pushed me, practically knocking me off my feet, and commanded, "Get out of the way. This was my idea." So speaking, he bought both tickets.

"Slick" never has anything to say about women, but I often find him around the telephone booth. One night he talked to some girl more than thirty minutes over the phone. Knowing he is supposed to be a woman-hater, I asked him about it. "Shut up!" was the curt reply received.

Every morning he rises and takes some kind of exercise. He is well-muscled, and has a physique of unusual excellence. "Slick" is proud of his physique, but tries to conceal it. I found him standing in front of the mirror expanding his chest one morning, and started laughing. He grabbed a book and hurled it at me. Luckily, I dodged it. "Slick" turned red and walked to the door, locking it.

Just the other day I was in front of the hall with "Slick" when he yelled, "Freshman Green, stick your head out the window!"

A head appeared at a third-story window. "Go tell Joe to come to the window," was the order given in quite a rough voice. Joe came. "Got a cigarette?" "Slick" asked. "Well, go to your room and get me one if you haven't got 'em with you—and don't take so long!" The cigarette presently arrived and was tossed to the waiting hands below. "Now, get me a match. Never mind, I have one."

The Old Lady

The house leaned on a walking stick,
Just like an old, old lady.
A crooked tower was her nose,
Two corners were her eyes,
Not much to my surprise,
She had no mouth!
But still, she had a certain air,
With all that white wisteria hair!

—*G. E. King.*

FRAGMENTARY VERSE

From a Collection of Unfinished Poems

By Peter Moody

Summer Nights

Hot, noisy nights in the city—the yellow street lights beating down on the littered pavements with sickly rays more stifling than smoke.
The streets full of men and women, all hot and tired, all cursing the weather.
Sticky red-faced babies squalling, and sweating mothers holding and scolding them—yelling gossip across the street to the neighbors and sending their boys down to the corner for ice-cream.
Greasy meals and close, hot rooms.
Automobiles clattering and trucks lumbering by, their engines hot in the dusty, sultry night.

Summer nights in the country—the sky open and a thousand stars shining through the lacework of the pine trees.
The smell of honeysuckle vines and a rose-bush.
Long white-headed rows of cotton standing like silent ghosts in the fields.
Softness and stillness broken only now and then by the melancholy call of a lonely whippoorwill or the bass ga-rung of a giant bullfrog deep in the swamp.
Peace and rest—the day's work over.
Cool sitting out in the yard—and the children's bare feet kicking up little clouds of moonlit dust in the road.

Morbid Musings

I

Satan saw six ships a-sailing,
Saw a band of bat-eyed boatmen,
Twirled his tail to start a tempest,
And the sailors sailed in Hell.

Then the sails began to scorch—hot,
And the prows began to smoke.
Satan grinned and thrust them forward,
Heaved them up upon the Hell-heap.

'Til one man looked upward,
Saw the fiery overhead,
Woke his captain and his comrades
From their sordid, drunken stupor.

They did take alarm and cower,
Beg their master-man, the Devil,
To release them from this nightmare,
Free them from this dreadful Hell-heap.

Then did Satan set them sailing
On a molten leaden ocean
Where the dry-gusts of his furnace
Filled the sails with hot wind-blasts.

There six ships are sailing,
Moving through eternity,
While the seamen pay their tribute
To their master-man, the Devil.

II

Out of the darkness of the shadows
Came a drunken dreary, wailing
Like a soul in anguished torment,
Seeking freedom from its bondage,
While it writhed on dirty death-bed.
Then a weary, wanton woman
Woke to find herself in Hell.

Satan smiled as he stepped forward,
Towered o'er the hapless creature,
Welcomed her with brimstone,
Drew her to the slimy snake-world,
Where she twitched and squirmed with horror
While the snakes entwined about her
With their scaly, slick circumference.
There she stays and pays her tribute
To her master-man, the Devil,
For a life of sin with torture.

Day Is Done

And now at dusk, retreat is sounded,
And Day withdraws her brigades bright,
While black battalions quickly charge,
To claim possession for the Night.

Balm In Gilead

By Owens Wood

"Tell me if there's balm in Gilead."—Poe, *"The Raven."*

FROM my native Southland to England, thence to the Riviera, sunny Italy, magic Egypt, and finally through the Holy Land—such had been the wild course of my mad quest for forgetfulness, forgetfulness of that June night. Even at this writing, the long years that have elapsed have not sufficiently dulled the memory of that evening to make it any the less painful to dwell upon now. My own hope, joy, and future happiness, indeed the destiny of all my ambitions, crushed in a moment by the harsh, piercing words of the one for whom I would gladly have given my life. It was in the greatest bitterness and disillusionment that I hastily packed and departed from the town, to which I have never returned. I then entered upon aimless wanderings that carried me over half the globe, searching madly for a cure for the deepest and most painful of all wounds—a broken heart.

So it was that on that Christmas Eve of some thirty years ago I found myself stranded in the only inn of the little town of Miryamin, some sixty miles northeast of Bethlehem, which I had hoped to reach in time for the celebration of the birth of Christ. However, having missed the weekly mail coach south to Jerusalem, I found myself faced with the dismal prospect of spending an entire week in that wretched place.

Miryamin, located in that part of Palestine known to the ancient Biblical characters as Gilead, was unusually quiet on this evening. The cobblestone streets were deserted by eight, and by ten the inn was the only lighted building in the town. Being the only guest, I had the entire fireside to myself. I had just finished a bottle of Madeira, having fallen into the habit of drowning my lesser disappointments in wine, when I was seized with the desire to go for a walk in the fresh night air. Accordingly, I poured myself another glass, drank it, and set out.

Outside, the night was beautiful. A new moon was setting, and the stars were unusually brilliant in the clear, dry heavens. A warm southern breeze mingled with the cool, invigorating air, faintly rustling the palms that were scattered about the village. I wandered aimlessly, lost in a wild confusion of scattered thoughts, memories of holiday seasons spent in my youth. I thought of how I should have been spending that one, had Fortune not so cruelly deceived me.

Thus I rambled on, leaving the outskirts of the village and crossing the grassy sands of the semi-arid grazing ground that stretched endlessly from all sides of the town. Approaching a low hill, I saw on its brow what appeared to be a building of some sort. On drawing nearer, I found it to be an old temple, long since fallen to ruin.

The crumbling walls and towers were silhouetted against the starry, dark blue sky. The setting moon cast pale, uncertain shadows on the slender columns and lofty architraves. I looked at my watch. It was almost eleven. I began mounting the steps toward the entrance, pausing once to steady myself, the effects of the wine having been slowly increasing. On reaching the top, I found myself facing a large doorway which opened on an inner court. Making my way as best I could over the fallen stones, I entered. From the court there were several doors, leading, as I presumed, to other parts of the building; but, fearing falling stones and other dangers in the darkness, I thought it best that I confine my investigation to this open patio.

Having walked around it once or twice and examined the ancient architecture, I settled myself on the wall, somewhat fatigued from my walk. I fancied that it would be pleasant to rest here, whither in centuries gone by had come the ancient Hebrew to pray and worship. The twinkling stars made a dazzling reflection in the pool; and the moonlight played with the wind-tossed droplets of the fountain, imparting to them all the colors of a midnight rainbow as they fell back into the rippling water.

I had lost myself in fantastic reveries, when I slowly became aware that someone was seated beside me. A lacy garment was blowing gently against my feverish cheek. It was a pleasant feeling, hence it was some moments before I slowly turned my head and found that it was the veil of a maiden. I gazed at her in silence for quite a while.

She was seated on the stone wall, leaning back on her arms. Her head was tilted back, as if she were watching the heavens. Though her face was veiled, I saw at once that she was beautiful. She seemed delicate, yet graceful. I moved my head nearer, that I might see her better; and she, evidently realizing my presence, turned hers toward me. For some moments we sat gazing at each other. I was struck by the beauty of her hair, which fell in profusion over her slender shoulders. In the uncertain light of the moon, I could not for the life of me decide whether it were light or dark. Slowly she raised her hand to her face, drew aside the veil, and revealed a face of breath-taking beauty.

"Lovely, isn't it?" she murmured in a voice as soft

as the breeze that played with the fountain. I was astonished and for a moment was unable to speak.

"Yes—yes, it is. I mean—what is?" I finally managed to stammer.

"The night, of course," she replied, lifting her head and again gazing at the stars.

"Who—who are you?" I asked, after beholding in silence the classic beauty of her upturned face.

"I am Libeha, daughter of Melchior," she answered, still looking upward.

"Melchior, Melchior. Oh, yes. I remember. But what are you doing here now?" I asked.

"I live here in the temple. Here my father came after the Crucifixion, spending his last days in fasting and prayer. And here I have remained since, living an enchanted life. Only on Christmas Eve, while yon star is up, is my spell lifted and am I allowed to come from my chamber." She pointed toward the east. I looked and saw an unusually bright constellation just above the eastern horizon.

"Do you always spend your one evening of the year this way?" I asked, pressing my temples, for wine caused my head to ache.

"Yes. Always, with one hope that has never been realized." As she spoke, tears sparkled in her eyes and her delicate lips quivered faintly.

"What is it?" I asked, disturbed by her apparent unhappiness, though it seemed that she grew more radiantly beautiful each moment.

"For all the long centuries of my eternal youth I have longed for a chance to help someone who is in sorrow or trouble. I have always wanted an opportunity to use my father's prescription, a cure for all worldly ills."

"Then," said I, "perhaps you could help me."

A light shone in her face. For a moment my temples throbbed maddeningly. My vision momentarily dimmed, as the effects of the wine heightened.

"How?" she asked softly.

I looked up at her. The expression on that beautiful face was the kindest and most sympathetic I have ever seen. The face of the Virgin Mary could not have looked more tender.

"How?" she repeated. "Time is fleeing."

The soft, urgent appeal of her voice opened the innermost recesses of my heart. All my past hopes, my broken plans, my great disappointment and utter disillusionment I poured forth as freely as a dying man confessing his sins on earth.

"You have reveled too long in the illusions of hope." She spoke without a moment's hesitation. "Hereafter, expect to gain nothing from life except that for which you work earnestly and persistently. Fight your troubles, not by running from them, but by hard work and with honest faith in your own abilities. And here," said she, drawing from beneath her robe a small vial and placing it on the wall beside her, "use this balm. It is my father's prescription, to be used with the faith that one is being cured. Do this only after I am gone."

"After you are gone?" I asked.

"Yes."

Then I remembered her enchantment. "Is there no way," I cried, falling to my knees and seizing her hand, "that this spell can be broken? Can't you stay here? Must you go back into your magic existence?"

"Yes," she replied softly.

Choked with emotion, I madly pressed her hand to my lips. Suddenly, my hand was empty, and I pitched forward against the wall. I arose and looked quickly about me. Yes, she was gone. I glanced to the east. The star had gone down. Suddenly the air was filled with music, the distant ringing of bells. Another Christmas had begun for the world.

Remembering the balm she had given me, I looked quickly on the wall, but in my eagerness and haste I had overturned the vial into the pool. Frantically I plunged my arm into the dark water, but I could reach no bottom. Wildly I dashed the cool, refreshing water on my face and head, that water into which the magic balm had poured.

"Oh, my God!" I cried aloud. Yes! That was it! *My God.* And then, for the first time since my earliest childhood, I prayed. The words I uttered I remember not, nor did they matter; for the feeling was in my heart, and it came forth, earnestly and freely.

Is it any wonder that I retraced my steps to the inn with a new joy, a brighter hope, and a firmer determination filling my heart?

What's An Aeroplane?

An aeroplane
is a great big bird,
with long, stiff wings,
that purrs and sings
like a giant cat!

—*G. E. King.*

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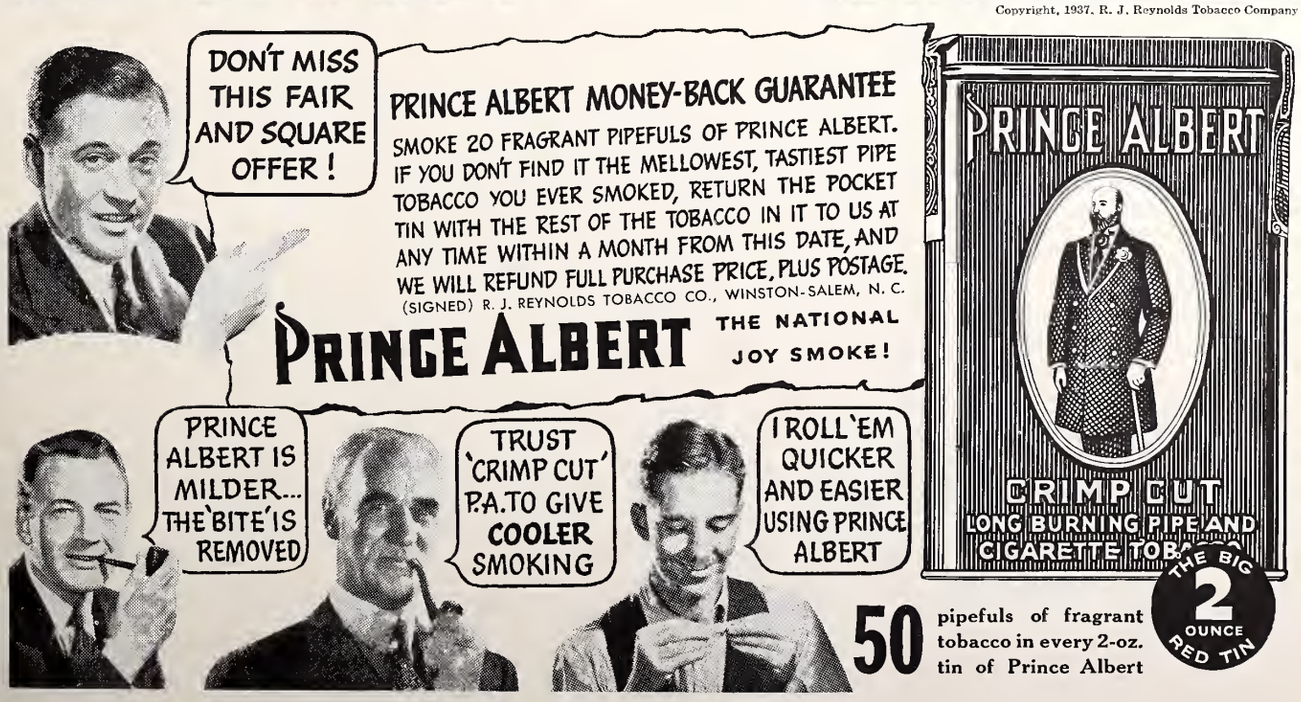

Our Native State

MANY TIMES have we heard legends of South Carolina's glories and heroes of times past—of South Carolina being one of the thirteen original colonies, of our great revolutionary figures—Rutledge, Pinckney, Marion, Sumter, Pickens, of the secession ordinance, of men like Pettigrew, Calhoun, Hampton, Wallace, Simms, Timrod, Tillman, and others. Now, we admire and love our history and its noble men, but recently we listened to a prominent speaker so extravagantly and idyllically praise them that we wondered if we were living in the past or in the present. So we did a little research and dug up a few facts on the present status of our State. What we found was disquieting, to say the least.

First, it was found that South Carolina is the second leading State in the total per cent. of illiteracy. Doubtless this alarming condition is due to child labor in agriculture and industry. Yet the editors of our leading State newspapers violently oppose the proposed child labor amendment. Only one in thirty-seven of our rural population subscribes to a newspaper. In percentage of children in high school, South Carolina is at the bottom. In some northern States there are more automobiles than there are books in the libraries of South Carolina. It has been found that four years in many of our rural high schools are equivalent to one year of an efficient, modern school.

Now, you may say that all these conditions are the result of our high negro population. (Our 45% of negroes is surpassed only by Mississippi. Indeed, we may often breathe thanks to that State, for when we are not on the bottom it is she who usurps our usual place.) What can be expected when South Carolina spends only $5.20 per negro for education, a lower rate than any Southern State? Contrast this amount with the $59 rate per white. It is self-evident that we cannot better ourselves by denying the negro every advantage. Only by raising his economic and social level can we raise our own.

Not only do we lead in illiteracy, but our State holds a record of other unenviable "firsts." More illegitimate children are born each year and more women die in childbirth in South Carolina than in any other State, figured, of course, on a percentage basis.

We cultivate a greater portion of our land than any Southern State except Georgia, and yet our per capita farm income is lower than every State's but Arkansas and Tennessee. Textile workers earn less weekly wages in South Carolina than anywhere else. Only .76 of one per cent. of the population pay income taxes. We have the highest mortality rate for both black and white populations. To bring the case nearer home, it is astonishing to learn that Surgeon-General Thomas Parran of the United States Public Health Service announced here this summer that Spartanburg county had the second highest percentage of venereal disease cases in the nation, being outranked only by the parish of New Orleans.

What is to be done about such disastrous conditions? Certainly it is a task for us, the future intelligent leaders of our State. Wider and more thorough educational methods seem to be the sole remedy. W must shake off our lethargy. Too long we have been living in remembrance of things past. Last summer the weekly news magazine *Time* featured in one issue the senatorial campaign between Byrnes, Harlee, and Stoney. Some rather acrimonious things were said of South Carolina politics and economic and social conditions; but *Time* stressed most the fact that South Carolina rocked along indolently, nourished by her bygone glories. And *Time* is undoubtedly right. No State, no more than a college, can exist on traditions alone.

Note.—Most of the facts above were obtained from *Culture in the South*, edited by W. T. Couch and published by the University of North Carolina Press in 1934.

The Big Money, *by John Dos Passos*

IN *The Big Money*, John Dos Passos continues his treatment of the American scene which he began in *42nd Parallel* and *1919*. Like them, *The Big Money* has no centralized or unified plot. Dos Passos is endeavoring to give a kaleidoscopic picture of American life from the confused days of 1920 to the hectic period of inflation and speculation in 1929. In order to achieve this jumbled and panoramic effect Dos Passos divides his novel into four divisions—(1) narrative, which is interrupted by (2) short, terse biographies, and what Dos Passos calls (3) newsreels and (4) the camera eye.

The narrative portion traces the stories of four people—Charles Anderson, Margo Dowling, Mary French, and Richard Savage—in jerky, spasmodic fashion. Through each of their lives runs the theme of "the big money," the monster which brings tragedy to all. Some got into "the big money," others were crushed by it. Charley Anderson, just home from the war, got into the aviation business, made money in it, and more money in wild speculation, spent it in night club sprees and on women. Frustrated in his hopes for happiness and security in marriage by a designing wife, Charley drank himself into delirium tremens, wholly disintegrated morally and mentally.

Margo Dowling, after a sordid life, succeeds in attaining stardom in the silent pictures of Hollywood, but when the talkies arrive, her hoarse, rasping voice disqualifies her. Mary French leaves Vassar for a career of social work. She becomes sympathetic with the worker's cause, has several affairs with labor and communist organizers, and in the end finds her efforts to ameliorate labor conditions defeated by "the big money." Likewise, Richard Savage is crushed by money, but the money which he has made as advertising manager of a patent medicine concern.

Dos Passos makes the stories of these four people touch upon each other, but in no way are they essentially related. The book is really not a novel, but a framework for four short stories, unified by a common theme. Many criticisms can be brought against Dos Passos' peculiar technique. The "newsreels," which give headlines from contemporary newspapers and snatches from songs popular at the time already need footnotes to explain them. The "camera eyes," which are really phrases and words from the author's "stream of consciousness," are almost uninterpretable and meaningless and add little to the novel.

However, the best thing in the book is the scattered series of biographies done in the style of Carl Sandburg. These biographies, sharply drawn in short, terse sentences, give ironical yet sympathetic portraits of leading figures of the post-war era—Frederick Winslow Taylor, the first efficiency engineer; Henry Ford, Thorstein Veblen, the economist, Isadora Duncan, Rudolph Valentino, the Wright brothers, Samuel Insull, William Randolph Hearst, and Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect.

Although not explicitly stated, the sympathies of Dos Passos are for the underdog, and his communistic leanings are evident. Yet his social criticism does not prevent him from treating his subject objectively. Some critics have compared his panoramic novels to Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*. Whatever may be said of this comparison, no one can deny that John Dos Passos occupies a unique place in modern literature and that in *The Big Money* he has succeeded in giving a vivid, if sordid, portrayal of a cross-section of the American scene 1919-1930. —A. L.

The Whistler

By Richard Pattison

ANDY was leaning confidently over the bar of the fashionable Hollywood Club. There was no reason for nervousness or worry on his part, because his recent crime, the theft of the Thatcher diamonds, was perfect. Therefore, with no clues left behind and a healthy profit to be made when things quieted down, why shouldn't a man enjoy a good drink?

Balfour, special investigator called in by old Thatcher, was really worried. Here was a big job, with a bonus if he actually recovered the jewels, and he could not find even a hint of a clue to start on. None of the servants had seen anything, Mrs. Thatcher could not remember when she last saw the jewels in the safe, nothing else had been disturbed, and there were no fingerprints. This promised to be the perfect crime indeed.

Some nights later Investigator Balfour chanced to drop in at the Hollywood, and it so happened that Andy was there too. Neither man knew the other, but when Andy left, whistling, Balfour followed him carefully. Later, peering through a crack in the shade drawn over a dirty window of the house into which Andy had gone, the detective caught the unmistakable gleam of diamonds—many of them.

After being arrested and caught with the goods, Andy confessed and received fifteen years. Hearing the sentence, he did not alter a muscle of his face, but after it was over he asked that Balfour call at his cell. When the latter complied with this strange request, the prisoner, once calm but now thoroughly scared, blurted out:

"You caught me all right, but how? For God's sake tell me where I slipped!"

Balfour smiled ironically and said, "That song you are always whistling is very peculiar. Original?"

"Why, y-yes," stammered the bewildered Andy, "but what has that to do with your getting wise?"

"You're a smart guy, Andy, but your self-assurance and nonchalance undid all your careful planning. Only day before yesterday Mrs. Thatcher's parrot was whistling that same tune, and the old lady could not figure out where the bird picked it up. It's a queer one all right. Well, so long!"

EXCHANGE

AGAIN the Citadel presents a college publication of unusual quality. The prose writings in *The Shako* equal any we have reviewed, and its poetry is distinctly of high order. D. C. Rountree's poem, "A Gentle Reminder," reveals a vividness of imagination and literary merit, but is almost spoiled by a "tin-kettle" moral at its end; however, nothing of the like can be said concerning either his "Unseen Beauty" or "The Skyscraper." Both of these show excellent construction, originality, and descriptive power. "Gray Shadows," a poem by Lorenzo Sturkey, surpasses his other attempt at poetic composition, and likewise his autobiographical notes, "The Hand Is Quicker Than the Eye," which lacks interest. In "The Coming of Christ," a scholarly article by Mervin C. Helfers, the subject is well treated and a knowledge of it evinced. "Guatemala Bound," a story by P. M. Lagarde, although too mincing in movement at times, proves to be well written, interest-sustaining, and possessive of a most logical ending. The make-up of *The Shako* is excellent, but such excellency should not have been depreciated by the insertion of some cartoons—the humor of the cartoons we do not doubt; we only think them out of place among far superior accomplishments.

The College of Charleston Magazine, winter edition, offers composition varying in quality from very good to ordinary. Again we find a well-arranged magazine which has been detracted from by one very imperfect page. Although T. L. Means' short story, "The Cure," is well rounded, it fails to hold the reader's attention and is anti-climatical. The poems, "Lines From the Sewall Suite," far surpass in beauty and technique the other poetry of the issue. Yet, Frances Smythe's "Fire" is noteworthy. "Bust-Up," a short story by W. H. Grimball, Jr., is faulty in that it is distinctly difficult to follow its theme because of a most unusual construction—very clever. William Baum's short story, "The Wise Man," is good satire. We wonder if Edmond Bourette actually believes that such conditions as he presents in his "How to Be a Man Poet" would produce one. T. L. Means' humor story, "Dear Dot," is good reading, with unique arrangement.

The Christmas issue of *The Concept*, from Converse, is of the same high quality as the fall issue. The make-up is excellently done, only we fail to see the reason for placing the poems in the center of pages carrying other material. Louisa Lanham observes keenly in "Trolley-Car Etiquette." Neatly turned poetic ideas are Everiell Ivey's "Elfland Notes" and Grace Beacham's "Explanation." Especially do we like Katherine Kennedy's story, "Sugar Cane," Grace Beacham's "To Fashion Angels' Wings," and the sketch "The High Yaller," notably well done by Nancy Raines. None of the magazine's expected distinctiveness of style is lacking.

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JOURNAL

APRIL

Helen Jepson
tells why she chooses a light smoke

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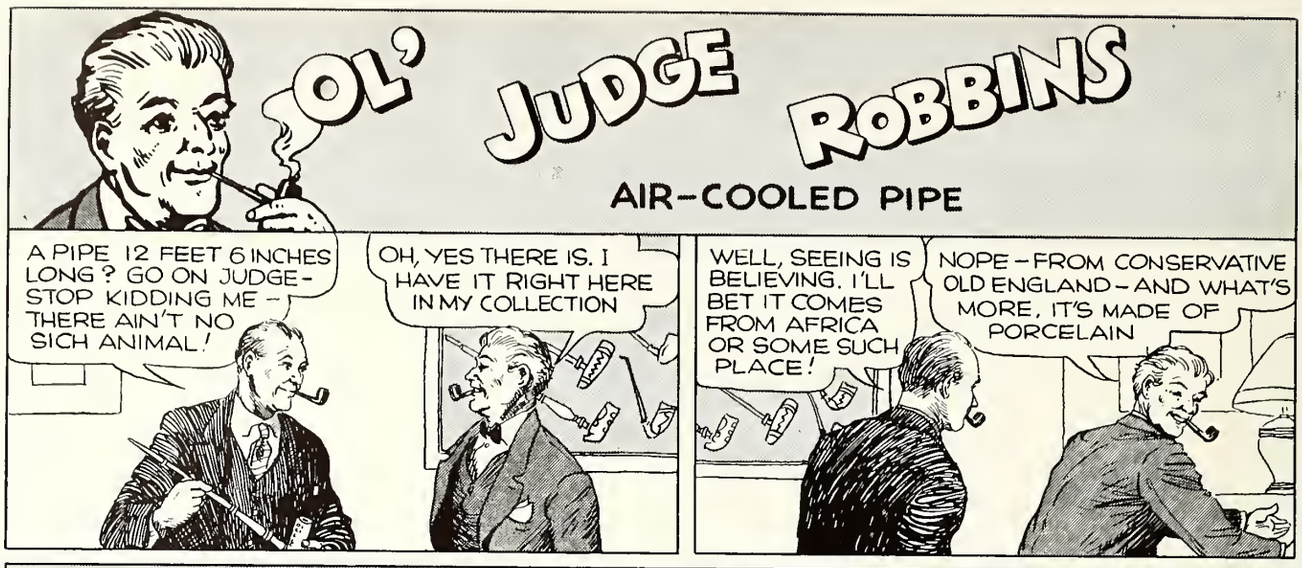

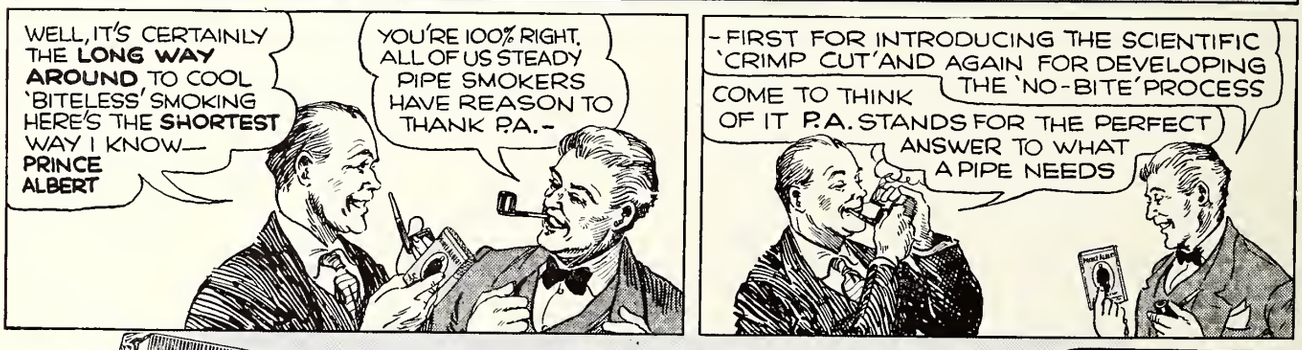

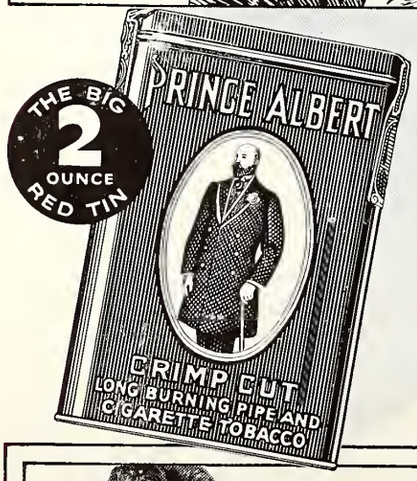

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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

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AS

Foreign Legion

By Rodney Padgett

SO there we were, Raoul, Yank Edwards, and I, three of the Queen's best legionnaires, rotting our very guts out in a dark, stinking Arab slave hole somewhere near our fort, Colomb-Bechar, southern Algeria. It was so unbelievable, so — so insane and yet so terribly true, that even Yank, who had never flinched in heat of battle, now seemed nervous and jittery. My only thoughts were of the Bedouin girl Reah. I cursed myself silently for allowing the treacherous little wench to lure me into the back of her father's drinking and gambling joint. I should have sensed the trap, for never before had she been so sweet and yielding. After a few rounds of the noiseless profanity above mentioned, I turned some of the explosive type on Raoul and Yank for following and getting themselves into my own personal mess.

"Now, Nick," protested Raoul, "if you'd been taken alone you'd never see the light of day again, but the three of us,—well, we've never failed before, have we, *mon ami?*"

"You're right, Raoul; three are better than one, but an army couldn't get us out of this hell hole!"

The usually talkative Yank had not uttered a word for several minutes, but sat thoughtfully scratching designs in the hard dirt flood. Finally, however, he spoke. His curt, northern brogue cutting through the stank, fetid atmosphere like a scimitar, he said, "Listen, you guys! First, why do you think that old devil Hassaad went to so much trouble to capture us?"

"Why, because of his daughter, Reah, of course," I answered. "She was always wanting more money and presents than I could afford. She probably flew into a rage and told her old man more than she should have."

"Now there, my friend, is where I think you're wrong," Edwards came back. "The girl may have helped Hassaad for purely personal reasons, but Hassaad's scheme is far more dastardly than you imagine. Now here's my notion. Hassaad is in cahoots with Sheik El Felahi, who, in turn, is behind the uprising of the northern tribes. El Felahi knows by now that a consignment of rifles and ammunition is to be sent from Hairati to Colomb-Bechar, but the time and route he does not know. Now put two and two together."

"You mean they expect us to give them the information they want, eh?" said Raoul. "Non! Non! I shall die first!"

"That's the main trouble," grinned Yank. "It takes such a helluva long time to die — of starvation."

"They'll try some quicker means than that," I shuddered. "The ammunition train leaves Hairati in two days."

"Anyway, we'll soon find out," came from Yank. "Here come the heathens now."

As we turned to the door of our small, dark cell, it creaked protestingly open to admit Hassaad and four swarthy Bedouins whose costumes showed them to be native porters. Hassaad pointed at Raoul. Two of the porters drew guns (French made automatics, I noticed) and covered us sullenly. The other two approached Raoul, hurled him to the floor, and with a few deft twists of a leather thong bound his hands and feet tightly. Then the older of the two, a squat, ape-like brute, threw the helpless Frenchman over his shoulder and carried him out. Hassaad and the other porters followed, stepping backwards and still covering us carefully with their pistols. The heavy door banged shut, and Yank and I were alone again in the cell's oppressive stillness.

For an indeterminable length of time the two of us sat motionless and silent. Then Edwards spoke.

"Well, Nick, looks like I was right for once, eh? . . . Suppose he'll squeal?"

"No," I replied. "Raoul's as stubborn as an ox. Just like all Froggies, he'll never tell."

"Then, by God, they'll never know," spat Yank viciously. "What are three lives against five hundred? That's really what it amounts to. If El Felahi takes the ammunition train, it will mean a massacre of the fort at Béchar — three hundred soldiers and — and the rest women and children."

He leaped to his feet, and I could hear him pacing up and down like a caged beast on the far side of the cell. At this moment the sound of footsteps approached the door, and Yank was suddenly quiet. When my eyes became accustomed to the blinding light of the lantern our visitors carried I saw that we had strange callers — an elderly, distinguished-looking Arab stood before me, and, at his side, smiling up at him coquettishly, stood none other than Reah, Hassaad's daughter, to whom we owed our present predicament. The old man, whom I immediately took to be El Felahi, returned her smile. The old fool seemed to be completely taken in by the bewitching creature at his side; however, it was not even Reah's newest flirtation which surprised me most but the first words that El Felahi uttered. They were:

"Ah! So it is my good friend Captain Mitchell whom I find here *alone*." (Reah had told him my name, I suppose.) "Your brave companions have endured silently the playful attentions of my worthy friend, Hassaad, and now — now we shall see whether you are equally as strong."

Now I said I was surprised, and I meant it. Surprised and delighted beyond realization, for here at last was one tiny ray of hope piercing the dark shadow of death which had hung over me like a cloud. If you haven't already noticed the reason, I'll tell you. Evidently El Felahi had just arrived, and, having missed the torture to which Raoul had been subjected, believed that both of my friends had been done away with, *and that I was the only one remaining*. He could not know that two of us were still in the cell, for Yank was hidden behind a stone pillar which supported one side of the arch over the doorway in which he stood. Yank had sensed this also, for he remained silent as a cat, waiting for his chance to spring. All this flashed through my mind in a split second, and I decided upon a mad plan of action. I would lure El Felahi further into the cell so that his back would be turned to the post behind which Yank had cached himself. If I could get the shiek in this position, I had a pretty good idea that Yank could and would do the rest.

"Come on in, chief," I said, smiling. "Put down your cannon and let's talk this thing over sensibly."

The old man took a step forward and then stopped. Reah had remained behind, and, catching her eye at that moment, I saw that she was trying to tell me something.

Felahi looked at me questioningly, hesitated, but the thought of those rifles was too much for him. He lowered his gun and walked toward me unfalteringly. The girl, who had started for the door, turned just in time to see Yank launch his long, powerful frame at the old chieftain. Their bodies met with a sickening thud, and seeing that Yank was completely master of the situation, I leaped past Reah to the heavy door and locked it. When I turned again to help Yank I found him sitting astraddle the unfortunate Arab and about to brain him with the butt of his own gun.

"Take it easy, Yank," I cried. "We'll just tie him up. He can't do us any good unconscious!"

"O. K.," panted Yank, "but I still think we ought to lay him away for good right now. Think of what the old devil was going to do to us."

"Yes, I know, but think of ourselves and Raoul. Raoul may still be alive, you know. If we hold Felahi as a hostage, they may let us out of here."

With a resigned air, Yank gave the protesting Arab's ruffled goatee a final vicious jerk and stood up with a sigh of reluctance.

"You may be right, old man," he said, shaking his head doubtfully, "but we'll never get another chance like this one."

Having literally pulled the lanky northerner from Felahi's throat, I decided to contact our captors and talk terms. I suggested this to Yank.

"Not on your life," he replied. "We have a hostage, but they have one, too, and Kaoul means more to us than this white-headed old derelict means to Hassaad and his crew. In fact, Hassaad would probably jump at the chance of getting rid of his superior so easily."

"But Reah! You seem to forget that we can hold her, too, and she's the old rogue's only daughter."

"I don't care who she is. I'm for using the two of them as shields and shooting our way out of here!"

Reah, who had thus far not spoken a word, but had remained huddled up against the door sobbing piteously, now turned to me and spoke quaveringly through her tears:

"Nickie, I do not know why I let them make me betray you. I have always loved you, and I love you still! You do not believe me; I see it in your eyes, but I shall give you proof of my love and maybe you will take me back again and forget what has happened this night. Your friend, the Frenchman, has been badly beaten, but he is safe, and I can show you a way out of here so you two can escape to your fort and save your friend. Though if I do this, I will never be safe here again. Will you take me with you?"

At these words, my old affection for the girl flooded over me again like a tidal wave. What if she was lying? It was a chance I would have to take, but I believed with all my heart that she was telling the truth. Yank, however, was skeptical.

"Sounds fishy to me," he jerked out curtly. "I wouldn't trust her again, Nick."

"But it's our only chance, kid," I said, "and I believe she means it." Then, turning to the girl, I said softly, "Reah, I believe in you now, but if you cross me — so help me God, you'll never cross another man, and if you play square I'll take you back with me."

"You are very kind," she murmured caressingly. "Let us go now that I may prove my faithfulness."

"Yeah! But what do we do with this guy," interposed Yank, nudging the sullen Arab none too gently with his big foot.

"Why, we take him with us, of course," I answered. "He's raised just about enough hell for one man, and I think this would be as good a time as any to end his bloody career!"

"Captured by his own prisoners, eh?" mocked Yank as he busied himself binding the chief. "You may as well go with us to the noose now, 'cause if your

pack of jackals found you trussed up down here they'd laugh you out of the country."

"Hurry, Yank," I urged. "I can't understand why we've been left alone as long as we have. If we wait much longer someone's bound to come."

Yank jerked the last knot tight, and as he slung the old man's limp body over his shoulder I heard approaching voices and footsteps outside the door. I looked at Reah questioningly.

"This way, quick!" she whispered, and stepping lightly to the pillar behind which Yank had concealed himself only a short while before, she began working feverishly at the decorative pieces which projected at intervals from it. I could hear a key being fitted into the lock of the door beside me and wondered vaguely whether or not it would unlock when locked from the inside. Evidently it would not, for the key was withdrawn and at this moment Reah found the hidden lever she was seeking. She tugged at it frantically, and the pillar raised itself a few inches from the floor and then began turning toward the door as if on an axis. As the heavy piece turned out of position, it revealed a narrow passage way flanked by a stone ladder. Without a word, I helped the girl down, and Yank followed slowly with his cumbersome burden.

"Be careful, my love," whispered Reah at my side. "This is an old well, and it is very deep. Listen!" She dropped a small metal object and I could hear it striking the wall as it fell for nearly half a minute, then a tiny splash told me that it had reached the water.

We descended for perhaps thirty feet to a narrow ledge which served as the entrance to a horizontal passage way, evidently part of an old drainage system. Reah indicated that our escape lay in this direction. We stepped inside the mouth of the tunnel, and, since we had heard no sounds of pursuit, I allowed Yank to lay down our captive and rest for a moment while I talked to Reah.

"Where does this passage end, and how far are we from the fort?" I asked her anxiously.

"The passage is about a half a mile long, and ends just outside the village in the hut of Mahnah, one of my mother's old servants."

"I know the place," I replied. "It's only a short distance from the fort's sentry line. If all goes well, we should be able to summon aid and rescue Raoul in half an hour. But, Reah, does anyone else know of this passage way?"

"Only old Mahnah and her son," Reah replied quickly. "Mahnah told me of it when I was a child. I have never been through it before."

Thus reassured, I roused Yank and we resumed our tortuous way over the rough, uneven ground. Reah stumbled several times in the dark, and finally she fell and did not get up. I found that she had sprained her ankle badly and was unable to walk. As we had only a short distance left to go, I picked her up lightly and finished the rest of our nightmarish journey with her in my arms.

At the end of the tunnel we found another stone ladder, but this time only about ten feet in height. At the top of the ladder I pushed open a heavy trap door and found myself looking into the startled face of an old, wrinkled Moorish woman.

"Mahnah, dear old Mahnah!" cried Reah joyfully. "Help us up quickly, and call Keran."

The old woman took Reah from my arms, all the while murmuring endearments to her, for the girl's torn clothes and white, drawn face made her a pitiful sight indeed. Having made Reah as comfortable as possible on a dirty straw bed, the faithful old woman hobbled through the back door of her shack and returned in a moment with her son, Kevan, who had been tending his goats. Reah explained to him quickly in his own language that I wished to reach an outpost as quickly as possible. The youth nodded understandingly and motioned for me to follow him. We had to walk about two miles before finding a sentry, but it seemed only a step to me because of the story Kevan told me as we trotted through the night. He first asked me in his broken French if I were not the Captain "Meetchel" of whom Reah had spoken so often. I replied in the affirmative, and then the most amazing tale which I have ever heard fell from the lips of my young guide. It seemed that Reah was not Hassaad's daughter at all, but the daughter of a French officer, who, with his young wife, had been slain in a massacre of Fort Béchar some fifteen odd years ago. Only a few of the residents had survived, and, among them, was a beautiful French "girl baby," as Kevan put it, who was saved by her devoted old nurse. Hassaad saw the beautiful child several years later and decided to take her as his own, since he had no children. The girl had been led to believe that her mother was French, but that Hassaad was her true father.

When I had heard this, my mind was fully made up. I was a commissioned officer and could take unto myself a wife if I so desired. After this mess was settled and Raoul saved, I would ask Reah to become my wife. As I reached this conclusion the beat of horses' hoofs became faintly audible, and in a few moments I was hastily telling my story to Lieutenant Morrow, the sentry on duty.

There's really not much left to tell. Morrow and I rode double to the fort, and, having called out a detachment of soldiers and picked up Yank, who had been left to guard our prisoner, we rode swiftly to Hassaad's place and found Raoul in a back room, trussed up like a pig, but guarded only by a white-

haired old man who sat dozing in the corner with a rifle across his knees. After freeing Raoul, I led the men down to our former prison and found the heavy door battered in. We found no one in the dungeon, so I concluded that they had gone out through the secret exit. Yank had forseen this, and had strongly barricaded the trapdoor at Mahnah's. So it was that Hassaad and his men were caught like rats in a trap and forced to surrender.

The next day Felahi and his whole gang were sent to Hairati for a speedy trial, with certain death to the leaders.

The northern uprising was quickly put down, and the ammunition train made its way safely to Colomb-Béchar. Raoul, Yank and I received promotions and personal congratulations from the French government. As an afterthought in this final clearing-up of facts, I might mention that Reah and I were married and are now living as French consul and wife in a beautiful home in Hairati.

The Fall Guy

When the wind begins to howl,
And the crew starts to growl,—
Call the Mate.
When your running lights go out,
And your latitude's in doubt,—
Call the Mate.
When the galley fire goes out,
And the cook has the gout,—
Call the Mate.
When your stays begin to sway,
And your foremast yard gives way,—
Call the Mate.
When the waves begin to swell,
And the weather looks like hell,—
Call the Mate.
When the fo'c's'l head's awash,
And the bridge is all a-slosh,—
Call the Mate.
When the starboard light begins to glimmer,
And the port light grows dimmer,—
Call the Mate.
When the antenna's torn asunder,
And the Heavens start to thunder,—
Call the Mate.
When the scuttle-butt won't drain,
And the deck's a-flood from rain,—
Call the Mate.
When your judgment day's at hand,
And all sailors are on land,—
For their fate;
When the judge gives a scowl,
Then you won't be able to howl,—
Call the Mate.

—*L. H. Hall, Jr.*

(Dedicated to the Chief Mate of any deep-water ship,—who is supposed to be able to meet whatever may arise.)

On Going to Sea

By L. H. Hall, Jr.

To me, there is nothing so restful, stimulating and invigorating as a nice long sea trip with a crew of easy-going, carefree "old salts" as shipmates. Especially is it pleasant on a calm, warm, moonlight night when one is on look-out on the forecastle-head, and alone except for the moon and stars and one's own thoughts; there is a chance for deep reflection and meditation — dreams and air-castles; the question of mortality and immortality, religion and its advantages, codes of ethics and morals. These are all given consideration while one is gently pacing the forecastle-head and listening to the murmur of the waves as the prow softly cuts through them. Playing around the bows are the porpoises, regarded and treated as sailors' friends, swishing their tails and having a glorious time in their freedom of the seas. No sea animal bothers the porpoise. His agility in the water, in conjunction with his ability to butt with viciousness, has created a deep respect for him among sea life. There is an old legend told among sailors that runs in this manner: Once a ship was wrecked during a terrific storm, and all of the crew were lost except one man, who, after having been in the water for many hours clinging desperately to a spar, had given up all hope of rescue, when a school of porpoises approached and proceeded to gently butt him shoreward. Upon getting about two miles from the beach, two sharks were encountered, and the porpoises succeeded in giving the sharks, who are very clumsy and awkward animals, such a shellacking that they retreated in haste. The porpoises continued to convoy their human cargo shoreward, stopping only when the exhausted sailor had been pushed up on the beach. Now, I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this yarn, but I do know that sharks are afraid of porpoises, because I have seen sharks chased by them. At any rate, the story illustrates the affection which sailors have for this playboy of the deep.

When one is at sea, there is always present an element of danger and uncertainty: no man knows what is in store for him. A sudden blow may come up, especially in tropical latitudes, and all hands will have to "turn to" in a concerted effort to secure ship and battle the elements, and, in the struggle, heroism is frequently called for; the sort of heroism that if displayed on land would get headlines in newspapers, and perhaps decorations. But the sailor goes on about his tasks and thinks nothing of any unusual acts. It is all in a day's work; it is this very matter-of-factness in the midst of danger that makes going to sea so delightfully refreshing.

On one occasion which I recall rather vividly we lost a man overboard. Another A. B. Seaman (Cheatham) and I were working over the side of the ship washing the white paint work of the fish-plates. There was a light rain falling, and as this weather is especially good for paint-washing, the mate "turned us to" on the job. To protect us from the rain, we had sea boots and oilskins on, and, in addition, we had on a safety belt, which was fastened around the fish-plates hand-rail. This combination was rather bulky and awkward, and doubly so if one should chance to fall overboard. Quite a heavy swell was running, and Cheatham weighed about two hundred pounds, so this caused quite a strain on the belt, which I believe was partially rotted. Anyway, the belt gave way, and Cheatham, a mass of swinging arms and legs, went over the side into the Gulf of Tehauntapec. I immediately sounded the alarm to the bridge, and the watch officer sounded the general alarm, and by the time I got on boat deck the ship had been "hove to" and the lifeboat covers had been taken off, the strong backs were out, and the gripes released. The first mate, five sailors and I sprang into the boat, which was swung out and lowered into the water by the remainder of the ship's company. We pushed the lifeboat away from the ship's hull with the boat-hook, and immediately got under way with the oars. From the bridge the third mate gave us Cheatham's position, as he had taken a bearing when the alarm was given, but we could not see Cheatham, due to the heavy swells which caused him to be in the trough of the sea when we were on the crest. When we were in the trough, he was on the crest. The mate remarked that the sea gulls had gathered around something off our starboard bow, and true enough there they were—numerous birds hovering and squawking over something which we could not see.

"It is Cheatham, lads, give way with a will. Sharply now!" cried the mate.

It was difficult to make much speed, but we pulled our oars with a determination to reach our shipmate as quickly as possible. Upon getting within six fathoms of him, the mate ordered me to the tiller while he and an A. B. went to the bow to pull Cheatham in, as it was not seaworthy to pull him in over the gunwale for fear of turning our craft over because of the weight being unequally distributed in the swell. Cheatham was still conscious and in a feeble manner had succeeded in

staying on top. He had used most of his strength getting rid of his oilskins and sea boots. The mate passed him a line with a "bowline in a bight" in it, which Cheatham put under his armpits, and he was pulled into the lifeboat. We rushed back to the ship as quickly as possible through the heavy sea, and the rescued seaman was put into the steward's stateroom, where he was given several stiff drinks of brandy from the medicine chest. He responded nicely; in fact, he was able to come to the mess room for supper and ate a hearty meal. According to the log, it took exactly thirteen minutes to rescue Cheatham. That includes from the time the alarm was given and until he was safe back aboard the ship,—which is a neat piece of seamanship in any country. The event was soon forgotten; the incident was regarded as all in a day's work.

All sailors have a religion, whether it is orthodox or whether it is purely individualistic, and every sailor remains true to his religion. That age-worn saying, "that he cusses like a sailor," causes me to feel sorry for the persons who utter it. They never stop to think whether it is true or not; they have accepted that old saying without question, and continue blithely to express their ignorance.

Sometimes I wonder if the simple life of a sailor aboard a tramp freighter is not to be preferred to the rather complex social life ashore, with its hypocrisy and deceit. At sea one meets men who are straight from the shoulder, who hold no man in awe,—for no man is treated with deference. In the case of the ship's officers, respect is paid to them for the position they hold and the authority and responsibility that is vested in them. A member of the so-called "Four Hundred" and a person from the Bowery are treated alike by a sailor.

The Dead Hold a Court

I

Down in a dungeon, dark as midnight,
The Dead held a court to decide what was right
Concerning Tom Jones, that young suicide,
Who for a girl had first sighed, then died.
For she tossed him aside just like a glove,
Quite plainly told him she'd return not his love.
Yes, the dead held a court for poor little Jones;
The Ghosts and the Ghouls both wanted his bones,
And the court must decide the doom and the fate
Of Jones, the cadaver, a lover of late.

II

Witness One, a sewer-fed Rat,
Witness Two, a fiery-eyed Bat,
Both told a story, words that were true,
Of how Jones wanted love that wasn't his due,
Failed in the try and fast pined away,
Finally died, and was buried just yesterday.
Witness Three, a gossipy creature without any nose,
Said a cold woman chilled Jones and finally he froze.
A Banshee lawyer summed up the case,
Said Jones had been killed by a blonde's pretty face.

III

Then up clattered noisily one of the Ghosts,
His teeth chattered loudly in the midst of his boasts,
"Call a mis-trial, we'll have none of Jones,
None of our tribe will care for his bones,
For who doesn't know that only a Ghoul
Is crazy enough to drink the blood of this fool?"

—*Peter Moody.*

Reminiscences of Spartanburg in 1879-83

(The Memories of a Wofford Graduate of 1883 of His Alma Mater)

By J. P. Wightman

WE lived in the Methodist parsonage on the corner of Church and Charles Street, a short distance from where the Piedmont Air-Line Railroad (I think it was called at that time) passed through a deep cut under a bridge on Church Street to the north of us. It was a two-story frame house with a yard around the front and sides and a large lot at back. The lot furnished vegetables for the table and forage for the cow.

The only form of heat in winter was the burning of log-wood in open fireplaces. This did fairly well under ordinary conditions, but we once had a cold spell with the thermometer at 13 degrees below zero, which convinced us that this form of heat was hardly adequate to the occasion. During this spell, the male portion of the household lived and slept in all their clothes and overcoats, the female portion did likewise in their particular apparel. We had some oranges which became solidly frozen. Several of them were placed on the hearth within a few inches of a roaring open fire, but failed to thaw except over a small section nearest the fire. A thermometer on the mantel above the fireplace registered four degrees below zero.

One day, I think it was in the spring, I had just gotten home from Wofford College at noon-time, when a sudden storm came up. It was a nasty-looking cloud, and it did not belie its looks. Starting with a terrific downpour, it soon turned into hail, which for a few minutes was small, but continued to increase in size to that of hen eggs, and I picked up some fully as large as goose eggs. The storm came from the northwest, and so great was the force with which these large stones pelted us that they embedded themselves several inches in the hard, red clay sides of the railroad cut already mentioned. These holes were so deep that they remained for several years. Practically every pane of glass on the north side of the college building was smashed. Our literary society hall had Venetian blinds at the windows, but these stones gave them short shift. They first broke the window glass, then made clean holes through the wooden slats of the blinds. It looked for all the world as if we had been through a bombardment by siege artillery. Much damage was done in town and surrounding country, and many animals were killed.

Neither sidewalks nor streets were paved. The road bed of both was a peculiar red clay, hard as rock when dry, but greasy and extremely sticky and slippery when wet. During a wet spell it became dangerous for both man and beast. Though a very active boy, I myself have slipped and fallen on this wet clay, and many people were actually hurt by their falls. If the sidewalks were bad, the street bed was far worse. It was not uncommon to see a half-dozen or more wagons and vehicles stalled in the mud within sight of our house. There was one particularly deep hole in the street diagonally across from our house. A large wagon, drawn by a pair of husky mules, got stuck in this hole. The mules made a desperate effort to pull out, but only succeeded in falling prostrate on their sides in the sticky mud, which completely covered their bodies. If the driver, with the help of neighbors, had not promptly pried their heads, which were completely submerged, out of the mud, both mules would have been suffocated. They finally got the mules out, but the wagon remained there for two weeks.

My first year in college was in "Prep School" under Prof. Gamewell. I have no doubt he thought I was a dumb specimen, but we all liked him because we felt he was trying to give us a fair deal. Freshman year in college was quite an experience. Dear old Dr. "Jim" Carlisle was our math professor. He was intensely interested in all ethical questions, and, I'm sorry to say, we took advantage of this fact. Many times, just as the dear doctor was about to call on the class for a demonstration, one of the boys would ask about some debatable moral issue. That was all "Dr. Jim" needed to start him off on a beautiful explanation and exposition of the debatable question. Of course we skipped all recitation — alas, much to our delight.

Dr. Jim Kirkland was our Latin, Greek, and German professor, and one of the best beloved of all the faculty. My own warm regard for him was entirely apart from the fact that he was the husband of a cousin of mine. Dr. Dan DuPre was our chemistry and physics professor, and was well liked by the boys, though I greatly fear none of us took him very seriously. Dear old Dr. Whitefoord Smith, then quite an elderly man, was our English professor. I greatly fear that the boys took advantage of his age to make sport of him. The doctor would come to his classes during the winter wrapped up in a heavy overcoat, under which were several heavy garments, a heavy woolen muffler, fur-lined gloves, and rubber overshoes, all of which he kept on during class. The classroom was some 25 or 30 by 40 feet, and was cold. He would not allow us to put in more than one

piece of wood at a time into the small stove which was supposed to heat the room. He was warm enough, wrapped in all his clothes, but we were cold. So quite often some of us would get into the room ahead of time, stuff the stove as full of wood as it would hold, and open all the drafts. By the time class was due, the stove would be red hot, which so upset the dear doctor that he frequently dismissed the class.

The Methodist Church, of which my father was then pastor, was on Church Street, several blocks below or nearer the center of town than our house. It was next door or near the Means's home, and Dr. Jim Kirkland lived a block or so up the street, between the church and our home. If I remember correctly, one had to climb quite a number of steps to get to the level of the auditorium of the church. The Sunday School room was below, on the ground floor. As well as I can remember, my father's four years as pastor were uneventful ones. I can recall but one incident which, had it ended differently, might have had a serious effect on the church relationship.

Doctor ——— (I cannot recall the name), a well-known composer, writer and singer of sacred songs, came to Spartanburg to give the college boys a few weeks of musical instruction. He declined many invitations, including our own, stating that his hours would be quite irregular, so he thought it best to stay at a hotel.

He had been with us for two or three weeks, during which time he had become a popular idol with the boys and all with whom he came in contact. Then the bomb exploded! Charges were made that Dr. ——— was seen at a certain hour at night going into a house of ill-fame on a side street not far from the hotel at which he was staying. Two camps at once sprang up — those who believed the charge to be true, and those who did not. We, of course, belonged to the latter camp, and father was one of the very active partisans acting in the doctor's behalf at the investigation, which took on the nature of a public trial. It was held in the mayor's office, the mayor himself, I believe, acting as chairman. Witnesses claimed to have seen the doctor enter the house, and several employees of the hotel testified that they saw the doctor leave the hotel about that time. The doctor himself indignantly denied the charges, and gave an account of his movements during the evening in question. Unfortunately, being a stranger in town, he could produce no witnesses to back up his alibi. The investigation lasted for two or three days. The whole town was at the boiling point and nerves at the breaking point; so much so that many bitter quarrels resulted.

Father would come home looking sad and worried, saying, "So far it looks very black for the doctor." The committee appointed to hear the evidence was about to render a verdict of guilty when a note was brought in. The note was from a man, stating that he had just heard of the charges against Doctor ———, and begged to give his testimony. It seems that he was staying at the hotel at the same time as Doctor ———, and strongly resembled him in both size and feature, and that it was he who was seen entering this house, and not the doctor. This new testimony was thoroughly investigated, found to be correct, and Doctor ——— was completely exonerated. He was given a tremendous ovation, in which the people who had been against him joined. We boys fairly mobbed him when he next appeared at college.

An incident occurred at college which, for a while, had college and town by the ears, so to speak. A half dozen boys conceived the idea of putting on a mock duel — mock to them but very realistic to everybody else. During a debate in society hall, one of the debaters grossly insulted his opponent. Hot words followed, which led to a challenge to a duel to take place back of the college immediately after the meeting. Seconds were appointed and all arrangements were made. Besides the principals and their seconds, all of whom were in the "know," quite a crowd went out to witness the affair. Many tried to persuade the principals to shake hands and make up, but failed. The ground was stepped off, the two principals took their places, pistols in hand, the signal was given, and two shots rang out, followed by a cry and a moan as one of the duelists sank to the ground. His second pulled open the wounded man's vest, and, there on his shirt, over his heart, was a widening splotch of red.

The wounded man was picked up by some of the "innocents" and tenderly carried to his boarding place on the campus. If my memory serves correctly, it was Wallace Duncan's home, he who was later Bishop Duncan. Reaching the house, the boys were about to carry the wounded boy inside when he stood up and gave them the grand "haw-haw." [It is interesting to learn that the boy so "fatally wounded" was Dr. Rembert, then a student at Wofford, who later became professor of Greek here for many years.] In the meantime many of the boys who had witnessed the duel were so badly frightened that they rushed to their boarding places, gathered up a few clothes, and went down to the station to take the next train for home. The account of the duel spread all over town in an amazingly short time. Messages came pouring into the Duncan house, both that night and all next day, inquiring after the wounded boy. Next morning in chapel Dr. Jim Carlisle gave us a scathing lecture on the escapade, and intimated that the principals would be expelled. We could not stand that, so we got together and let out an intimation of our own — that if the principals left, we all would go with them. The faculty thought over the

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Sharecropper

By Owens Wood

THE hot sun beat mercilessly down on the dry, dusty earth. Clouds of dust rose with the steady strokes of four hoes, as they rhythmically chopped out the long, green rows of cotton. These hoes were handled by four sweating workers. They all paused, leaning on their hoe-handles as they mopped the sweat from their dusty faces with coarse cloths. The oldest of the four was a woman. From under her broad-brimmed sun hat her clear blue eyes sparkled as those of a youth of twenty-four years; but her tanned face, showing already many wrinkles, looked as if it had seen forty such summers come and go. A little girl of eight, with clear blue eyes like those of her mother, leaned nearby, adjusting a dusty cloth around her neck to protect it from the sun. A boy, perhaps six years old, rested wearily on his hoe-handle, the end of which reached far above his head. His naked arms—he wore no shirt—were a reddish-brown; and the suspenders to his dusty, blue-denim overalls weighed heavily on his slender shoulders. The fourth member of the little group was a girl of sixteen or seventeen, the sister of the mother, who had come to live with her older sister since the death of her parents. She wiped from her face not only perspiration, but tears from her fair blue eyes.

"What is it, Sis?" asked her older sister.

"I wanted to go so bad," she replied, choking back a sob. "It's the first party there's been since long 'fore mama died. Bill said he'd come by and we could go together."

"I know, Sis," answered Clara, the older one, quietly. "Say, Sue Smith ain't goin'; maybe she'll lend you her dress. She's got a pretty blue one, you know."

"Yes—yes, I hadn't thought of that," smiled Sis. "But," she added, thoughtfully looking at the coarse sandals on her dusty feet, "what'll I do about shoes?"

"Won't those Hank gave me last year do? I can put some blackin' on 'em."

"Gosh, Clara, that'll be fine," said Sis, her eyes sparkling with tears of joy. "Honest, you all are too good to me."

Work was cheerfully resumed, and the steady beat of the hoes once more broke the quiet of the summer day and sent clouds of dust up into the four wet faces. Soon, realizing that the sun was directly overhead, all stood their hoes up in the rows where work was stopped and trudged wearily home. Clara carried their six-months-old baby, which had been amusing itself in the shade of a nearby plum bush.

Sis drew fresh water from the well while Clara made a fire in the stove in the "shed-room," a poorly-built addition to the former two-room house. Clara fried fat-back, baked cornbread, and boiled cabbage. The best part of the meal, however, she left to be watched by Sis, while she went to comfort the crying baby. It was a peach pie, the first they had had that year, and the fruit had come from one of the two trees that stood next to the barn.

Sis set the meal on the table and was drawing a jug of buttermilk from the cool depths of the well as Hank rode up, seated cross-ways on his sweating mule. He called out a weary greeting, slid down, and unharnessed his mule to let it drink from the wooden tub by the well. Hank gave the animal a bundle of fodder and six ears of corn, and returned to the well to bathe his dusty face, hands, and feet.

He sat wearily on the well floor. His blue shirt dried rapidly in the hot breeze that had sprung up, and it was soon caked with salt and dirt. Removing his broad-brimmed straw hat, he revealed his sunburned face, marked by years of labor in the wind and sun. His hands were bony and calloused from long hours at the plow and from chopping wood in the winter wind. His sandy hair was unkempt, and his grey eyes were reddened from the glare of the sun. When Clara called that the meal was ready, he arose and slowly went into the house.

After Sis, with the aid of a huge cloth, had driven out some of the flies from the unscreened kitchen, they sat on the benches about the home-made table and began the meal. Little was said during its course, but after it was finished Hank spoke of the landlord's visit that morning.

"Oh, he did come, did he?" spoke Clara, a note of contempt in her voice. "And what did he have to say?"

"Nothin' much. Said if it didn't rain pretty soon the cotton wouldn't make no stalk. I told him we'd need more guano nex' week, and also some flour and sugar and other things. He said come by his house Saturday even' and he'd make out another lien and give me an order for the stuff. I told him all right . . . it was all I could do."

As Hank stopped speaking, Clara laid down the fork with which she had been thoughtfully raking the crumbs to the center of her plate. Sis was intently studying the bottom of her glass. Finally, Clara broke the silence:

"Sis, you stay here this evenin' and min' the baby.

You can go down to Sue's and get her dress and then rest up for the party tonight."

"That's all right, Clara. I wouldn't be too tired anyway. But if I stay here, I'll do up the dishes for you and make the beds, so you won't have that to do tonight," replied Sis sweetly; her eyes danced with joy.

"I suppose Bill will be by right early," grinned Hank as he pushed back his plate and watched Sis blush deeply. "Well, I'd better git on back," he added, getting up.

Soon Hank was following his furrow over on the hillside, while back in the cotton field three figures dug steadily with their hoes at the long rows of cotton. Again the dust rose with each stroke.

. . . . . .

A full moon rose behind the tall, quiet pines. Stars brilliantly studded the deep blue sky. A gentle breeze rattled the frost-dried leaves of cotton stalks near the little cabin. Through the window dimly gleamed a yellow kerosene lamp. The sound of laughing voices came from within and broke the peace of the night outside. The evening meal of sausage, baked sweet potatoes, home-made sorghum, and gingerbread with persimmon beer, had just been completed. The entire family had been reclothed—new overalls for Hank and his son, who sat proudly beside him; new calico dresses for Clara and her daughter, the latter parading lady-like about the room, eyeing Sis with envy. Sis, happiness beaming from her face, stood nervously in front of a small mirror, carefully adjusting the collar of a new light blue silk dress. She had on patent-leather shoes, and a ribbon to hold her blonde hair back from her laughing face. She and Bill were going to a square dance down at the Smiths'.

"Gosh, you all sure are good to me," she cried, turning and throwing her arms around Clara.

Suddenly the barking of a dog and a loud knock on the door were heard.

"Come in," cried Sis, as her eyes sparkled.

"Good evenin', everybody," returned Bill, sticking his head through the half-opened door. "Ready, Sis?" he added, as he looked at her proudly.

The door closed. Soon the children were in bed, and Hank and Clara were left alone by the fireside. For some time they sat in silence. Finally Hank spoke, a note of quiet satisfaction in his voice:

"I'm glad we got that last bale out before the price went any lower. If we hadn't, we couldn't even have paid the guano bill."

"Me, too," agreed Clara. Then she added, "How much will we lack paying out this year?"

"About four hundred dollars, besides the interest," answered Hank. "He said he thought he'd have to raise the interest next year five per cent. I asked him not to till we got caught up. He said it didn't look like we'd ever get caught up."

"Well," sighed Clara with hopeful resignation, "maybe we will some day."

The lamp began smoking, and Hank turned the wick down. The fire died down, but no one thought to throw on more wood. A mantle of quiet peacefulness settled over everything. Hank looked fondly at Clara in the pale light of the fire. He quietly slipped his arm around her, and their heads leaned together. The moonlight streamed in through the little window.

. . . . . .

Blue smoke drifted upward, losing itself in the sunlit mist of the early dawn. Clara was cooking breakfast; the odor of hot biscuits, fatback, and coffee greeted Hank as he returned from feeding the mule. Clara set a pitcher of black molasses on the table, and they began to eat. Sis was no longer there to set the table. She and Bill had married at Christmas time and taken a share-crop of their own some distance down the road. Hank finished his coffee, set the cup down, and looked thoughtfully at it for a few moments.

"I'll have to go down and get a few bushels of cotton seed before I can finish that piece over on the hill. I might as well get some more plow points, too."

"If you can," said Clara, "get me some sugar while you're down there. Do you suppose he'll let you have it?"

"Oh, I guess so," said Hank, getting up. "If you feel like it, you can be droppin' that corn down below the hedgerow," he added as he went out the door.

Clara left the dishes till dinner, so that she might take advantage of the cool of the early morning. She left the two children asleep and took up her seed bucket, filled with corn. She had no baby to carry to the field with her now, for her child had died back in the winter. The doctor had said something about "improper nourishment."

She began methodically dropping the seed corn, three grains to a hill, in the fresh-turned, moist earth. Somewhere in the distance, two crows cawed noisily as they went about building their nest. Clara thought of her sorrows and cares. "What is the use of this everlasting work and drudgery?" she mused.

High in a budding poplar, a mocking-bird sang merrily. The sun rose higher. The woman continued her work.

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Poetry

To_____

I gazed into her lively, sparkling eyes,
And suddenly my heart was gently stirred
With strange emotion never felt before.
I saw some deeper meaning, human ties
That bind two hearts as one, was hidden there.
She smiled, and dreams of romance filled my all—
The whole earth seemed to greet me with a song
Of ecstasy to match her silken hair.
She spoke, and words of vibrant, mellow depth
Flowed from her lips, and, like the rolling sea,
Surged through my very soul. A throbbing rose
Within my heart like some soft rhapsody
That told of youthful love. I clasped her soft,
Warm hand so tender — felt her pulsing blood
Flow rapidly with mine; and then I knew
The mystery of life was found for me.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

Beyond Today

If I could see beyond this happy day,
And know what fate now holds in store for me;
If I could for a moment gaze into
That veiled darkness, realm of mystery;
For just one fleeting moment glimpse the way
That I must go, would I still smile and laugh?
Perhaps I'd be more mindful of the pain
That others know, and lend a helping hand
To keep some wandering one upon his way.
If I could see beyond that opaque wall,
Perchance I'd pause amid life's hurrying throng,
And take the time to think — or would I still
Go on without a care to burden me?
If I could pierce beyond those unknown depths,
Perchance I'd walk a bit more slowly then,
And take a passing minute from each day
To stroll along the quiet ways of life.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

America Awakens

The babe is born, frail, but clean and pure;
This is America, God's new country.
Her people have won the fight for liberty,
The right to grow, to be let alone.
The country is full of clamor
To live, work, speak, worship, what and how a man pleases.

All men are created equal, the individual is a little god.
Politics seethe, bullets hiss, brother fights brother
To make the negro slave or free man—
He is freed; and stupid strife burns long in the Blue and Gray heart.

Time passes, the land becomes rich, wallows in wealth.
Wallows, too, in slime, slop, poverty, and filthy politicians.
Money is America's god and drug.
It puts to sleep all that might be noble, pure, high.
America wants to be drugged;
Its own advancements make it dull, listless, ignorant.

America needs to scrape off its mind, false ideals, raw deals, new deals,
Lose its power, arrogance, strait-jacketed broad-mindedness.
America needs to fall, let the hurt awaken it;
Break off the crust of hypocrisy, mental squalidness, false grandeur,
And start anew on a level of reality.

—*D. A. Prince.*

Achievement

Freshmen, heterogeneous group of souls,
Arrive at college portals, there to learn
What first made Fate's great wheels to roll
In that appointed course of Time we call
The Earth's analogy. But there instead,
He is beset by petty truculence,
And made to waste his intellect in ways
That he might baffle those who would desire
His separation from a life of peace.
At last, the graduate looks up to see
How far the opportunities have past,—
And left him with the knowledge of a fool.

—*Albert C. Stackpoole.*

Twilight Rendezvous

At dusk, when end of day is near, I love
To stroll alone amid the length'ning shades
Of mossy trees beside some speaking stream
And think. 'Tis then that I can see beyond
The pale of things — forget the careless throng,
This bustling world, the strife that men create
For selfish aims, the roar of vast machines,
The beggar's cry, the drunkard's staggering feet.
When western skies are bathed in flaming red
Of setting sun, and night is drawing near,
I find a joyful peace — a restful bliss.
'Tis there I have a rendezvous with Him
Who lifts my soul to transcendental heights;
Relieves my restless heart of weariness.
Then I lie down upon some grassy bank,
And quietly hold converse with my God.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

Sonnet to Night

Now softly fall the dusky shades of night.
Across the fields, and through the woodland trees
There comes the rustling of the gentle breeze
To help the dark blow out the fading light.
The soaring birds now wing their homeward flight,
And clustered 'round the hives are swarming bees—
While night glides o'er me like the rolling seas,
And with her sable robe shuts out the light.

Oh, night, who sweeps the whole earth with your shade,
Now soothe my restless mind of worry, lest
I greet the dawning without having laid
Aside my cares, and help me in my quest
For sweet contentment—make my fears to fade
From memory, and grant me peaceful rest.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

Today

The grim and grisly, ghostly past
In thralldom shall not hold me,
The things I thought, and did, and spoke,
Today shall not enfold me.

Today I'll master my own task,
It shall not master me;
Today's the day of great achievement,
Tomorrow it may flee.

—*Jack Padgett.*

Years

The years are passing by, and each one leaves
Its scar upon the sordid lives of men,
Converting them to hard and cruel beasts
Who live to gain their selfish ends in life
Despite the fact that other men must pay
With goods, with time, perhaps with life itself.

Then, think of precious years that men let slip
Into the march, the ceaseless march of time,
Without a thought of things which move them on
To reach the goal that God would have them gain.
How pitiful it is to come to death
And know that years went by to count for naught.

—*William Andrews.*

Dusk

Whene'er I look upon the trees at dusk,
And see the lacework formed against the sky,
And feel the changing beauty woven there,
My head doth bow in silent reverence
To see the Master Weaver's wondrous art;
For this, to me, is but the epic proof
That God is in all quiet loveliness.

—*English VII Class*

Old Salt

By Sheldon M. Dannelly

"MR. PRESIDENT," came the voice of a rather stocky senior in the back of the auditorium, "it is not a question of whether we put out a winning baseball team or not, but rather whether we want one at all. I like it, and play some myself—there's no use being modest about it. We shouldn't hide talent by modesty. We want a team, and we can have it! Why, I remember the time when Yale, Harvard, and all those big schools used to tour the South. They always included Wofford in their schedule, and nine times out of ten, met with disaster. And another thing, everybody needs exercise; I know I do. Some people think it a minor sport, but they are wrong—it is a major sport. We have tennis and track, and I'm sure only a very few students attend these meets. We shouldn't refrain from having a baseball team just because we are afraid not many people will go to see the games. The American Legion revived baseball interest here this summer. Personally, I see no reason why we shouldn't have a baseball team. I say, let's have one!" Bunny sat down amid wild applause and laughing.

Bunny is about five feet six inches tall, quite heavily built, though not fat, and has dull red hair, which, by the way, is turning black around the edges. His chest is quite large, and is always fully expanded. This, however, is quite natural for such an experienced seaman as he. One must keep physically fit and breathe deeply of the salty sea air in order to be at his best as a sailor. His muscles have been hardened by hard labor aboard merchant vessels, and his face tanned by the equatorial sun.

The maritime adventures he has experienced are numerous. Just a couple of days ago a discussion arose as to the most beautiful scene in the world. To this Bunny replied, "A Carribean moonlight." Herr Reginald, as Bunny calls one of his friends with whom he is constantly arguing, retorted, "You see, professor, Bunny has been affected by those South Sea Islands."

"That shows your ignorance of geography, Herr Reginald," was the taunting reply. "The South Sea Islands aren't even in the Carribean."

The argument was promptly stopped by the "prof" before it proceeded further.

Recently Bunny confessed, "Professor, I can't write poetry. As far as I'm concerned, it's so much bosh. When are we going to start writing short stories or something else? I never was a poet anyway. Personally, I don't see what good it is doing us. None of us ever will be poets—at least I won't."

The friendly but jesting Reginald laughed, "I suppose you'll just be a sailor in the Carribean." Fortunately, the bell rang, ending the class period.

In the late hours of the night Bunny is usually found in the midst of a "bull session," reared back with his chair resting on the two back legs. His feet are carelessly crossed and are perched on top of one of the desks. He leads the "session" with his dynamic elaborations such as, "I'll be hanged if I can see a darned thing to it. All this supreme court 'blah blah' is just a bunch of hooey. However, I do agree that the old fogies ought to be made to retire at the age of seventy, with pay. Maybe a clause could be added saying that if they did not want to vacate the chair their could hold their places until they reached seventy-five, and then retire *without pay!* This would insure their retiring at seventy. Of course, gentlemen, I haven't seriously considered the question as yet, therefore my convictions are based mainly on opinion, rather than absolute exploration of facts. The whole darned business don't make the least particle of difference to me, though."

Bunny has developed to a fine degree the art of "rope pulling." After class he always has a question or two of interest to ask his instructor. Besides this, he holds an occasional conference with the professor. He knows when and how to say the right thing, and converses for quite lengthy periods at such times.

The ability to appear nonchalant one minute and vitally interested the next is one of his unusual characteristics. Especially is this true when he is with one of the fairer sex. Bunny is not lacking in efficiency or originality in "shooting a line" either. Last week he gazed into the bright blue eyes of a certain blonde and sighed, "Do you know you have beautiful eyes? They shine like stars on a midsummer night. You've done something to me, baby. I could go for you in a big way."

Only last night he was out with a little dark-eyed brunette. "There's something mysterious about your eyes," he ventured, "something I can't understand. They sparkle like diamonds. You're so different from any girl I've ever known. I have a feeling I'm going to like you."

The call of the sea is forever present within Bunny's mind. He likes to relate tales of his adventures on the blue expanses of water, and often wanders around to that subject when engaged in conversation.

His delight is in telling of being tossed about in turbulent waves, or of his first fight at sea, in which he licked a hardened old sailor.

Sleep is a beloved thing, according to Bunny. The other day he was quite pleasantly napping in class while the professor lectured on something or another. Finally the "prof's" attention was attracted to the sleeping lad, who was apparently absorbed in thoughts of his own. The instructor called him—one of the nearby classmates punched him vigorously in the ribs, finally arousing him in time to answer with a bewildered "aye, aye, sir."

College Holiday

By F. I. Brownley

EVERYBODY at school thought we were pretty lucky. By "we," I mean the Bordan Orchestra — we called it an orchestra anyhow. We were going back to Blythewood for the summer, and all the boys at school knew what a swell place that was. They should have, anyhow, for we hadn't soft-pedalled its praises any. This would make the second year we had played there, and it would sort of tide over that gap when everybody's gone off and matriculation fees have eaten up your own vacation.

All of us were ready to leave around the first of June — right after Jim's last re-exam. Blythewood was just as we had left it,—cool and serene, with Mirror Lake in front and Sawtooth Peak behind. There were seven of us, and since most of us could double, we called the Buccaneers a twelve-piece band. Jim, Sam, Charley, Billy, Doug, Chuck, and I — a swell bunch, even with me. We arrived one day early, and just lounged around, sorta getting acquainted all over again. The only change was that Mr. Givens said we were to have waitresses this year. Charley — he's the Adonis of the outfit — considered this a definite improvement. It didn't matter to the rest of us,—we didn't care one way or the other.

Tuesday night was the grand opening. We wore stiff shirts, and played all our latest pieces — putting our best foot forward. We had to play two hours for lunch and three at dinner; the other nineteen were our own. They put us in our old rooms, and we settled down for what we considered a real life of ease.

At the end of a week or so, everything was back in its old routine. We were settled down in our room one night, just reading, jawing, and lounging, when Chuck says something about going for a walk, and ambles out. We wondered about it a little, but we knew Chuck was such a great guy we figured he just got tired of our dumb cracks. He sure was a prince: good musician, natural athlete, and, above all, *no* conceit. He'd had an offer from State, but he went to Bordan because it had more of the courses he wanted. That's a sort of a queer way to choose your college these days, especially when you're as good a tackle as Chuck. He made all our arrangements, and that sure helped us a lot, 'cause he knew our individual weaknesses.

They went to bed by ones and twos 'til only Doug and I were sitting in our room, reading. Chuck came in about eleven, so we finally went to sleep ourselves.

A few days later someone saw Chuck and Mary Givens out in a canoe, but we just thought he'd paddled her into the village on an errand. Mary was the owner's daughter, and she sort of acted as hostess since Mr. Givens' wife was dead. She was almost a sister to all of us, reminding us to write home, and stuff like that. She was the sort of girl you don't mind asking to mend a rip in your bathing suit, but you'd just never think of asking her for a date. Not that she wasn't good looking, for we all agreed that she was awfully attractive. We noticed this especially when she dressed up a few nights later to go to a show with Chuck. She used her father's car whenever she wanted to, and she carried us around a lots. However, neither of them said anything about us going along, so we went up to our rooms. We were sitting around talking when someone recalled that they'd gone off alone several times last year. Then, of course, everybody remembered that she had carried Chuck home when his father had been hurt, but we just laughed at whoever was trying to make something out of it.

Chuck and Mary did spend a good bit of time together though, and some of us began to view it with alarm. Then Chuck said something about not going back to school, and we really began to worry. You see. Bordan didn't hire any football players, so we generally occupied the conference cellar. With Chuck an All-State, and most of last year's regulars back, we stood to crawl up a notch or two this year.

The only thing we saw to do was to break up this budding romance. It was already August, and we hadn't too much time. First we decided that we'd "sic" Charley (the lady-killer) on Mary, then the rest of

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Students and Study

Recently a questionnaire was given to all the students of Wofford taking freshman English, to two-thirds of the students taking English II, and to an advanced section of upperclassmen taking English composition. Items on the questionnaire included the amount of hours spent in classes each week, hours spent in drill and laboratory, hours given to outside work, including N. Y. A. and other jobs, hours spent in college activities and athletics, and the hours devoted to preparation of lessons and to parallel readings—all on a weekly basis.

The figures obtained were very interesting. From them we learn that an average freshman takes 14.5 hours of classroom work a week and puts in 17.7 hours of studying, or an hour and thirteen minutes of preparation for each hour of classes. In addition, he reads about five hours and twenty-five minutes of parallel a week. The average sophomore or student who takes sophomore English carries 15.5 hours of work and studies fifty-nine minutes for each class hour. He reads two and a half hours of parallel.

Of the upperclassmen taking English VII, an average member would read 4.4 hours of parallel, carry 18.6 hours of work, and spend forty-eight minutes in preparation on each hour of class work. This last group includes only twelve men, and may not be taken as typical of upperclassmen. However, we think that it is fairly representative. If anything, we believe that the average upperclassman would certainly not exceed its rating.

As to the reliability of these figures, we can give no guarantee. It is difficult offhand to set down an accurate estimate of one's hours of study in a week, which in the questionnaire ranged from two a week to fifty-six. In general, we are inclined to suspect that the greater part of students overestimated their hours of scholastic toil.

It will be noted that each group progressively studies less and carries more work than the preceding one. It is strange and discouraging that upperclassmen should study less than any group. Their increased participation in college activities does not alone account for this fact. Many freshmen come to Wofford with keen, alert minds, and find on arrival that the work done is of a character not far beyond that of high schools. Finding this, their zeal for learning lasts scarcely beyond their freshman year. Thus, for the remainder of the college course, they loaf and "bull" their way through. Doubtless this is due to instructors who make their courses dull, meaningless, and indefinite. There is little incentive to study when class instruction is vague, indefinite, and repetitious.

President Robert M. Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, remarked recently that the purpose of college education is to inflame the minds of youth. What is inspiring in copying notes in class, getting them by rote, and returning them on exam? As Dr. Smart, of Emory, said wittily, "A college professor reading exam papers is like a dog eating sausages. He is getting back his own substance in mutilated form."

We believe firmly that if courses are made interesting, vital, and related to life, the average student will study them, and thoroughly—certainly no easy task for college instructors. Yet it sometimes might be attempted.

South Carolina Solons

SEVERAL years ago the editor of *The News and Courier*, the oldest, time-honored and most conservative State newspaper, wrote a book entitled *The State That Forgot*, which expressed great fear of losing the noble traditions of the very outgrown doctrines of States' rights and rugged individualism. However, the State that forgot seems to be the State that cannot forget. Recently, when a stamp commemorating General Sherman of Civil War fame was proposed by the government, both houses of our legislature drew up a resolution of protest. Why? Because during the Civil War Sherman led his army through the South, destroyed many sources of food supply, and, most serious grievance of all, burned the city of Columbia. Now, it is not yet finally determined whether Sherman's orders were responsible for the burning of Columbia. Be that as it may, Sherman was not vindictive toward the South, but he was a competent soldier—engaged in weakening the enemy's defenses.

The point of the incident, however, is not Sherman's guilt, but the attitude of our legislature that it

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MAINLAND - - *By Gilbert Seldes*

AMERICA has long been needing such a book as Gilbert Seldes' *Mainland*. It is chiefly an answer to the castigating criticism of America by her own intellectuals and an evaluation of America's uniqueness, her past history, and her apparent destiny. Mr. Seldes lists the chief charges against us as the following: "That life in America is entirely materialistic; that we have no care for the spirit and the finer things of life; that we have no culture, never had one, and do not desire one; that our lives are dull and monotonous; that we are surrounded by ugliness and glory in it; that we sink ourselves in business, making money at the expense of the art of living; that we are trivial and corrupt; that we are morbidly patriotic, and our civilization is a sham; that we maintain a doomed economic system by injustice, cruelty, and cynical defiance of our own professed principles, etc."

Each of these charges Mr. Seldes refutes cleverly and completely, and he makes a countercharge that our own intellectuals have betrayed us by trying to foist on us an alien culture and then criticizing the new cultures and ways of life that grew up here. When America was founded, a new experiment was begun. When the Constitution was ratified, a new political theory was to be tested. Why then, asks Mr. Seldes, must the critics burden us with their nostalgia for the traditions of Europe? Henry James catalogued the glories which our past has failed to leave us: "No sovereign, no court, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor manor nor old country-houses, nor parsonages, nor thatched cottages, nor ivied ruins; no cathedrals, nor abbeys, nor little Norman churches; no great universities nor public schools — no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harvard." Every item here is a vestige of serfdom, medievalism and tyranny — what prices in human suffering did Europe pay for these things! America can have them, too, at such prices, but we prefer the blessings of peace and liberty.

Mr. Seldes contends that America can decide her destiny in her own way. It is necessary to accept neither Fascism nor Communism. Both are flowerings of European ideas, and America has no fixed class distinctions and is not a rigid society. In fact, our civilization has always been in a state of flux. The constitution was formed by compromises. The Liberal West has always striven to make the Conservative East American and democratic. Democracy in America has never been static and need never be. In the words of Mr. Seldes, "The principle on which America had developed was the simple one of compromising or adjusting the demands of the individualist with those of society, of the nation as a whole, and it was only when that principle was abandoned because a small group of individuals became so powerful that they no longer needed to make compromises that the economic system began to falter."

Therefore, the function of our government today is to work out a plan to end insecurity without ending enterprise, to preserve national independence, civil freedom and private prosperity, and to do all this without drawing us into the collectivism of Fascism or Communism. Mr. Seldes has no plan to accomplish this, but he has succeeded admirably in defending America from hostile critics and in pointing out the essential features of our civilization. When one finishes reading *Mainland*, he will have renewed faith in the "American System" and in the ability of America to work out her own peculiar destiny happily. A. L.

GUNNAR'S DAUGHTER
By Sigrid Undset

GUNNAR'S DAUGHTER is Mrs. Undset's latest work translated into English. In it she adds a distinctly fine creation to her medieval romances. Not possessing the length of her already well known trilogy and tetralogy, *Kristan Lavransdatter* and *The Master of Hestviken*, it is a novel to be enjoyed by an uninterrupted reading. The scene is laid in Iceland and Norway at the beginning of the era during which Christianity was just beginning to pervade this region under the rule of a Christian convert,

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REMINISCENCES OF SPARTANBURG

(Continued from Page 12)

matter and concluded to let it go with a few more drastic and caustic lectures.

Dr. Whitefoord Smith had an old gray mare — gray by courtesy, for she was almost white and then over thirty years old. Too feeble to walk into town, this old mare would, hitched to a squeaky old buggy, pull the doctor into town from his home on the campus. She made quite a noise clomping her feet on the hard ground when in motion, but actually made very little progress ahead, as her feet came down only a few inches forward at each step. One day the clomp-clomp of the old mare's feet was heard as she came down the street. Professor Duncan happened to be walking into town and passed at the same time. Dr. Smith leaned out of his buggy and hailed him, "Professor, don't you want to ride down town?" The reply was very prompt, "No thank you, doctor, no thank you. I'm in a hurry." This old mare was the butt of many a joke by the college boys. They once painted her like a zebra, much to the distress of dear old Dr. Smith.

GUNNAR'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 21)

King Olav. A simple story, written in a fittingly simple style, steeped in the sagas, yet strikingly poetic. The humanity and fallibility of characters display a complete capturing of the spirit of this long-past age.

Ljot Gissurson early distinguished himself as a youth of valor in avenging the death of his father at the hands of a man named Arne. At the age of twenty, Ljot owned a trading vessel with his uncle, whom he accompanied to Norway on lumber business, and it was here that he met Vigdis, Gunnar of Vadin's daughter. During his stay there, Ljot fell deeply in love with Vigdis, sued for her hand, but was refused. Thereupon he cruelly ravished her, incurred her searing scorn, and finally returned to Iceland.

Vigdis gave her son the name of Ulvar. Her hand was ardently sought by Kaare of Grefsin, with whom she found favor, but likewise consistently refused. Within her breast she nursed a desire for vegeance, dreaming of a time when her son would obtain it for her.

Rumors were circulated by neighbors, and one of these tale-mongers was Eyolv of Grimelundar. Circumstances reached such a point that Gunnar was seriously injured in a fight with him. Infuriated, Vigdis slew Eyolv as he slept, fled on skis with her son, and lost her way in the snow, where she was rescued by outlaws. She then solicited the aid of King Olav, who fined her offenders. Vadin was rebuilt, and Vigdis carried the Christian faith back with her. "And now many years passed and all was quiet at Vadin."

Far away in Iceland, Ljot wondered and longed for happiness with Vigdis.

One day off the coast of Scotland he saved a crew of Danish vikings from destruction at the hands of a band of fierce Scots. Among the vikings was a young man who immediately formed a firm friendship with Ljot — this was Ulvar. Ljot came to Norway and met Vigdis; Vigdis refused to yield to her true feelings and persisted in vengeance. Ulvar fulfilled her wishes by bringing her Ljot's head — sadly enough, a vengeance no longer desired, as Vigdis said, "I could not have hated him so long — it was the worst of all, that I would rather have loved him than any man."—*W. A. J.*

COLLEGE HOLIDAY

(Continued from Page 19)

us would work on Chuck. We didn't do much good with Chuck, though. At first he was a little sheepish, then he tried to explain, and he finally got mad and wouldn't say a word. Charley had even less success with Mary. When she wasn't with Chuck, she found something around the place to keep her busy. Instead of not getting to first base, Charley didn't even get to bat.

All during this time, Chuck and Mary spent more and more time together. We worried, for it was getting late in the season. We not only saw Bordan losing a swell football player, but we also saw ourselves buying all of our arrangements for the fall dances.

We decided we'd each get with Chuck at least once a day and try to remind him of his career, of the fact that he knew nothing of Mary's family, etc. It didn't do any good; he just laughed or didn't pay any attention to us at all. Finally Chuck told us he'd have something important to tell us after we'd played for dinner.

We hurried through our own dinner, 'cause Chuck had disappeared as soon as we had finished playing. We went up to our wing, but Chuck wasn't there, so we just sat around and wondered. He finally walked in with a copy of the village weekly. He unfolded it, and handed it to me — pointing out one paragraph. I read it once, seeing only the date. Of course it was an announcement, but the date was what got me. It was dated the *twelfth of July*, and everything we'd done and said flashed across my mind.

Charley said afterward that he felt kind of funny, too. You don't know how a two-hundred pounder is going to take your trying to date up his wife.

Dr. Gamewell's Cat

By Jack Padgett

AMONG the countless things they fail to learn who do not study Latin is the fact that Dr. Gamewell, professor of Latin, has a cat. The Latin III class, four strong, has taken an unusual and vital interest in said cat. To them he has become the embodiment of classical progress. When he "cuts" classes, as he often does, a certain mist dampens the spirits of the class. They have actually gone so far as to add to his name — Tom being his customary *cat*egory — the indomitable appellation, Hannibal.

He was introduced to the class while asleep, curled up on the doctor's desk. This was a rather daring step — without his cognizance — but he was known to be of a very amicable nature most of the time. For the reader to gain the proper understanding of this matter he must realize that the classes are held at Dr. Gamewell's home. Although there has at various times been animated discussion concerning it, the cat has not yet been brought to school. It was remembered that revolutions were bad enough with only humans participating. It would perhaps be bad policy to bring him hither without determining just how far his tastes lay in the classical direction. At all events, it was darkly hinted that Mary's little lamb's trip to school might be violently thrown into the shade.

Dr. Gamewell also seriously informed us that this feline was no fancy cat — just the plain old alley variety. It seems that he has, however, quite a taste for night life, as he is said to frolic all night.

The Latin class, none the less, holds out high hopes for a revival of his interest in classic lore, but he listens passively with both eyes closed and one ear meaningly drawn back. Usually, having endured about thirty minutes of the class, he stretches himself, yawns, and "takes a walk."

EXCHANGE

THE February number of *The Winthrop Journal* is a very competent issue. The make-up is good, and the illustrations brighten the blank appearance of the pages. The story "Juliet Grew Fat" touches an engaging note of light comedy. We like the realism of Remer Linley's mountaineers in "Up Hog-Back Way," but we don't believe that Jess would have fainted because Cynthia was going away. "Swan," by Doris Fennell, is a well-done sketch of a pathetic character. We may be obtuse, but the point of "Kaleidoscope" completely escaped us. Winthrop's poets are excellent in this issue. We liked especially Emily Harrison's "A Dream Sprang Away," "Wonder," Caroline Hodges' "Sonnet" and "Naiveté," by Evelyn Brock.

The Concept for February is again contains well-rounded contributions. "The Skipper Missed His Mark," a story by Katherine McKinnon, is melodramatic and lengthy, but interesting. We enjoyed immensely Emily Ball's illuminating and appreciative essay on the poet Elinor Wylie. "Fragment of the Past," by Betty Miller, is rather too sentimental, as is "The Cadet Chapel at West Point," by Mildred Williams. Grace Beacham's sketch, "The Captain Was a Trader," is very well done. Of the poetry, we liked best Mary Reed Crook's "Song at Midnight," Frances Poole's "Day Taken," and "A Mill President to His Wife," by Virginia Rector. Miss Huger's illustrations do much to make the magazine attractive.

SOUTH CAROLINA SOLONS

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reflects. Our lawmakers have again turned aside from serious business to make asses of themselves as they did last spring. The petty resolution they have passed shows that they are still facing the dead past and not the living future. Our State must sooner or later come to grips with the present and become a State which has forgotten an unimportant past and one which remembers an eventful present.

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to the lakeside. He estimated the number of swans on the lake as a possible two hundred. He thought that, out of that number, certainly, within a short time, one must become sick and die. He spent the entire day watching them. He was impressed by their grace and beauty as they idly waded in the shallows near the shore, plucked at the tall grasses along the water's edge, or lazily picked their plumes in the warm sunshine. Day after day he came, watching from early morning to late evening the silent birds, always hoping that one might break his silence and give him the song for which he was waiting. The flowers of May bloomed into June, and the breezes of July scattered their seeds along the lake. The grasses grew tall, and from them came the nestlings of the great white birds, to float with their inherent ease after their parents. M. de—— watched the nestlings feather and grow into the tender grace of youth. Time passed slowly for him, and his impatience increased daily.

One day, as M. de——— was idling away the hours near the lake with a book in which he could not interest himself, his physician approached him, having felt concern for his health and followed him there.

"You must," said the doctor at length, "you must give up this foolish idea and lead a normal life. This exposure will eventually affect your heart, which, you know, is dangerously weak now."

"Yes, I know," answered M. de——— impatiently, "but I can't give up now. I must wait. One of them will die soon — one of them must. The name of M. de——— must not be forgotten."

Impatiently he dismissed the physician, yet his warning remained with him. What if he were to become ill? Then he could not work on his composition. But he could not begin work on it until he had heard this song. He must hear it. One of the birds must die, even if —

Then there came to him an idea which he at first attempted to dismiss from his mind; yet, as the day dragged wearily by, his impatience increased until he became firm in his purpose.

That evening M. de——— hastened home and hurriedly sent his valet to a nearby pharmacist. The valet returned with a small box of tablets. M. de——— took these and dissolved them in a glass of water, and into this solution he dropped a few seeds he had idly gathered by the lakeside. He put aside the glass, carefully washed his hands, and retired, passing the night in nervous dreams.

M. de——— arose earlier than was his custom. He carefully drained the solution from the glass, emptied the seeds on a paper, which he folded over them. He put this packet in his pocket, placed a quantity of paper on his desk, and removed from its case one of his best violins. Having done this, he set out rapidly for the lake.

The mists from the lake were rising to meet the pink dawn of the mid-summer morning. In the distance, a solitary church bell was calling the faithful to six o'clock mass. A pheasant fluttered noisily from the path, setting up a chatter among the smaller birds roosting in the dew-laden shrubbery.

M. de——— hurried to a clearing near the water's edge where he had seen the swans feeding frequently in the early morning. He scattered the seeds from the packet about the clearing and hastily withdrew to his favorite seat. Nervously he waited for the swans to come forth. With the rising of the sun, his impatience grew; but soon a rustling in the shrubbery told him he had but a little while to wait.

Stretching his fleecy wings as he came, a great white swan came slowly from the undergrowth. Slowly he approached the water's edge, lazily picking himself. And then he saw the scattered seeds. One by one he pecked them up, then quietly waded into the water and drifted quietly about.

M. de——— had witnessed this with beads of cold perspiration dripping from his brow. No sooner had the swan taken to the water than he rushed to where the seeds had been scattered and madly rubbed the ground with his feet, evidently in an effort to destroy any that might have remained. This accomplished, he seated himself again and waited as patiently as he could.

Other swans came, and, together with the first one, they floated about the lake, now swimming gaily, now floating slowly and quietly. As if in endless parade, they circled the lake before the eager eyes of M. de——. The day wore on. At noon the swans drifted to the cooler shades of the bank and slept, their heads tucked under their wings. As the sun rode toward the west, the birds sought the opposite shore of the lake. Even at the distance, M. de——— kept his eyes riveted on the one he had watched throughout the day. Late in the afternoon he saw one leave the flock and start toward him. It was the mate of the one that had eaten the seeds. She came to the bank and quietly climbed to the nest from which had recently gone her summer's brood. She settled herself on it and turned her head toward the lake.

Then came her mate. The sun was just sinking, and the brilliant hues of the western sky were reflected in the deep blue of the quiet water. There was no sign of a breeze, for not a ripple disturbed the peace of the surface of the lake, and not a leaf moved on its shore. The only movement in the scene was that of the great white swan as he drifted majestically toward the shore and his mate. As he moved, his head sank lower, his slender neck arching gracefully, until his head al-

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A Barber's Chair

By EDGAR BRADDY

FROM my firmly rooted position I watch the flow of humanity surge along the sidewalk outside. Bottles of "Tangleweed Hair Restorer," massage cream, and various colored vials of hair tonic line the wall, reflecting their different shades and hues in the long mirror which bands the interior. I stand at the head of a row of six mute iron beings as myself. I wonder if they feel as I do, but who will break the silence? Clinging high on the wall, the old clock, as if under a strain after all these years, laboriously swings its pendulum back and forth — tick . . . tock . . . tick . . . tock. Sunlight floods in through the plate glass front window, the letters, "Pete's Barber Shop," casting long odd shadows on the paint-worn floor. The door swings open and in troop Pete, Snip, and the other barbers. "Pretty day for business," sings out Snip as he blows away the dust that has accumulated on his bottles of compounds and gives me a brisk rub-down with an old towel. "Reminds me of the 'day' I spent in a Chinese barber shop during my vacation, waiting for a shave. I just sat there and watched that 'Chinese Clipper' take off. Good morning, Jim. Have a seat."

My first customer of the day. How many others I have served in time past! My fittings are worn and shaken from the use of innumerable kinds of individuals: old men whose seared faces bear the deep imprint of time, lines reaching and clutching their very hearts; young boys flushed with the excitement and rosy appearance of life; care-worn working girls who have become human machines, parts of an industry, whose sole god is gold; and rosy-cheeked little tots just out of rompers. Time changes people, but I remain the same. . . . "Shampoo?" inquires Snip in his flow of talk.

Before an answer could be given there was a sputter and whir of metal. The old clock, giving a last slow swing of the pendulum, seemed to sigh and give up its ghost. "Well, canna you beat that! After all this a-time, she's a-gotta stop," wailed Pete. "My 'Acropolis' will no seem right with a new clock." With a mournful look in his eyes, Pete continues to dab on shaving suds. I, too, will miss my never-before-silent companion.

Time flies and day draws to a close. Scissors and razors are put in their appointed places, today's profits counted with a jingle of coin, and a key turns in the lock, marking the end of another day. Tomorrow will soon come, but it will be just another number on the calendar to many. Each day bears a different numeral under certain divisions; three hundred and sixty-five numerals make a year. Men work, write, and live by numbers. Think! Doesn't each day — filled with opportunities, joys, sorrors, thoughts, and ideas mean more than just a square on the calendar? Funny creatures, these humans are.

Now darkness thickens and objects around me take on vague shapes, pierced in places by dim shafts of light falling from the corner street lamp. It is so very quiet now that the clock on the wall has stopped its eternal "tick-tocking." Here I wait, a dead soul, to live again tomorrow when I play a part in the service of the Money God. What's that? A shadow glides across the floor; a flash of light penetrates the darkness. There is some one at the door. A rattling of the lock, retreating footsteps, and things are quiet as before. Only the night watchman disturbs my silent rent.

Song In the Wind

When the wind of a coming gale blew strong
  In the sails of my sturdy boat,
I would throw my voice to the wind in song,
  And I failed to blush if I sang the wrong note.

For my thoughts on words and the sense did dote
  And the tune was the least of my cares
When the wind of a coming gale blew strong
  In the sails of my sturdy boat.

— *Kenneth Herbert.*

Invocation

By VIRGIL WARD

Would to God every man had a Great Stone Face to mould and shape his character; to guide him through the stress, the turmoil of an increasingly wearisome world; to wreak of weakness, strength — of drabness, beauty — of restlessness, content. Grant, Almighty God, a tiny thread of purple color to weave some unity into these limitless fragments of consciousness, basely named "of Thee." Make of life a pointed arrow, aimed at a scarlet target. A target, God, that could be called — O Consummate Power of Welled Emotion, O Majestic, Infinite Thing, Creator — that could be called, that we might feel, that we might know to be, A PURPOSE.

Were that Beauty alone of God possessed was. O but that of humiliating judgment might we spared be. "That is not Beauty. Yes, approach, but Beauty itself yet is lacking." Strive, man, little creature thwarted before beginning, strive to create the beautiful — then fall exhausted. God, had you only made an Angel of Sibellius! Then might we listen to His swelling harmonies, then might we move to His impelling strains, and know that they were Beauty. God, could You not suffer Christ to walk on earth again, that we might know what Beauty means?

I love, you love, he loves — the whole human family loves. Consummate love dissolves the blackness that holds man from his image perfected. Only in the firm white breasts of love may virtue exist. All moving passion burns our bodies, wastes our energies, wrecks destruction of creation. Give us more. Make us drunk. Have us live these lives not knowing, not caring, not feeling. Cruel fate that breathes the breath of life in man, creates love, desire; leaves the two, the perfect, the good, the erring, the bad in eternal wrangle. Curse the fates, damn the whole creation. Toss man. Toss God in one infuriated storm. Gore them, rip them, tear the bloody limbs from every damned body. Then stop! And gaze in gloom on wreckage never meant, never planned by Him who made it all. Now love. He wants love. You've got to love.

O God, if you had not given us consciousness, our lives could then be things of beauty. Of stupid, listless, insipid beauty, yes, but still of beauty. Must now we disembody these our personalities, vainly searching without hope, trying to feel, to bear the pains of those whose pains cannot be borne? Can we but at Your feet, not at ours, lay the detriment of beauty? Why pain? Why the senseless check on pleasure? You, God, make us run in circles. You stuff our consciousness with pleasure. You wrack our senses with pain. Will You never let Infinity have its play? Will you never give it pleasure to ride and ride with giddy speed into enveloping arms — Cessation, End, Nothingness? Bury Consciousness, God. You owe it to us.

When we speak to Thee, "God, Our Father, O hallowed be Thy name," may we know to whom we speak? May we feel Thy majesty within us, bursting forth arrayed in Goodness? May we gaze upon Thy Work and see and know and feel; live and breathe Thy substance? Or — hideous thought — can it be that we are doomed to seek Thee, cry for Thee, waste away our souls in despair for Thee, and yet remain in want? Miserable wretches, were we but born to sate a gruesome, frustrate Greed? God of love, God of infinite mercy, God of compassion — frame our hearts with understanding; give us knowledge as to whom we are, why we are, and why we are evermore to be!

Your Garden

This is your garden —
It is blooming now —
And all the white-hooded Madona lilies
Standing by the larkspur sea
Keep asking, "Where is she?"
I wonder —

This is your garden —
And I see you planting it —
Kneeling in the cool earth
And running your hands through the cool.
I laughed at the smudge on your cheek,
But you did not mind.

This is your garden.
You, yearning for beauty all about you —
You, striving to make that beauty true —
You, like the seed, if nourished
Would have burst into beautiful bloom —
But I did not understand.

This is your garden —
It is blooming now —
And all the white-hooded Madona lilies
Standing by the larkspur sea
Keep asking, "Where is she?"
I wonder —

—G. E. King.

Anatole France, a Typical French Genius

By ALBERT LANCASTER

THERE has been no figure in the world's literature quite like Anatole France—the epitome of "l'esprit francais" at its best. Born Jacques-Anatole Thibault in 1844, he was brought up in the shade of his father's old bookshop in the ancient Latin Quarter of Paris, on the Quai Malaquais just opposite the Louvre. The story of his early days in the musty old bookshop, browsing among his father's dog-eared and yellowed volumes, he has beautifully told in *Le Livre de mon ami, Pierre Nozière, Le Petit Pierre* and *La Vie en Fleur.*

Every circumstance of this childhood life conspired to make him an artist, scholar, and philosopher. In his own words, he spent his time "passing from book to book like bees among the flowers, while the indifferent pendulum of the clock kept chopping off the seconds of life calmly and precisely." As a pupil in school he was lazy and indifferent, but in the streets of the Latin Quarter he learned much more. "Of all the schools I ever went to, Dr. Truant's was the one in which I got on best and learned the most." Visits to the nearby Zoological Gardens and the Louvre early in life further broadened his horizons.

Francois Noël Thibault, the bookseller father of Jacques, was a pious Catholic and an ardent Royalist. He taught his son the traditional faith and the royalist creed so thoroughly that their effects lasted fifty years. But how could France adhere to these traditions when at hand there were so many heretical Greek and Roman books, and just across the street, the Louvre, full of pagan art and statuary? Indeed, it was the pagan atmosphere that France so completely absorbed from these influences that later undermined his faith in Catholicism and his conservative political views.

Like Renan, he went to a Jesuit school—the College Stanislas. There he enjoyed the quiet life, but he did not like weekly confession, because he had no sins to confess. A crucial moment in his life arose when he had to choose between the sciences and the classics. He chose the classics, but later he studied Darwin and Spencer for himself, became intensely interested in science, and learned something of physics, astronomy, geology, and anthropology. France grew to intellectual maturity just after the time of the Franco-Prussian War, when philosophies of disillusion expressed the reigning pessimism over defeat by the Germans. Taine's determinism and Renan's skepticism were popular and greatly influenced France's ideas. However, France, amid his browsing, had imbued himself with the mockery and sarcasm of Voltaire and the jovial raillery and belly-laughter of Rabelais.

After graduation from the College Stanislas, he did hack work editing and reading for the publishing firm of Lemerre. In 1876 he was appointed librarian of the French Senate. This position gave him opportunity again to browse among the books he loved. The tendency to read thus continued throughout his life and brought him a varied and miscellaneous store of learning. In fact, in his literary criticisms for the newspaper *Le Temps* and in the volume, *Le Jardin d'Epicure,* his method of criticism is that of a dilettante, an impressionist who, with unerring good taste alone as guide, records "the adventures of the soul among masterpieces."

By temperament, France was sluggish and idle, and except for urging and prodding by Mme. Arman de Caillavet, his literary godmother, might have written very little. His first two works were unimportant volumes of poetry written under the influence of the Parnassian group. Then came *Jocaste et le Chat maigre,* two unimportant short stories, *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* and *Le Livre de mon ami.* These books came in France's first period of conservatism from 1873 to 1890. With the publication of *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* in 1881, the reputation of France was made, for the book was crowned by the French Academy. The story, sentimental and naively charming, tells how an old and honored scholar living alone adopts the daughter of his boyhood sweetheart, rears her, and after a lifetime of collecting valuable old books, sells them to provide her with a dowry.

From such sentimental and placid writing, which he later affected to scorn, France turned in 1890 to his period of skepticism and epicureanism with the publication of *Thais.* Paphnutius, a hermit monk of the desert, resolves to convert the beautiful Alexandrian courtesan, Thais, who pretends at first to despise his lashing sermons. Yet, the more the monk denounces and pleads with her, the more Thais secretly longs for a chaste life; and the more Paphnutius preaches, the more he comes under the spell of Thais' sensuous beauty. At last Thais surrenders, becomes a nun. The monk retires to his cell in the desert, but is so tormented by sensual visions of her loveliness that he forces his way into the convent to persuade Thais to flee with him. He finds her surrounded by the nuns, dying a saintly death. Terrified by this conquest of body over soul, the sisters of the convent drive Paphnutius out into the desert. Thus, as is usual in the works of France, the pagan spirit is victorious over the

Christian. As he remarks, "Beauty is the most powerful force in the world."

In 1893, with the appearance of *La Rotisserie de la reine Pédauque* and *Les Opinions de M. Jérome Coignard,* France created one of the most famous figures of all French literature, Abbé Jerome Coignard, who "tenderly despised men." A witty, skeptical philosopher, he is torn between sensual love for the ravishing young Jewess, Jaël, and his intellectual love for old manuscripts. The former wins and the Abbé's eventful career is brought to an end when he is stabbed to death by Mosaide in a quarrel over Jaël. The lovable Abbé is really Anatole France himself transformed for purposes of the story. Although Coignard is frankly sensual and skeptical, one cannot but regard him as a sort of French Falstaff and be swayed by his subtle wit and scholarly learning. These books of the author's epicurean period and *L'Etui de nacre, Le Lys rouge* and *Le Puits de Sainte Claire* present pagan and skeptic philosophies perhaps more subtly, gracefully and beautifully than those of any other author. In them, France distills the essence of his deep classical learning and the beauty that he has seen and felt.

Yet, France did not stop at this stage of his development. A long life was his salvation. At an age in which most men have become hidebound conservatives, he became an ardent socialist. In 1895 the Dreyfus case split all of France into two hostile camps. The morning after Zola had written his "J'accuse" letter, the name of Anatole France was found on the *Protestation des Intellectuels* supporting Zola. This, after France had been a bitter critic and enemy of Zola! These violent socialistic beliefs France put into the mouth of his famous character, M. Bergeret, in the four volumes of his *Histoire Contemporaine* appearing from 1897 to 1901. M. Bergeret changes in the course of the story from an easy-going conservative to an eager rebel against the established social order. Then in 1904 appeared *Crainquebille,* the story of an innocent pedlar, like Dreyfus a victim of social prejudice, and in 1908, *L'Ile des pingouins,* an allegorical and satirical history of the French nation. *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc,* a rationalistic account of Joan of Arc, the great symbol of religious patriotism to the French nation, and *La Révolte des anges,* an anti-religious defense of revolutions, followed in 1908 and 1914.

When the World War broke out, France, although seventy years old, volunteered for service. While he still adhered to his radical opinions, his love for his native land inspired him to write *Sur la voie glorieuse,* patriotic articles. After the Treaty of Versailles, the post-war hatred and intense militaristic nationalism caused him to join the Communist party. On being awarded the Nobel prize in 1921, he returned home to find that the French Academy had abandoned its plans for giving him a reception on account of his new loyalties. Yet, France lived on undismayed, writing nostalgic reminiscences of his happy boyhood days until he died October 12, 1924. At his funeral (the largest in Paris since Victor Hugo's), thousands lined the streets of Paris several deep to watch his body pass.

Many derogatory things can be said of Anatole France. He lacked true creative ability. Most of his works are semi-autobiographical, informal, disconnected musings of the author. In all of his socialistic writings, he proposed no practical political or social reform. Yet he remains an astute critic of the society of his times. The subtle, sensuous beauty of his style and language is unsurpassable. In every way, Anatole France typifies the highest qualities of the French mind—subtle wit, deep erudition, broad and loving tolerance, devotion and sensitivity to beauty, love for his native Paris and France, keen satire, and the logical clarity of his ideas.

Purpose

When I consider what this world's life could be;—
That God in all His wisdom did create
Man like Himself,—his life to dedicate
To seeking truth, which ever makes him free;
Then taught him pride and meek humility;
And gave him love to conquer deadening hate;
Surpassing these, He bade him cultivate
A growing passion for the quality
Of unstrained mercy. On this simple base,
But not so simple as at first it seems,
He bade man build a universal Peace;
And wrap the world in love that knows no race
Distinction,—holding each in like esteem,—
I strive to reach that goal, and find nor cease.

—*Kenneth Herbert.*

Revenge

By E. M. LANDER, JR.

TEN long, weary years—yes, for a decade he had been shut away from the outside world in this madhouse. The very prime of his life had been wasted, wasted away in this dreary prison — a thought that had inflamed him with a burning desire for revenge, the deeply-rooted yearning to see the one who had lied in court and caused his ruin cringe in fear and proclaim to the outside world that J. Arthur McCombs was guilty and not Michael Pinelli, the broken victim of a dastardly frame-up. J. Arthur McCombs had stood on the witness stand and sworn falsely against the young clerk testimony that sent him away to a dull, gray prison, to spend ten years of his early manhood behind shameful bars for a grand larceny charge of which he was completely innocent.

Mike sat on the hard bench, smoking a cigarette butt so short that the fire almost scorched his lips at every draw. His cell-mate was fitfully trying to sleep in the lower bunk in the far corner of the barred cage. Mike was broken in body and mind. Cell life and prison work had robbed him of his youth and vitality. He no longer cared to clear his name and start life anew—no, he did want to clear his name, but only to show society that it had been wrong in condemning him ten years before.

Yes, J. Arthur McCombs was a murderer—a *murderer!* Mike wanted to get out and shout so that all the world could know it. All he had heard since that bleak January day was the monotonous shuffle of marching convicts' feet as they listlessly tramped to and from work, from their bare cages to the large mess hall and back again. The guards' shrill whistles were beginning to set his nerves on edge. If he looked out of his window he saw only the tall, gray stone walls surrounding the prison.

He dropped the burning cigarette stub on the paved floor and gingerly mashed it with a twist of his heel, snuffing out its life as he imagined he would snuff out J. Arthur McCombs' life. A cynical smile distorted his features as he went through the slow process of grinding the cigarette ashes and unburnt remains of tobacco into the concrete. Mike arose and began to pace sullenly back and forth in his cell like a caged beast. He talked very little—so little that his cell-mate could not interest him in a bit of decent conversation. His silent sulking kept his cell-mate in a bad humor. While he paced back and forth he was planning, planning, just planning for one little act when he was to gain his freedom — revenge. He bore ill-will against the world, he had a grudge against society for believing the "tommy-rot" trumped up against him and for sending him to a living hell. A half-snarl broke upon his face as his tormented mind was contemplating the inward satisfaction that would be his should he ever have McCombs at his mercy, on his knees begging for life.

His scraping feet walking back and forth over the hard floor aroused the dozing man, who mumbled an oath and sat up in his bunk, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

"Mike!" he growled, "why don'tcha quitcha moonin' and be sorta silent while I'm tryin' to get a little shut-eye? One'd think they wuz gonna send yuh to the roaster instead o' lettin' yuh out today. What's eatin' on yuh, Mike?"

"Aw, lay off, Tom," he scowled back at the other.

"You don't seem to be very glad to git out, Mike. Yuh sick? The way yuh bin actin' lately is drivin' me nuts. Why don'tcha snap outa it?"

"No-o-o, Tom, I'm not sick, I'm not ill, and I'm glad to get out today, but won't you just leave me alone? I've got my worries, and if I don't want to talk to anyone, that's my business, so now please quit bothering me," he said in an imperative yet half-pleading voice, with his palms outstretched toward the reclining man.

Silence reigned as Tom once again tried to make himself comfortable before attempting to resume his nap. Then the guard came to take Mike away.

"All right, Pinelli, time to go."

Mike arose from the hardwood bench and started to leave as the barred door grated open. The rattling of keys, the clanging of the iron door, again awoke Tom, who glanced up to see the fellow occupant of his cell about to depart. Without getting up, he spoke out, "Bye, Mike; I'll be seein' yuh."

Mike slowly turned around and looked down upon the grinning Tom and solemnly answered, "So long, Tom." But he was thinking to himself, "Yeah, you'll be seein' me, at least you'll read about me, because the newspapers are going to *have* some news before I get through."

The guard accompanied him through a locked door into a room where he was given a new outfit of clothing. From thence he was taken to the warden's office. The warden, stern and grey-haired, ceased his work as Mike entered and drew up in front of his desk, cluttered with papers and writing material.

"Pinelli," the warden began in his usual gruff voice, leaning back in his easy chair, "you've been a fairly good prisoner until the latter part of your stretch. You sulk too much—you appear to be angry with everyone, and I warn you for your own good you'd better leave

that chip here in the prison before you pass out of these gates. Society won't tolerate you as long as you take the attitude you're now taking. Here's ten dollars to start you off, and if you'll call at this address I think you will find a job," the warden continued, handing him a crisp new bill and a small white card. "Goodbye, and good luck."

He arose from his chair and extended his hand toward Mike, who took it. "So long, Warden; thanks." He turned and hastily made his exit from the hated penitentiary.

At first he felt out of place outside the prison walls, but soon he lost himself in the bustle of the city and almost forgot the prison. He entered a restaurant and was served real steak and potatoes once more. For a moment his evil forebodings were turned aside, but the thirst for revenge soon filled his veins again. He decided to buy a ticket to Dover, his old home town, and attend to his personal grudge before calling at the address on the card in his pocket. Mike caught the next westbound train for Dover.

The engine pulled up into a large new station at Dover, and Mike descended to have a large industrial town greet his eyes instead of the small factory village that he once knew. It was like the return of Rip Van Winkle. Everyone was strange. He recognized no one; no one knew him, for which he was thankful. He wandered aimlessly through the wide streets and down the main thoroughfares, looking for familiar spots. Few were left, as nearly all the old buildings had been torn down and replaced by modern structures in this fast-growing city. In the course of an hour's roaming through the business section, Mike did recognize a few old faces, but none recognized him, so much had he changed in ten years. Mike was worried a wee bit. Perhaps J. Arthur McCombs no longer lived here—maybe he was dead. He inquired, and the third passer-by informed him where he lived. He breathed a sigh of relief. Soon he would have his chance.

Mike strolled down the boulevard until he came to the residential section of the most fashionable society of the town. J. Arthur McCombs' home was in this section—it was just short of being a mansion. Doubtless McCombs had risen to a place of high social position and had accumulated much wealth in the past decade. His beautiful dwelling was situated squarely facing the boulevard, which ran north and south. The house was on the right-hand side going south toward the business district of the town. Surrounded by small evergreens, flowering shrubbery, and a well-kept lawn stretching forth from all sides, the large white dwelling with its marble columns along the front porch was a thing of beauty. A driveway entered upon either side of the front yard and formed a semi-circle, passing before the front steps in colonial style.

As Mike stood at some distance gazing at the neatly kept building, a man emerged from the front door and walked down the stone steps with the aid of a walking-cane. A limousine drew up before the steps, and the old man was hurried away down-town in the shining automobile, driven by a uniformed chauffeur. It was J. Arthur McCombs.

When darkness crept over the city, Mike set out to look over the layout. Late that evening he cautiously slipped across the grass and noiselessly wove his way among the shrubbery fringing the porch. He peered over the banister rail into the side parlor window. McCombs was not there, although some of the other members of the family were gathered around a radio, attentively listening. Mike ventured around to the other side of the large house. Only one light was burning on this side. He peeped over the rail, and there sat J. Arthur McCombs at his desk in his study. For the first time in years he was able to look upon that face. The curtains were drawn back, the window was up, and the shade rolled up; thus, nothing obstructed his sight of the hated figure. He watched the elderly man at work, bent over a large mahogany desk. A small French door opened upon the veranda. McCombs' desk was so situated that his back was partly turned toward the door. Apparently looking for something, McCombs got up and walked around the room several times. Mike was able to get a better view of him now. He was a little stooped, and his face lined with wrinkles. A shining bald spot glistened on the top of his head, once thickly covered with a mass of wavy brown hair. Fatigue and worry were boldly written upon his dull countenance. Mike figured that the depression had hit J. Arthur McCombs just as it had struck others—financial worry, no doubt, was displayed upon his face. McCombs in his middle sixties looked haggard. He did not seem the robust and healthy man Mike had known years before. He had become fat, and slow in his movements—too much easy life, Mike reckoned. But tonight was not the night. Mike had to make a more careful study of the house and those therein. No intruder must interrupt when he should appear before McCombs. Within a week, he figured, he would be ready to strike.

The appointed evening came! Darkness had rapidly closed in, and the lights in the miniature mansion had been turned on. McCombs was in his study alone, as usual, but Mike had to wait until a later hour. He stole across the side yard and concealed himself in the flower bushes at a place where he could see through the window of the study. He eagerly awaited the proper moment. At eleven, the family would retire, and at twelve McCombs would follow. The logical time would be at a quarter of twelve. The others would be asleep by then. He felt his revolver at least a dozen times to make sure it was still in his inside coat pocket. He grew restless as his hand itched ner-

vously to get hold of the old man's fat neck. How old McCombs would cower and beg for mercy! He would do anything to have his dissipated life spared for a few more years. Mike could already see in his mind the beads of cold sweat bursting from the pores of that fat, flabby face. Tonight his long-hoped-for revenge would be complete! He was trembling all over from the nervous tension the anxious waiting produced.

One by one the lights in the big house went out. Mike arose from his crouched position to make sure that no one was loitering along the boulevard. The time was right—he tiptoed up the side steps onto the piazza. He looked nervously in every direction. Everything was ideal; he even had a silencer for his pistol. He crept to the open French door and peered in. McCombs was writing a note. He signed his name and folded the paper. A board creaked slightly under the marauder's foot. McCombs slowly turned around toward the door, but Mike was already crouched behind a small book-case in the darker portion of the room near the entrance. Mike started to rise and play his hand at that moment, but he hesitated to see what McCombs was about to do. His heart almost ceased to beat as the old man carefully scrutinized every detail of the room. Slowly he arose from his chair and approached the mantelpiece. From behind a picture he drew a revolver. Mike's heart stopped and dropped into his stomach. McCombs was placing the barrel against his head, and before Mike knew what had happened a sharp report followed. McCombs crumpled to the floor, the pistol clattering on the hearth. Mike, horrified, took one look at the prone body—J. Arthur McCombs, who was dead. Frantic desire to flee seized him, as he heard footsteps approaching. He rushed out upon the porch, hurried down the steps, and ran across the lawn. A flashlight and shout intercepted him from the street. He scrambled over the side fence and disappeared into the darkness. The officer followed him no farther than the fence.

Early the next moring two detectives brought the frightened man into the police station. After an intense drilling, Mike was thrown in a cell. Morgan positively identified him as the man leaving the McCombs residence the night before. So the down-trodden Mike was in jail with a murder rap pinned onto him. The jailer threw him a newspaper.

"There, wise guy, read about your killing last night —front page."

Mike unfolded the paper and began to read about J. Arthur McCombs' murder. What was that? He started—a look of bewilderment swept his face—the paper read thus near the bottom:

"Pinelli's crime would have been perfect had not Officer Morgan been standing less than a hundred yards from the McCombs residence when the pistol was fired. He saw Pinelli at close quarters, running across the yard. This was the only clue. The ex-convict had wrung a fake confession from McCombs and would have made the crime appear a clear case of suicide had he not been seen. The note read:

"'My Dear Wife:

"'I am tired of living, my health is failing, and my business is about to go on the rocks. But there is one last thing that I feel I must do. I am confessing to a crime that ten years ago sent Michael Pinelli, an innocent man, to prison. It was I, not Pinelli, who stole the payroll. Please look him up and try to amend the great wrong I have done him. May he forgive me.

Love, Arthur.'"

"The crime—" Mike read no further. His head grew light. He slumped down unconscious on his bunk.

Song of the Plow

Rising at morn with the break of the dawn,
Eating his breakfast in dim morning light,
Milking the cows ere the night shades are gone,
Tilling the soil when the sunshine is bright;
So goes he who hears the song of the plow.

Sweating and toiling in late morning sun,
Turning the furrows precisely and straight,
Thinks not of stopping 'till duty is done;
Pausing at noon but to rest and to eat;
Labors the man with his song of the plow.

On through the long afternoon still he goes,
Happy and singing in spite of the task
Most men would fear, because he alone knows
Happiness comes in the end, if you'll ask,
Wait till you hear the sweet song of the plow.

Late in the day when the night-time comes on,
Homeward he heads 'cross the broad, gleaming fields;
Sits down to eat with the red, setting sun;
Goes to his rest, which the Harvester yields
All men who follow the song of the plow.

—*Sheldon M. Dannelly.*

Outpost!

By W. H. GLADDEN

WE were two. There had been more of us, but they were gone. The outpost had been shelled intermittently all day, but they couldn't seem to get our number. There had been eight of us. Two were killed because they didn't duck soon enough when one of Heine's "155's" hit just by the edge of our crater. It almost got us all. One was killed by snipers when he tried to make contact with field headquarters, and the other three were victims of an unsuccessful raid on our nest. A detachment of Germans, led by a hulking "feldwebel," rushed us and were mowed down by our M. G., however not before having thrown the grenade that did the damage. We were only two — two out of eight — eight who had been and two who still were almost surrounded by the enemy in his counter-advance during the night. What would they do to get us out? I didn't know.

Johnny was hurt pretty badly — splinter from that grenade in his side. I was not wounded, but I was tired, mighty tired, and sort o' sick. I was afraid I might pass out. Water almost gone . . . Johnny was leaning with his back against the wall of the shell crater which formed the protection that our M. G. outpost afforded. There was nothing to do but wait until they rushed us again — then it would probably be curtains! Gawd, it was horrible! We just knew that we would be plowed under by the force of the next raid, the raid that we hoped would not come, and we didn't know how long we had to live. We figgered that they would come just after dark. . . . Johnny was in a talkative mood despite his wound, which was then stiffened and consequently painful. He began mumbling: "Why in the hell don't they send somebody over here to relieve us. They might know that we were pretty near fagged out, the way the Boche are tryin' to get rid of us! D'ya hear that damned German bellowin' out there — hollerin' for water? That's too bad. I'd sure hate to have a belly full of M. G. slugs like he has, poor devil. . . . Wonder how many's left in our platoon? Not many — I guess. Never is after this much fighting. I know — 'cause this is my fifth time up. That long advance yesterday probably thinned 'em out. Did ya see what happened to Jones yesterday? He was right by me when we went over the top. He went West, I guess. He allus wuz afraid of that. Davy Brown caught a sliver of a shell in his chest — nearly got me — got Captain Wright, too. He went down with his arm only hanging by a piece of muscle, tendon, or suthin'. Bill Gallagher got it just as we entered the trench. He was carryin' the "chant-chant," ya know. I stuck that damned Hun that got him. . . . I guess that most of them that were there when we were sent out to this hell-hole are still there. A shell might-a got them, though, or some might-a got beaned by those damned snipers. They're too good for me! . . . I wish that damned German would shut up out there. He's drivin' me nuts! . . . What wouldn't I give for some *cognac* and a mam'selle. . . . Damn! War — war sure — is — hell! I wish there was suthin' we could do about these guys lyin' around here. I could put up with 'em if they was Boche, but — nuts! That grayish-blue color of their skin don't make me feel so healthy. Just wait till those damned Boche rush us again — I'll get even! Got plenty of ammo — no eats. Wish the relief would come. Too risky, I guess. That German M. G. in that patch of woods and those blasted snipers wouldn't let a single man get through, much less a whole squad. . . . I wish we had Thompson here. He could sure handle a M. G. I saw him go down with half his head gone — it was pretty horrible — seen worse, though. You remember when we rushed the Boche just outside of Chartveau? . . . Oh, I forgot this was your first time up. Whad' ya' care whether you get it this time or not? Today or tomorrow? I don't. . . . Well, as I was sayin' — we was rushin' their trench and just as we jumped in on 'em, I saw a Yank lock bayonets with a German and pull the trigger — slug went up through his chin and took off the whole top of his head, helmet and all. Like when we were. . . .

I closed my eyes and turned my head away. All this was making me feel sick — the stench of the blood, the cold, sightless eyes of my comrades, and that poor devil wailing just over the edge of the crater. I didn't know what we were fighting about. It all seemed so horrible, killing men against whom we had no grudge except that they wore grey uniforms with awkward coal-bucket helmets. A grey uniform affected us like red affects a bull. An uncontrollable anger arose in us and we had the desire to kill—kill—kill! I thought of what my conception of war was when I was working as a grocery clerk back in the States. Over there the war was something romantic. War meant the chance to be a hero! The staccato beat of the drums, the blare of bugles, the cheers of the crowd as the parade passed, the measured tread of marching feet, the shining brass buttons, the neatly pressed uni-

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SONG OF

By PET

Four years — happy, sad, glorious years on this college campus — years almost gone — years never to be forgotten — four years of experiences, triumphs and defeats — and I remember them.

The college, yes — the sinking feeling when I first saw it — and how timid and ignorant I was — even afraid, but determined and ambitious. I remember those first fearful weeks of inferiority and those weeks of longing for home.

All right, over the chair there, freshman. What's my name?

I remember being shy and afraid to admit it.

And I remember glorying in the loss of individuality and becoming part of the class and the college — the first friends I made and the pride in being able to say, "Oh, I'm just one of the boys."

I remember the college — the Friday night society meetings — the classes and the professors — how we joked and laughed at them, knowing all the while that they were MEN.

And I remember the dormitories — kicking against the food — and throwing bottles down the hall and hiding from the executive committee. Then the nightly "bull" sessions, full of adolescent philosophy. Yes, I remember and I loved it all, for I was a part of it.

And all this was a process of development — we were free to choose our way.

I remember the holidays — the trains and busses carrying me home, rushing through the little towns and shoving through the cities. And I remember strange faces that I never saw before, and will never see again.

I remember the trip back — returning to school — sometimes sorry, more often glad.

And I remember the pride in possessing a uniform and knowing that it stood for something bigger than any of us who cussed the wool shirts. And I remember stiff fingers when we drilled in the snow — and I remember hot parades, sizzling inspections, and the strong thrill of marching to band music.

I remember a summer of army life in Alabama — long days learning to be officers under a broiling sun — and cool nights, sleeping under the stars in a close heaven.

At Ease!

And I remember four Springs — each one bringing a greener and more beautiful campus — the Main Building drawing on a dress of ivy to cover her winter nakedness — and two sturdy towers rising above the green into the blue sky — masters and surveyors of a world of learning.

When the sophomore asked "Wonder how long it will stand?" — the senior answered, "Forever."

Yes, I remember it all — the quiet of the library — the din of the dining room — the solemness of the "Y" meetings — and the boisterousness of a student body meet — and I remember the inspiration of that week each year when a churchman came and talked with us . . .

And I remember poker games that lasted from dark 'til dawn — and the sleepy, dull morning-after in class.

And I remember football and track — and the tingling nervousness before competition — I remember the difference between doing your best and loafing.

"Where's the school spirit on this campus?" asked a student from another school — and we knew he was wrong, but didn't know how to answer.

URSELVES

DODY

There's much to remember, but I forget none of it — the bell ringing after basketball games — the glory of victory and the despair of defeat. The glee club's stops in small towns — the concerts — and the girls we met.

Yes, I remember all sorts of girls — blondes, brunettes, and even one red-head — girls at dances, cool sweet girls in the warm moonlight — girls on the train going home — girls in organdie and girls in furs — some pretty, some ugly, some wise and some innocent. Yes — all sorts of girls, and I remember them.

And what does your textbook say about that?

And I remember the summers — long, hot working days — days when I wanted school to start and days that I hoped would never end — summers full of fun, and work and gaiety — and through it all, the glad assurance "that I'll be back when the college reopens."

Sure, I remember the campus politicians — I was one, or tried to be —amateurs pulling big-time deals on a college campus. Yes, I remember it all — election after election and vote for vote. And I remember triumph with a teasing conscience, and I remember the stinging heartbreaking injustice of defeat.

And I remember the drunks, who, sooner or later, lost caste.

Come on, be a dead sport . . .

There is much to linger over — the hymns in chapel and the announcements — class assignments and laboratory experiments. I remember all of it and want to forget none of it.

The annual Y. M. C. A. reception will be next Saturday night. . . .

Oh, yes, the stuff was here, all right —it was ours for the taking — both learning and experience.

What is an education? Is it cheating on examinations? Who knows?

I will not forget the examinations — nights of cramming — the early sunlight creeping through the dawn to mingle with the yellow of a desk lamp — and the steaks and beers and black coffee.

I remember the Sundays — the calmness of morning church and the peace to be found in the afternoon woods.

And I remember the banquets and reception refreshments — the razor-like sharpness of a small tux collar — and I remember the songs we sang over and over again — melodies now mortgaged by memory.

Oh, I remember it all — not one moment escapes — the good and the bad stick side by side in my memory. The campus, red in the Indian summer, bare and snow-swept in the winter, green with rebirth and resurrection in the spring. Yes, memory stores it all safely together.

After the lecture, the professor said, "Any questions?" and forty mental walls echoed back, "Any answers?"

And I remember the boys — my class-mates — hundreds of personalities all tacking on the same wind — I remember the boys who have gone before us and the boys who will follow after.

And I remember their language — college boy language — "I'll warrant you" — "I loathe a liar" and — "SO WHAT?"

Yes, I remember all this and much more — I am glad I was a part of it, and I would not change one iota, not one instant, of any of it.

What are you planning to do next year?

Return Home

By VENABLE VERMONT

DR. BROWN, a middle-aged professional man, sank luxuriously into an armchair at a San Francisco club, exhaled a sigh, lighted a cigar, and picked up a newspaper. After some moments of reading, a small, insignificant-looking paragraph on the third page caught his eye:

> HONGKONG, March 29. — Dr. Charles Edward Thornton, head of the City Hospital here, dropped dead today as he stepped from the China Clipper on which he was returning from America. He was an internationally known cancer specialist, although only 32 years old.

Dr. Brown turned to a friend and exclaimed, "Say, Jim, read this! We were on the same plane from New York last week. Dr. Thornton! That's the name all right. He was telling me the story of how he happened to be in America, and why he was flying back to China. It's a strange tale:

"It seems that when Thornton got out of medical school, there was the inevitable sweetheart. He wanted to marry her then and borrow from his father to live on. She would not hear to it — wanted to become a trained nurse. Thornton got mad, and the girl, a hard-headed little devil by the name of Clara Riley, told him she was going to be a nurse and a good one. Thornton told her to graduate from college first. Swore he'd marry her when she came to her senses.

"She blew up. As the result of the quarrel, Thornton extracted a promise from his brother, Fred, to keep him posted about Clara, and jumped at a chance to interne in Hongkong.

"Chinese men suffer from cancer because they drink their tea while almost boiling, but their wives, waiting on their husbands, are not as much attacked. Thornton had a first class opportunity to study cancer and malignant growths. He had good luck in his operations, and built up a good private practice outside of his hospital work. Made quite a pile from the wealthy Chinese, I understand. He was a brilliant surgeon and rose to be head of the hospital.

"He was out there eight years. After a while it got on his nerves. He got the old urge to go home. Was planning to come home for a while this summer. His brother didn't write often, but he heard occasionally from his mother.

"Clara had made good her boast. She became a nurse, and, after a year or two of graduate work, became the head of a private sanatarium near New York City. She was plenty good.

"Well, sir, one day a little Chinese orderly handed the doctor this cablegram:

> CLARA IN NEW YORK HOSPITAL WITH CANCER STOP WILL YOU COME OPERATE
>
> SIGNED FRED

"All this time, now, the doctor had been working his head off trying to forget that girl. He took a week off every year to do a little fishing, but outside of that he didn't do anything but work. Oh, sure, he played bridge sometimes, but never when a woman was present. Clara Riley certainly soured him on women. Whew!

"Anyhow, that cablegram sent him crazy. He dropped everything, wired he was on his way, grabbed his 'med' bag, and lit out for New York on the China Clipper. No, he didn't have the luck of catching the plane on the day he got the message — she had just left. Nothing would do but the doctor charter a plane to fly to Manila and catch the Clipper there. Even tried to get the pilot to fly him to New York. No soap. He took the Clipper, and was in New York in less than ten days.

"Certainly the operation was a success. That Dr. Thornton was a whiz. Clara was out of danger in a week. He saw his mother for a week, and was on his way back to China.

"Marry her? No, he didn't. I asked him why. As we stepped from the plane here he handed me this paper with a short sardonic laugh."

Jim read:

> *Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Riley*
> *announce the marriage of their daughter*
> *Clara*
> *to*
> *Mr. Fred Thornton, Jr.*
> *Riverdale Baptist Church, Riverdale, N. Y.*
> *January 1st, 1937.*

A Page From a Writer's Notebook

By F. I. BROWNLEY

IRONY

A pitiful sight—old Cap'n Morsil. Good man in his day, best of the windjammer's men. Captain on the deep blue, reduced to skippering a decrepit four-masted former tramp on a bay run—chiefly grain, stone, non-perishables—with no regular schedule — the farmers wouldn't trust him with produce. Large shipping corporation, ever greedy as such usually are, casts envious eyes upon the old man's little business. Finally buys Morsil's mortgage from tidewater bank—decides to foreclose, and pick up the business with a stinking, new-fangled, crude-oil boat. The old man holds out as long as he can, but finally has to give in. Corporation tries to dispose of old boat, but no bidders—it's considered junk by everyone except Cap'n Morsil. Because of the old man's so apparent sentiment, the resident manager decides to give the boat to the old man to use as a home in his last days. On a Sunday the old man, with two faithful cronies, is sailing her up the bay, intending to beach her, and spend the rest of his life on her. Corporation is running a Sunday excursion—up the bay and back for a dollar. A Saturday wire has rescinded the resident manager's generous offer. Cap'n Morsil's craft is to be destroyed. Agent speeds up bay shore road, finally hires a boat, and instructs the old man to scuttle the ship. Morsil, ever faithful to his owner's orders, does so, out of the shipping lanes a quarter mile off shore. Excursion boat passes about a mile out, as Morsil rows in with his crew. Suddenly an enormous sheet of flame shoots up—the oil tank's gone—seventy-five people are too. Seven are rescued, all the Cap'n's small boat will hold. The old man never thought of telling of the company's meanness which prevented more of the people from being saved by the old four-master. It didn't occur to him—wasn't in his nature. They rewarded him though. Made him a dock watchman—where he is now, eating his heart out for the water.

ILLUSION

A struggling young architect—just out of Princeton. From a proud but impoverished Southern family, working as a draughtsman in a large and distinguished architectural firm in New York. No friends in the North, engaged to a Southern girl, and despairing of ever making enough money to bring his Louise to New York. Tall, blond, good family, fine breeding, good college, he supplemented his all-too-meager earnings by working evenings for one of the escort services finding such popularity at the time. Not a *gigolo*, he wasn't the type—too straight, too much a man. His was *the* most exclusive agency, references being required from both parties. Finally a little success in his profession, a small promotion, a fair increase in salary. Highly jubilant, wires for Louise to come at once, and dresses for evening's work. No sooner sees who is employing him for the night than he is completely disillusioned, too crushed. It was Louise.

SENTENCE DESCRIPTIONS

Ugly, not homely, but actually revolting—one whom too many took at his face value.

Cocky, cynical, conceited, moody—the junior combined the disgusting sophomore superiority with a disdainful recollection of his pre-college days when he was a better person—himself, *unaffected*.

One whom you admired for the high goal he had chosen to seek in life—until his all-too-apparent show of saintliness began to serve as a grasping hand, extended for favors.

Campus politician — scheming, threatening, cajoling, lying, breeding distrust—receiving, for every vote cast, a black mark from another recorder.

Giving unselfishly of himself, his fawning, his money, his capacious store of flattery, to make one of two marks—the second stamped indelibly upon the minds of those men near him.

From the receding chin and decaying teeth to the shifty eyes and low forehead an exceedingly accurate surmise of his education could be made—from reform school on up.

Second Meeting

By KENNETH HERBERT

JIM had been an easy-going fellow before the crack came, and he had stood the strain for two and a half long, hard years. Ever since our sophomore year in college we had been together; and now I was alone.

We had heard people saying that "the depression is just about over" for almost a year, but it didn't mean anything to us. The whole mess had grated on our nerves until both of us were ready for almost anything. Nuts; that's what it was — crazy, without the chance to do the yelling and the running aimlessly that goes along with it. During the last few months I used to catch Jim talking to himself: "Sylvia, dearest, I just can't hold on much longer. I just can't." When I looked for him the other morning, he had left me a note:

Fred, Old Man —

You've always said that this was the coward's way out; but, please, Fred, for God's sake, forgive me. I couldn't stand it any longer,—on relief, no pride, no self-respect, no privacy of mind . . . I couldn't stand it.

I want you to do a favor for me,—write Sylvia and tell her, will you? I didn't know what to say or I would have done it myself. Thanks, Old Man. Her address is: Sylvia Miller, Box 648, Cleveland, Ohio.

You were my best friend, Fred; may God give you more strength than He gave me. Jim.

I didn't find it so easy writing to her either. But I finally wrote to her, and, thinking that perhaps she would want to ask some questions, I gave her my address. But I signed it Fred Wright instead of Fred Wilson. I don't know why I did that. A week later a letter came from her:

Dear Mr. Wright:

Jim was about all I had left; but he didn't know that. I can scarcely believe what you have written me. He hadn't written me in several months, and I didn't know what had become of him. It helps to know that he thought of me just before —

I have heard him speak of "Fred," but he had never told me your full name.

Thank you for your kindness.

Yours very sincerely,
Sylvia Miller.

Somehow I felt that I should answer that letter, so I did. A few days later something very wonderful happened. I got my job back! All day long I wandered around the office telling myself that the depression was over,—I had my job back.

Sylvia answered my letter, and since I was a free man I decided to keep up the correspondence. She wrote that she was moving to Columbus. The box would be number 312. Life was real again, and I could face the world and laugh.

To make a long story short, six months later our company opened a branch in Columbus, and now I could meet Sylvia. I wrote her three weeks before I left, telling her that I was coming. But she never answered that letter. I went on to Columbus and combed the city, but I couldn't find her. Jim hadn't had a picture of her, so I didn't know how she looked.

After about five or six months I had almost forgotten about Sylvia. My letters weren't returned, so I know she got them. She just didn't answer.

. . . . . .

Steve Russel was a congenial chap. He was the head man in our branch. We took a fancy to each other and became real friends. One night he asked me to go to a party with him. I needed to meet some people in Columbus, so I went with him. Sylvia was the only person I knew in Columbus, and I couldn't find her. It was a party after my own heart. Everybody there knew they could have a much better time if they would be themselves,—and leave off the cocktails and all that sort of thing. "It's a dumb idea people have," I told Mary, "thinking that they have to drink to have a good time." She told me that none of their "gang" drank. Mary Stevens was my partner at the party. She was a pretty girl. She had soot-black hair that fluffed in curls over her head. Her blue eyes sparkled, and when she smiled,—well, you just had to smile, too. It was contagious. I liked her even more because she had some sense. Most of the girls I had met in New York couldn't talk about anything that had any sense to it. They seemed to think it's smart to play dumb. Maybe that works with some fellows, but not with me. So I asked her for a date. Every time I saw her I liked her more and more; and each time we met my resistance went from bad to worse. But I kept my mouth shut,—I couldn't take care of two on my salary.

I worked hard, and in about eight months my first raise came, and I began to see real daylight. When you get on your feet like that, then you can afford to make plans. Then you find yourself building up in the future all sorts of fancy dreams,—but dreams that stand a chance of coming true. It isn't very long, though, before you get tired of making plans for yourself. Every now and then I would catch myself thinking about what

a swell girl Mary was. I did it so much I came to the conclusion that she was what I needed to complete my plans.

It wasn't as easy as I thought it was going to be. All the perfect speeches I had made up wouldn't come off my tongue. I just sat there and "uhed" for — it seemed like hours. My eyes were on the ground all the time I was stammering around. Suddenly — you have to do it suddenly — I clenched my fists and looked up, ready to take the final plunge,—and Mary was smiling. It was easy then. There weren't many at the wedding; we didn't want many there. It was *our* wedding, anyhow.

If there was a happier couple in the world, they must have been in two heavens. We were the happiest I know. When I was in college, I used to dream of a time like this. Jim and I used to talk about the type of girl we would marry, and then Jim—. I wondered what had happened to Sylvia; she must have been fine if Jim thought so much of her. When we talked about "when I get married," each of us knew that we didn't want our wives working, too. That didn't seem to fit in right. But Jim wasn't so sure that he could get Sylvia to stop working, because she had some ideas about coöperation in bread winning.

Mary said she wanted to work a while longer, and I didn't see any harm in her working about two weeks more. But two months passed and she was still working. I kept asking her to quit, so to keep me from talking about it all the time she quit; but I could see she didn't want to. She loved to work.

Almost a year had passed, and I had forgotten all about the idea of her working. Then one day she said something about going back to work — it was lonely there by herself all day; and besides her former boss had told her that the business was rushed, and he needed a good, experienced saleslady. I put my foot down, but every day for two weeks I heard the same thing again and again. Why couldn't that boss keep his damned trap shut? He was offering her a salary almost as high as mine. One day we both blew up, and she cried. She said she was going to work, and she didn't give a damn which I said. Mary had never used a word like that before; and it hurt. I didn't know which hurt worse,—the "damn" or our quarrel.

We weren't good companions any more. No more fun together; those long walks Sunday afternoon, the picnics on my afternoon off (Mary worked that afternoon now), the parties with the gang once in a while; we didn't do those any more. And I missed them, I wanted somebody to talk to. Jim used to always write to Sylvia — Sylvia — say, I'd write to her, just for the fun of it. She had some sense.

I wrote to her and gave her my post office number. I had rented another one because Mary had a key to our usual one. I went to the post office every day for two weeks, but no answer. I decided to give it one more trial, and I wrote again. Three days later I found a letter in the box; it was from her. She said she hadn't written before because she was married now. That almost hurt me. But she was glad she had written because,—well, she and her husband weren't getting along so well either. We wrote often, but it was a strained correspondence. Neither of us would open up and say what was wrong. Perhaps it's best to keep a shell of privacy about you anyhow. I tried to get her to meet me somewhere; I wanted to see her; but she wouldn't consent to do that.

On my next afternoon off I decided to play golf. Mary was at work, and I didn't want to hang around the house. Maybe she was right about being there alone all day. Well, anyway, I wasn't going to stay there that afternoon. Confound this business of your wife not being at home! My shirt needed a button sewed on it, and I had to do it. I began a search for needle and thread. What was the use, though? I never could thread one of the darned things. I'd try, anyhow. I pulled out a little box and an envelope fluttered to the floor. I picked it and put it in the box. I had almost shut the box again when — when — what the devil! — Sylvia Miller written on it — in my handwriting. No, it couldn't be. Yes, it could, too; there was proof. Well, I'll be dog-goned! — writing to my own wife. I'd make sure. I'd phone her tonight when she came in; I'd leave a note saying I was playing golf and would be late. I went down town and waited. It was hard waiting. She was home now; I'd 'phone.

"Camden — *27978*."

"Hello."

"May I speak to Sylvia Miller, please?"

"Uh, er, this is Sylvia," she stammered, wonderingly, "to whom am I speaking?"

"Fred Wright," I answered.

"Fred Wright! Your voice sounds so familiar."

"Sylvia, meet me at the park in fifteen minutes. I must see you."

"No, I can't. My husband will be back any moment now, and I can't leave. We mustn't ever see each other."

"Sylvia, if you don't come to the park, I'm coming to your home. I *must* see you."

"No, wait, don't do that. I'll come; but I can't stay. I'll leave a note to my husband telling him I've gone to a picture. I'll wear a light, solid blue coat with a white fur collar so you'll know me."

"Right; I'll see you in fifteen minutes."

This was a mean trick, but maybe it would work. I would let her get to the park first, then stroll up

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A Liberal Education

By PICKETT LUMPKIN

RECENTLY much has been written about the values of a liberal education as compared to the advantages of a vocational education. In the South, where small, poorly endowed church and private colleges offering courses in the liberal arts are competing with state-supported institutions which stress vocational training, the conflict has raged between the champions of both groups. Sadly, the query for debate has been: "Resolved: that this house favors the institution which aids a person the most in gaining a livelihood." That is like trying to compare the music of a symphony orchestra interpreting a beautiful tone poem and that of a brass band playing martial music whose purpose is to aid marching troops keep step and then judging which is superior with a rule of practicability and material usefulness. Each possesses merits of its own, but the composition, effect, and purpose of each are entirely different.

Vocational education is training whose purpose is to prepare a person to perform some task with maximum efficiency.

The purpose of liberal education is to teach those who are able to take this form of education to use their mental powers and thus free themselves from ignorance, superstition and bigotry.

If a person is truly educated, his realm of thought and endeavor is not limited to those things which he can only see, feel, touch, hear or smell. These are the bonds that education removes, and many forms of training do not.

Internal decay is the cause of weaknesses in the battle line of the defenders of the liberal education. Its own "High Command" is betraying it. The trustees and heads of these schools stifle anything that differs from their own views. They seem to forget that everything that we believe is true and beneficial in civilization today was once held as heresy by the leading educators and the rulers of the times in which they were first expounded. The principles of democracy on which this country was founded were also once condemned by the "educated" and powerful. Who knows but that the men whom they denounce as radicals, reds, and agnostics may not be the Luthers, the Rousseaus, the Jeffersons, and the Galileos of today, the champions of the real truth, if there is such a concrete thing? Are they not themselves the worshippers of dead radicals, these men whom time and mediocracy has caught up with? In the colleges today, the barriers set up by those who hold positions of trust are doing more to crush out true knowledge now than ignorance and superstition ever did in the middle ages.

The educational system whose avowed purpose is to remove ignorance, superstition, and intolerance is itself being smothered by the stupidity and mental torpidity of those to whom its management and continuance has been entrusted. Remember, no matter how splendid a record a college official may possess as an educator, no matter what position he may occupy in a church or a state, no matter how brilliantly he may present his views, those opinions of his need not be the truth. Indeed, the established order is not perfect, and merely because an idea is new and untried it need not be worthless. Times change and move on — even on by college presidents and trustees. Any man who presents his views, or the views of any group or sect as the absolute truth and condemns dissenters is a bigot — and bigotry is the cornerstone of ignorance and not the cornerstone of a college education. The quest for knowledge and truth is greater than any man, any group of men, or any institution.

They defend themselves with the plea that the student is being influenced and impressed by men teaching things that are detrimental to him. If students are such fools as to believe everything they hear — let them be "influenced." They couldn't become really educated if they went to fifty Woffords or to four Harvards. Expose your *students* (and you still have *some,* for they are not all in your generation) to any teaching and any ideas, all teachers and all thinkers. Let them judge for themselves. This process makes men and thinkers; the other, nonentities.

The Pathway

With every passing day there comes more light.
Which makes my rugged pathway brighter glow,
And gives hope that later I may sight
A vision, pure and clean like glistening snow,
And while I run along the path I might
Some wayward wanderer the pathway show.

—*William Andrews.*

Poetry

They Were Willing to Die

In the sleepy square of an ancient Southern town
Stands a monument to the memory
Of those who died in the Great War.
Immortalize if you will those who for naught
Gave all. Vainly weigh the empty honor
Against the broken body — the twisted soul.
But should such words as these
Be graven there upon the granite stone,
"They Were Willing to Die"?

Some may perchance have felt their lives
Small sacrifice for such a cause.
Yet others without knowledge of the bloody business,
Fought a war begun by other men
And left to them to do or die for home and country.
Ask him who, cowering in the muddy, putrid hole,
Not knowing when fate would the feeble candle of his life snuff out,
"Are you willing to die?"
What answer would have come from those mute lips
Once alive but never now to speak again?

Thus it is that we in our prime of youth
Shout against war's blood — its crime —
Not with fear or lack of love for "Stars and Stripes,"
But with love of life and hope for all that's true and clean,
In conscience speak and show our hate of war
That if it come, and come it seems it must,
When we shall "die in action" on some thundering front,
Ne'er will those brazen words be written on a tomb of ours:
"They Were Willing to Die."

—*F. N. Rhoad.*

On Seeing a Ballet

The velvet parted and revealed to me
A glimpse of fairyland. I dared not breathe
Lest I should fan the gentle sylphs and see
Them float away — just as a misty wreath
Of smoke. Those slender, powdered arms were not
Mere arms; those white, expressive hands were more
Than hands — they wove a dream. I quite forgot
My formal black and white till all was o'er.

The dream was gone. I realized I'd seen
No more than well-developed muscles
And a perfect sense of time — some silk maline —
A mask of paint. And yet, I understand
My dream — I had the right perspective and could view
Beauty — transforming flesh to visions new!

— *G. E. King.*

Pines of Wofford

Murmuring, whispering, sighing pines of Wofford,
Standing stately there against the pale blue sky.
Lift high thy haughty heads and with rapture cry
Aloud to the wind the fame of the immortals,
Who in past have surged through thy choice portals.
Through thy shady bowers the towering spires beam,
And reflect the beauty and glory that now stream
Forth on the breath of morning in sunlight gleam.

—*Floyd M. Ashley.*

I Am Time

I am unconquerable.
Men would stop me and bid me stay a moment.
But I heed them not —
I am time; I wait for none.

Men blame me for their failures.
"If only I had a moment more," they say.
But I ignore them —
I am time; I cannot wait.

—*Kenneth Herbert.*

SECOND MEETING

(Continued from Page 21)

casually and appear surprised. There she was; I'd let her wait for a few minutes. Now,—five minutes is long enough. I'll walk by her.

"Oh — Fred!"

"Mary! I thought you had gone to a picture."

"I — uh — changed my mind."

"Let's go to one now," I ventured.

"No, you go on if you want to; I'll just sit here a while. I've been in the office all day. I need the fresh air."

"None of the shows are any good. I'd just as soon sit here with you. We haven't really talked together in a long time," I tortured her.

"Please go to the picture — if you want to."

"I don't believe I want to go," I said. There was a long, at least it seemed long, silence. It was easy to see that Mary was nervously looking for something, and maybe a little scared, too. I couldn't stand it any longer.

"We're pretty lucky, Mary. Both of us have work, and we have a good home. I had a good friend once, who lost all his chances for this, and didn't think life was worth living if he couldn't have it."

"Many people did that during the depression, Fred," she hesitated as she said "Fred" slowly. "I had a friend, a very dear friend, who did the same thing."

"I was thinking of him today. Mary, you've lived here for some time. Have you ever met Sylvia Miller?" I stammered.

"Who, Fred?" she almost yelled with surprise.

"Sylvia Miller," I repeated.

"Why — why —," she faltered.

"Sylvia, why did you change your name; it's beautiful?"

"Who *are* you?" she was hoping.

"You used to write to me as Fred Wright."

"Oh, Fred. I've always been afraid to meet you. But I'm not afraid at all. That's why I changed my name when you wrote that you were coming to Columbus. I was afraid that meeting each other would spoil everything. How did you find out who I was?"

"I found my letter to you while I was looking for a needle and thread to sew on a button." She was crying now; but she was smiling. I had to smile, too.

SWAN-SONG

(Continued from Page 6)

most touched the water. As he neared the shore, however, he slowly lifted his head.

The great moment had come. M. de——— sat rigid, hardly daring to breathe. His knuckles were white from gripping the edge of the bench. As if enchanted, he waited.

The graceful bird raised his head to the sinking sun. A faint quiver ran the length of his throat; his bill parted. Very softly at first, then gradually increasing in volume, he sang. Like an old violin that is first stroked by a master, gently, then with increasing firmness, until its song is clear and shrill, so sang the swan. His song was unbroken until, drawing near the bank, he turned his head toward his mate. For an instant his song ceased, as he silently drifted nearer her. Then he began again, as softly and gently as an evening breeze kisses the cheek of a sleeping babe. When nearly to the water's edge, his song ceased, and his head sank slowly until it met its reflection in the clear water.

M. de——— waited no longer. Madly he rushed from the scene, running the entire distance to his home. Once there, he dashed into his studio, locking the door. He seated himself at his desk and seized a pen. He paused, completely out of breath. He wiped the perspiration from his face and again took up his pen. For some time he sat, gazing at the blank page. Suddenly he leaped up, impatiently tossing away his pen. He took up his violin, nervously plucked the strings, and began running his bow idly over them. The sound that came forth resembled in no way the beautiful song just heard. It was more like the raving shrieks of a madman. Once he paused and absently felt his pulse. Then he began again, the same eerie, weird wails as before. Finally he ceased and idly cast his instrument to the carpet. He set to pacing the floor, his hands running in and out his pockets. He would walk, first to the window, where he peered out into the night, then back to his desk, then again to the window. All the while his eyes gleamed as a miser's who looks on his earthly wealth. Thus the night wore away.

At last he paused, adjusted the light, and seated himself again at his desk. He vainly attempted to set some notes on paper; but, with each one, he looked nervously about the room, fragments of the bird's song still ringing in his ears. At length he ceased trying, his eyes becoming fixed with a glassy stare on the blank sheet. Slowly his head sank lower, till it rested on the empty page.

The rising sun of the next day, and the next, saw the light still burning above his head.

Sincerity in Modern Thought

ONE of the most noticeable trends of contemporary times is the new aspect with which man has labeled his association with fellow-beings. It seems as though friendship potentially represents money and influence, and therefore one's object should be to make as many friends as possible. One example in support of this theory is the methods used in government employment, or, for that matter, in almost any company. Advancement is dependent upon whom you know, not what you know. All of which leads us to the conclusion that we ought to make friends if we are to succeed.

Sincerity of thought and action is one of the most significant of man's virtues. This fact is clearly recognized by our rising generations. But instead of striving toward a genuine sincerity, they are attempting to train themselves to a simulated candor that is rapidly destroying our faith in human nature. This modern endeavor has been expanded for the purpose of improving the art of being sincere, not as a moral obligation toward fellow-men, but for a purely ulterior motive.

Recognizing that here was a profitable field, authors have been writing the best of best-sellers on *How to Make Friends, How to Influence Others*, etc. Those who are imbued with the ideals of these books constitute a group which is rapidly growing and threatening our inherent powers of sincerity.

Nor is this present trend without precedent. In the Bible can be found the complaint against people who exploit their friendship in hope of gain. In Emerson's Essay on Self-Reliance, you will remember his protest of hyprocritical attentions and the mockery of flattering people. Why can't we have a return to the Christian attitude, where integrity of speech is an essential not a hindrance in our everyday associationship?

—*A. C. S.*

Culture and the Liberal Arts College

CULTURE," says Matthew Arnold, "is the knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world." This definition, however, puts culture on too scholastic a basis. It assumes that culture is confined to learned men, and that scholars are necessarily cultured. Like Arnold, MacCauley falls into the same error by saying that a cultured man is one who can read Greek reclining in an easy chair with his feet on a foot stool. Let us say rather that culture consists in appreciative and finely-coordinated reactions to forms of literature, art, music, and moral and social problems. This culture may come to any one who is fine spirited by nature and training. Yet an A. B. degree is not a badge of culture. Far from it! Training and knowledge may be gateways to culture, but they alone do not guarantee it. Knowledge without appreciation is insufficient.

This question of culture brings us to the purpose of liberal arts colleges like Wofford. They teach no vocational subjects and offer no professional courses in preparation for life careers. If their purpose be not to turn out reasonably cultured and thinking graduates, then what is their reason for existence, and if they fail in this goal, why should they not be done away with? However, it seems to us that colleges of the type of Wofford are best fitted for the task of instilling culture, since in them there is no great specialization and students get general courses in almost all of the humanities. Thus, students in small colleges should realize their opportunities and take full advantage of all of them; for if they do not at least learn the rudiments of culture and to think with some clarity and seriousness, their years in college will have been futilely wasted. At the same time, if schools devoted solely to the liberal arts do not emphasize and to some extent realize these ideals, they will ultimately dwindle away or die lingering deaths.

The Street of the Fishing Cat

By Jolan Foldes

THE *Street of the Fishing Cat* is the novel which, as the Hungarian entry, won the international award in the All-Nations Prize Novel competition in 1936. This is fittingly so, since the novel is not only of real literary worth but also reveals all nations. Translated into excellent English by Elizabeth Jacobi, it was first published in America early in 1937.

Mme. Földes tells the moving story of a group of exiles transplanted to an alien soil in Paris shortly after the World War. From Budapest come the central figures, Mr. and Mrs. Barabas and their children, Anna, Klari, and Jani. From Russia comes Bardichinov, a rich banker fleeing the revolution; from Lithuania, the kindly, impractical professor, Liev; and from Greece, Papadakis. But there are others, too: Alvarez, a Spanish anarchist; Istvan, a fortune seeker from Hungary, and Gretl, an Austrian countess. All settle in or near the Street of the Fishing Cat and begin their struggle to readjust themselves.

Often assailed by pangs of homesickness, misunderstood and cruelly used, the little band of exiles seeks to find roots in the foreign land. Barabas works as a tailor, his wife as a laundress, and Anna as a dressmaker. After ups and downs, the family Barabas succeeds to some independence but little genuine happiness. Anna, the only one of the children to remember Budapest well, once returns, but, having learned to love Paris, she is drawn back again, there to eke out her life as an old maid because the only man she ever loved, Vassja, had been killed in an accident. Jani studies hard and graduates as an engineer from the Ecole Polytechnique. He falls in love with a French girl, Albertine, but because she looks upon his family as an odd species of strange animal, they fail to reconcile their differences and Jani leaves for the Belgian Congo to work as an engineer.

Klari, alone of the Barabas family, finds happiness. Because of her aggressive, clear-sighted mind, she fights out her differences with her fiancé, Raymond Mérel, and they arrive at an understanding. As for the others, Piu Monica, the beautiful Italian, leaves to become a dancer in South American dives; Liev becomes an actuary; Istvan returns to Hungary, and the rest disappear. "Very likely this always was the proportion among those who were cast adrift; the exiles, the emigrants. And so it will remain forever. One or two put up their tents on foreign soil; the others? They slowly vanish and leave no trace."

The characters of this story are heroic, although one is not aware of it until he looks back upon their lives. Each figure in the novel is sharply drawn against a rich background. The style is simple and Mme. Földes exaggerates neither incident nor character. Dialogue is clear, accurate, racy, and vigorous. Certainly it seems to me there can be no doubt that *The Street of the Fishing Cat* is one of the finest of modern novels.—A. L.

Theatre

By Somerset Maugham

SOMERSET Maugham's latest novel, *Theatre,* is a simply-written story of a middle-aged woman in love, designed to show off the author's fine literary craftsmanship. Julie Lambert, when eighteen, had ardently longed to go on the stage, and, at that age, had met and married serious-minded Michael Gosselyn, vain of his handsome looks. Through natural ability, she had risen rapidly under Michael's direction. Now she is famous and forty and no longer in love with Michael. In her husband's office, Julia meets a young bookkeeper, Tom Fennell, who is half her age. When she accepts an invitation to visit his shabby little apartment, the inevitable happens, and Julia begins an affair with the young man.

In her relations with Tom, Julia acts always as if she were on the stage, just as she does in all of her contacts with life. Tom begins to tire of this artificiality, and when Julia invites him to visit her and Michael and her eighteen-year-old son, Roger, at her

country home, the break comes. There, to Julia's great mortification and wounded vanity, Tom completely ignores her and he and Roger play golf and tennis together like two adolescents. Julia reproaches Tom and treats him as if she were keeping him. Of course Tom has some decency about him, and breaks off with her. In her next play, Julia, although she feels every line, allows her emotions to run away with her. Michael tells her what a fine piece of ham-acting she has done, and she suddenly wakes up to her idiotic foolishness. At the end of the book, we find Julia in a restaurant brooding philosophically and eating steak and potatoes, a forbidden food for her figure.

Out of this thin plot, Maugham makes no effort to write a tediously thorough psychological study, but tells the story racily and clearly. Mr. Maugham places his heroine in degrading situations so often that it is hard to tell whether he feels irony or pity for her — so objective is his treatment. *Theatre* is certainly not comparable to *Of Human Bondage,* but rather it is an entertaining novel wherein the author exhibits his masterly manner of telling a story.—A. L.

OUTPOST!

(Continued from Page 15)

forms, the glint of the sun on the rifles, the colors, the glittering saber of the officer at the head of the seemingly never-ending column — they all did something to me. I wanted to be one of them. I quit work. I remember the proprietor's sad smile. Maybe he knew. . . . Mother cried. . . . Dad beamed on me, for I was going to war! I was going to be a soldier! War was a great thing over there — over here. . . .

I woke up from my musing. I suddenly returned to my real environment. Johnny was jerking his tin hat down over his eyes and was yelling at me: "Duck, you damn fool; don't you know that's a shell!"

EXCHANGE

THE spring issue of the Citadel's *Shako* holds up its usual competent standard. The best feature of the magazine is "Schooner Sketches," by D. S. Fraser, and Mr. Fraser's beautiful photographs, "Full Sail" and "Spanker Mast." The dialect poems of D. C. Rountree are well done, and especially striking is "I Ain't Much, Lawd." However, we do not think that Glenn Allan's "Discipline" is worthy of its author's reputation. "Six-Bits" and "Oddities" are amusing, as are G. C. Morton's cartoons. Editor Albert James' fine essay on "Contemporary Southern Poetry" shows much research, but we wish he had given us more critical estimates of the works of individual poets.

* * *

P. C.'s March *Collegian* is an interesting number, but not quite on a par with the preceding issues. We liked especially Polly Roberts' page of light lyrics, "A Soft Muse Plays," and Sadler Love's well-told story, "The Dam'dest Streak of Luck." Stuart Campbell's story, "And in Spring," shows a glimpse of sordid Southern life. "Beware, Young Man!" and "The Hot Seat" lack point, and "Recognition" and "And Yet They Live" are written on overworked subjects. Stuart Campbell's full length book review of Stefan Zweig's *The Right to Heresy* is excellent.

* * *

The April *Winthrop Journal* was improved by a small degree this time. The layout of the pages and the subtitles are praiseworthy, but little can be said for the illustrations. Eleanor Roberts' "Impressions" is excellent, as is Marguerite Zeigler's amusing treatise on a college girl's morals. "Aunt Percy is Dead" lacks the development of the character of the odd lady that is needed for the climax of the story. The weak point of Rose Rudwick's otherwise excellent "Shikse" is the setting of the story in the South, for it is more typical of the Northern States. Orchids to Emily Harrison for her excellent poetic simile in "Twilight."

* * *

The April issue of *The Concept* has, as usual, a distinctive and attractive make-up. "Picture Album," by Katherine Kennedy, is probably the best-done feature of the magazine. Mildred Elliott's story, "New Preacher," has a deft humorous touch. "Box Supper" by Nancy Raines, and "Atropos," by Henrietta Phillips, are fairly interesting stories. Josephine Myers' "Under Martial Law" is rather too long for its very slight substance. Grace Beacham's sketch, "Buzzard Shadow," is very good, and her "Excerpts From a Confederate Soldier's Diary" is interesting. We liked best the poems "April Night" and "Cycle." Llewelyn Murray's "Upsetting the Apple Court" is an amusing burlesque of the supreme court controversy.

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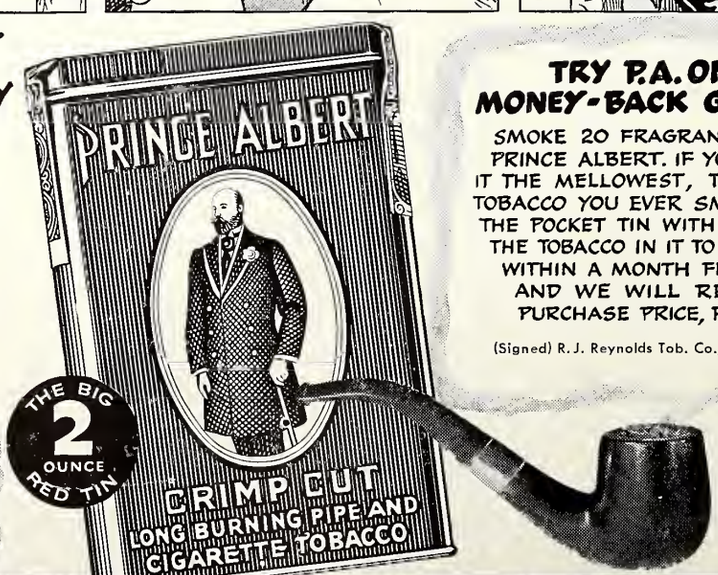

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